May 30, 1936

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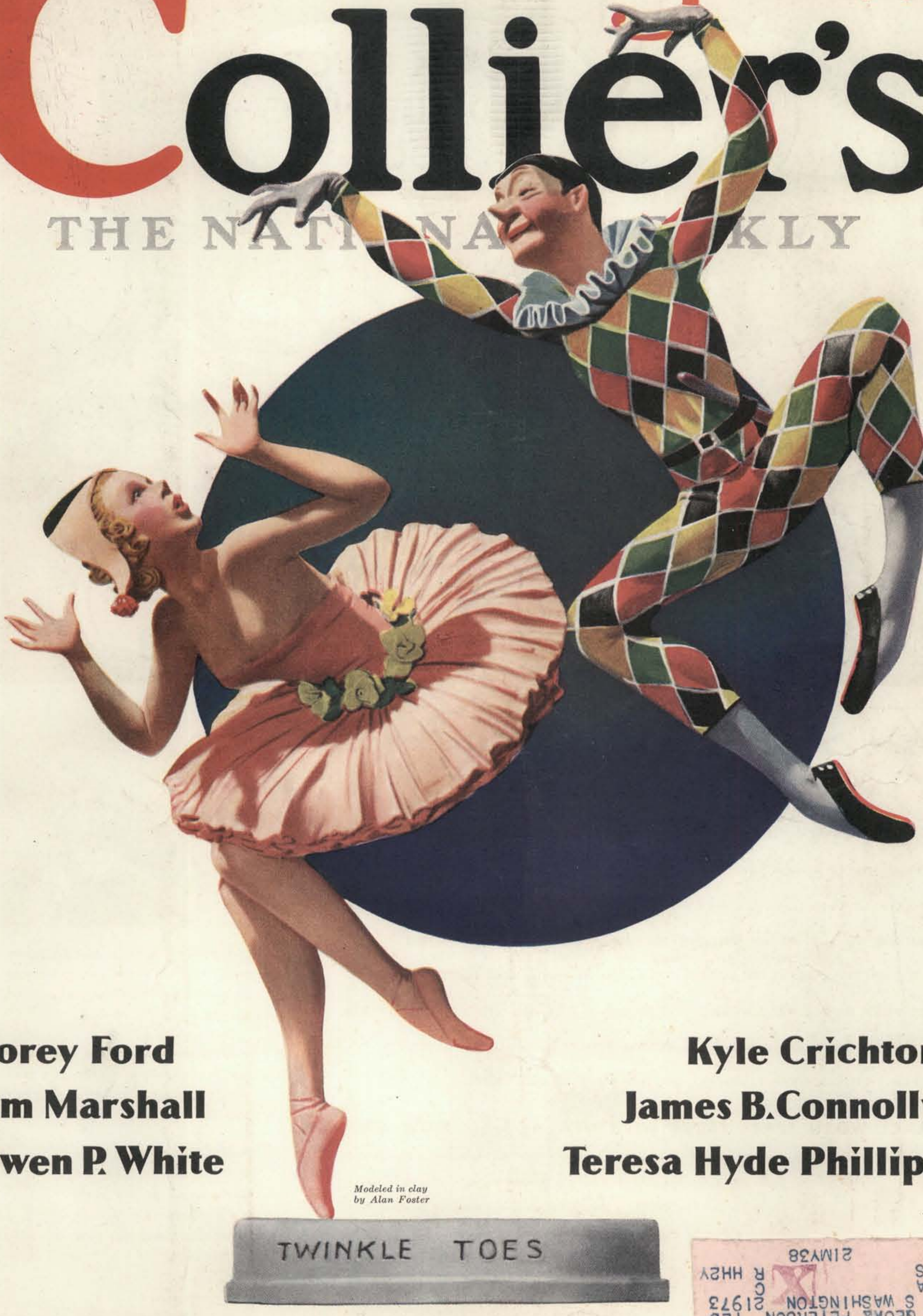
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Modeled in clay
by Alan Foster

Corey Ford
Jim Marshall
Owen P. White

Kyle Crichton
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Teresa Hyde Phillips

MRS GEORE PETERSON 128
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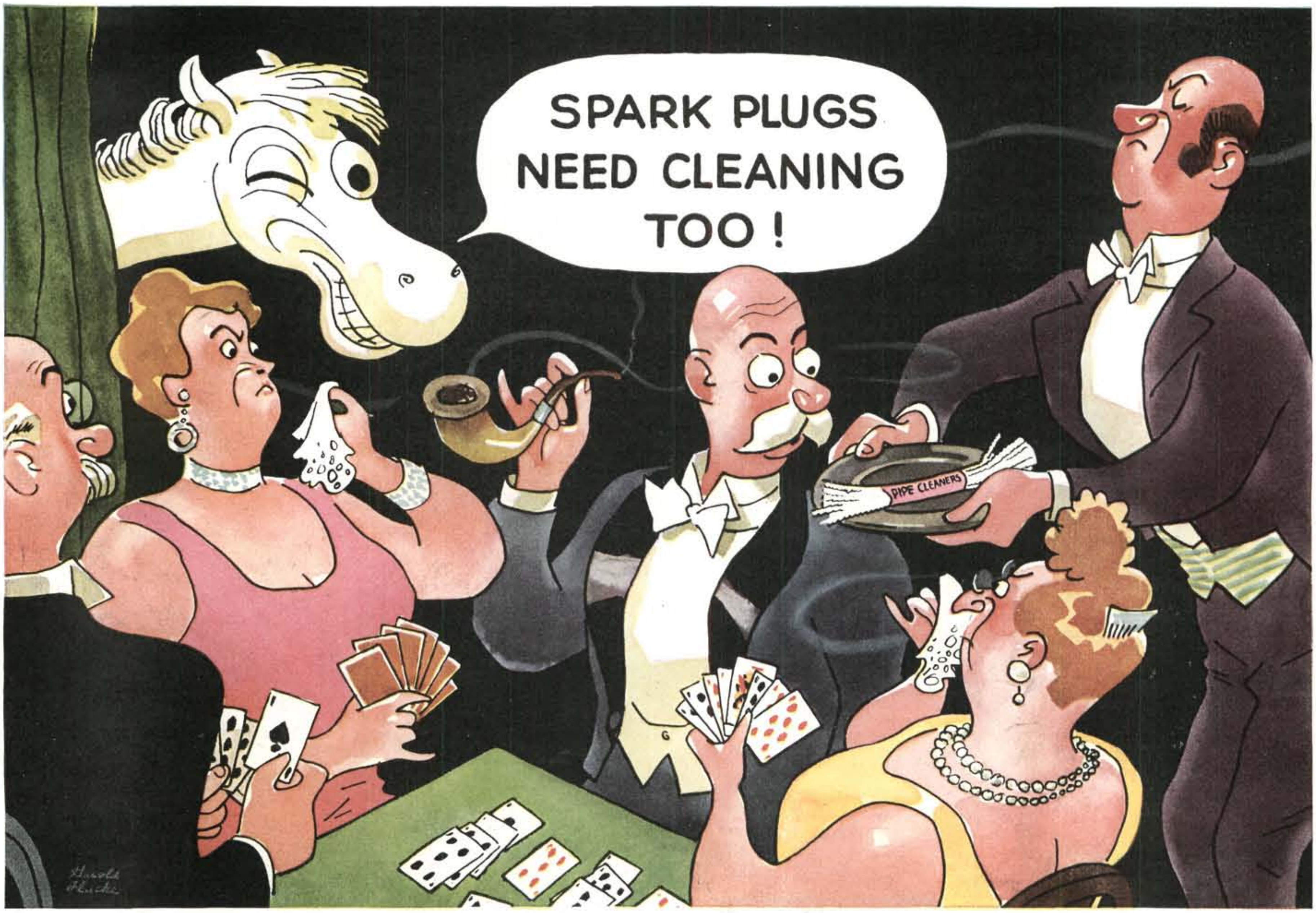
May 30 1936



Five cents a plug IS ALL IT COSTS TO SAVE ONE GALLON OF GAS IN TEN

Spark plug cleaning by the AC Method is effecting substantial savings on gas for millions of wise car owners. It is also curing hard starting, and restoring engine power. After 4,000 miles of driving, spark plugs are so dirtied by Oxide Coating, soot, and carbon that they fail to fire just often enough to waste one gallon of gas in ten. And though this waste is not noticed, it nevertheless represents a substantial sum of money which no one wants to lose. The remedy is easy, and sure. It's a thorough plug cleaning by a Registered AC Cleaning Station, which costs 5c a plug. A nickel *can't* get you more value—so, get *your* plugs cleaned today!

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THE QUALITY
SPARK PLUG

*Slightly higher in Canada.

Thirteen million of the 21 million new motor cars registered in the United States during the last nine years left the factories equipped with AC Quality Spark Plugs. Get the plugs that actual use has proven to be completely reliable—that have given full value and full satisfaction in all kinds of engines and in all types of service. Insist on AC Quality Spark Plugs.

AC SPARK PLUG COMPANY, Flint, Michigan and St. Catharines, Ontario

HAVE YOUR PLUGS CLEANED
BY THE NEW AC METHOD
REGISTERED
AC
SPARK PLUG
CLEANING
STATION

The Sign that identifies each of the 65,000 Registered AC Spark Plug Cleaning Stations. Look for it when you want your plugs cleaned, while you wait, by the AC Method.

The Man who, as an alert and skilled service operator, is prepared to help you save gasoline by giving your plugs a thorough cleaning by the AC Method.

The Machine, designed by AC engineers, which quickly and thoroughly cleans your spark plugs—improves your car's performance, and cuts your gasoline costs.

Hell Driver Number 1

"LET'S GO, MEN!" Toby Couture, boss engineering test driver, climbs into his new Plymouth and leads his caravan of expert drivers out into the Great Open Spaces.

His job starts when a new model is developed... long before it goes into production. He takes the cars out and gives them what his title implies.

Down into Death Valley, when the mercury hits the top of the tube. Up into coldest Maine, when zero is mild weather. Over mountains. Through sand. Fording rivers. Jolting over roads that are just some ruts between fences. Hunting for trouble ...inviting and finding it...day after day. Every night the engineers in Detroit hear how the tests are going...how every part of every car is standing up under punishment.

Later, the first Plymouths out of regular production get the same treatment...as a *double* check.

There is great engineering to start with. Then there is this terrific *double* testing and proving... with all America for our proving ground. It is only after *this* that the new Plymouth cars are permitted to go to the American public.

That's why Plymouth cars stand up. That's why the man who buys a Plymouth is always glad he did.

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Plymouth is priced with the lowest...terms as low as the lowest! You can buy a new Plymouth for $25 a month. The Commercial Credit Company has made available to all Chrysler, Dodge and De Soto dealers low finance terms that make Plymouth easy to buy.

TUNE IN ED WYNN TUES. NIGHTS, 8:30 E.S.T. N.B.C., RED NETWORK, "Gulliver the Traveler"

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Associate Editors

Next Week

YOU have to smile at Chris Kamenides. He was simple-minded. He believed— "It ees my duty to peek good, hones' men to rule my country, you see sure?"

But nobody did see. Chris was just a harmless nut—until he tried putting personal questions to the candidates. Then he wound up in a hospital. "Thees is great, great country—thees America!" he explained. "For mistake like those fellas make, in old country I not be in nice hospital. They shoot me." You have to smile at anyone as simple as Frederick Hazlitt Brennan's "Perfect Voter." Or do you?

THE time is just before dawn. Men in hip boots are working secretly, under cover of darkness, loading heavy cans into a waiting truck. Are they bootleggers? Or a dawn patrol? Not at all; they are state wardens, loading trout to stock a popular public stream. They're part of the billion-dollar industry supported by those who are (during the season) forever "Chasing Rainbows." Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain, stout anglers both, take you with them.

FOR a fantastic moment after Brad Stratton went overboard into the bitter cold water off Block Island there flashed through his mind a picture of Kay writing in the log: "Brad overboard—11:32 P.M." His future looked dark and brief. Luckily there was a "Seagoing Girl" aboard. Richard Howells Watkins dramatically tells the story.

THIS is the year, beyond possibility of doubt, when all good men should "Come to the Aid of the Party." Those flocking to Republican headquarters in Washington include a large number of miracle men, wonder workers who can produce a plurality out of a chart, a graph and a pair of old shoes. Or so they say. Walter Davenport, examining the newest formulas, presents them and their makers.

"STARR," said the stranger, "a light burning on the high desert." Such soft, whimsical talk made the citizens of Starr mistake the quality of their visitor—all but one girl, who saw in the man the rash temper that presently cut through the pall of evil hanging over the town with a bright blast of gunfire. Ernest Haycox describes "The Stranger."

KYLE CRICHTON, Frederick Skerry, T. R. Ybarra, Freling Foster, Quentin Reynolds, Teresa Hyde Phillips, George Agnew Chamberlain and others give you a variety of things to look forward to. Come and get them.

This Week

●

May 30, 1936

Cover by Alan Foster

JIM MARSHALL
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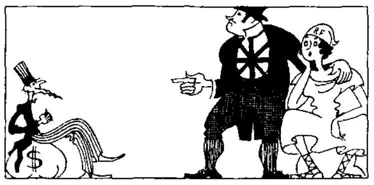
●

Any Week

A BIT of inside information from Liverpool, England, by way of Mr. Ned Torrance of Toronto, Canada. Mr. Torrance has just got a letter from his brother in Liverpool. "You've been wondering maybe why they aren't having a general war in Europe. I've been too. But my brother says: 'We would be having a fine war right now if London and Paris could think of some way to make the States pay for it.' "



Upon surveying the wreckage of the pure and high-minded Kelly-Nash political machine in that badly Bo-rahed state, Mr. Carl T. Wellsman of Chicago, Illinois, shakes a gloomy head. "What are we coming to?" he demands. "Our Democratic electorate goes to the primaries and defeats the carefully selected candidate of those two experienced patriots—Pat Nash and Mayor Kelly—preferring for governor a fellow whose only contribution has been a sincere effort to be on the level and advocacy of honest elections. Shame on us."

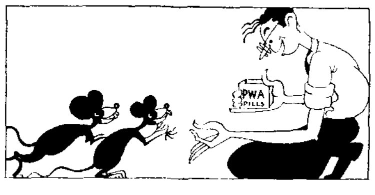
MRS. J. EDWARD McMAHON of Wheeling, West Virginia, thinks that some of us may be worrying about the "undisclosed sensational disclosures that our boy Senator Rush Holt promised a palpitating nation some time ago. But even if you aren't worrying, the truth is that our Sonny Boy lost considerable interest in WPA conduct in his home state when he woke up to the fact that while we may be somewhat concerned in where WPA money is going to in West Virginia we shall probably vote for where it came from. And I'm sure that Mr. Holt is not scornful of votes."

AND Mr. Howard N. Roelf of Washington, D. C., has discovered why "the vast army of economists working for the New Deal have failed to produce a single new idea. They are afraid," says Mr. Roelf, "of losing their amateur standing."

WHILE we're on the subject of amateurs we may as well tell you that Mr. Art Ben McGinnis, latest claimant to the title King of the Hobos, has written to us reporting that business is perking up everywhere. And King McGinnis rejoices because "pretty soon us honest hobos will be back where we were before the government added so many amateurs to our ranks."

"FOR a number of months," writes Mr. W. M. Gardiner of Reno, Nevada, "I've been reading your table of contents seeking stories by Mr. William MacHarg. If there's one, I read it first. Recently I overlooked this and did not discover the MacHarg story until I had read the other portions of that issue. Please apologize to Mr. MacHarg for me."

FROM The Honorable Will M. Maupin, Nebraska State Railway Commissioner, of Lincoln, comes advice that Mr. James Wimplecute, a druggist in that alert city, has invented a pill which he is selling to persons who desire to rid the premises of rats. "It is not a poison," says Mr. Maupin. "Rats love them and after eating two or three become so lazy that the owner of said premises can kill them with a club or throw them into the river where, being too lazy to swim, they drown. Mr. Wimplecute calls them PWA pills."



MISS LORENA B. LOCKITT of Pasadena, California, wants to know whether the Administration is financing bridge teachers and how, "if this is true, we ladies can have an expert assigned to our club." We looked into this and are advised by a knowing friend in Washington that "doubtless the government has a vast number of bridge teachers on its pay roll but as far as I can find out they are not employed as such. They are bending their massive brains to such minor matters as the farm problem, refinancing the public debt, co-ordination of our transportation systems and international credits."

IT may be a "sign of the times," thinks Mr. Lewis Ganner of Fort Worth, Texas, or it may be something even worse, but he's pretty worked up about an advertisement he saw in his newspaper. It read: "Wanted: five cow hands, top wages to right men. Positively must be able to ride a horse."

AND Mrs. LeRoy J. Noll of Reading, Pennsylvania, has just noticed that one of our correspondents suggested that occupants of the White House be charged rent. "But," objects Mrs. Noll, "your correspondent overlooks the best part of it. Charge enough and maybe they—"

WON'T stay so long.

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Storing up Health *for 1956*

HOW healthy will your boys and girls be twenty years from now?

The time to lay the groundwork for healthy adult life is during Childhood—and the place is outdoors—running, jumping, hiking, wrestling, swimming, skating, skiing, bicycling, playing football, baseball, soft ball, tennis. Supervised gym work or self-directed exercises at home supplement outdoor play.

While the majority of healthy boys and girls need no urging to take part in active games, many of them can develop better muscles, greater skill and more natural grace in their sports if they have proper direction. The way your child sits, walks, runs, stands, lies in bed may determine, long in advance, whether or not he, as an adult, will be straight and graceful in form—without bone or posture defects.

Sunshine is one of your child's greatest allies. It is essential for health and development. But sunshine which passes through ordinary glass loses its real, beneficial effect. Gray light of a cloudy day outdoors is more healthgiving than bright sunshine filtered through ordinary glass. Sunlight helps to prevent rickets. It is as important to keep a child out in the sunlight, as it is to safeguard the quality and amount of his food.

Have your doctor examine your child at regular intervals to find out whether or not he has any defects which if uncorrected would prevent proper growth and development.

The building years of childhood are of vast importance to the mind as well as to the body. A child, in active games, may learn the spirit of fair play, honesty and courage, which contribute to success and happiness in later life.

Send for a free copy of "Keeping Fit Through Exercise," which is planned to help parents as well as children enjoy better health. Address Booklet Department 636-C.

Keep Healthy—Be Examined Regularly

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ~ ~ ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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"Only Philco has it!"

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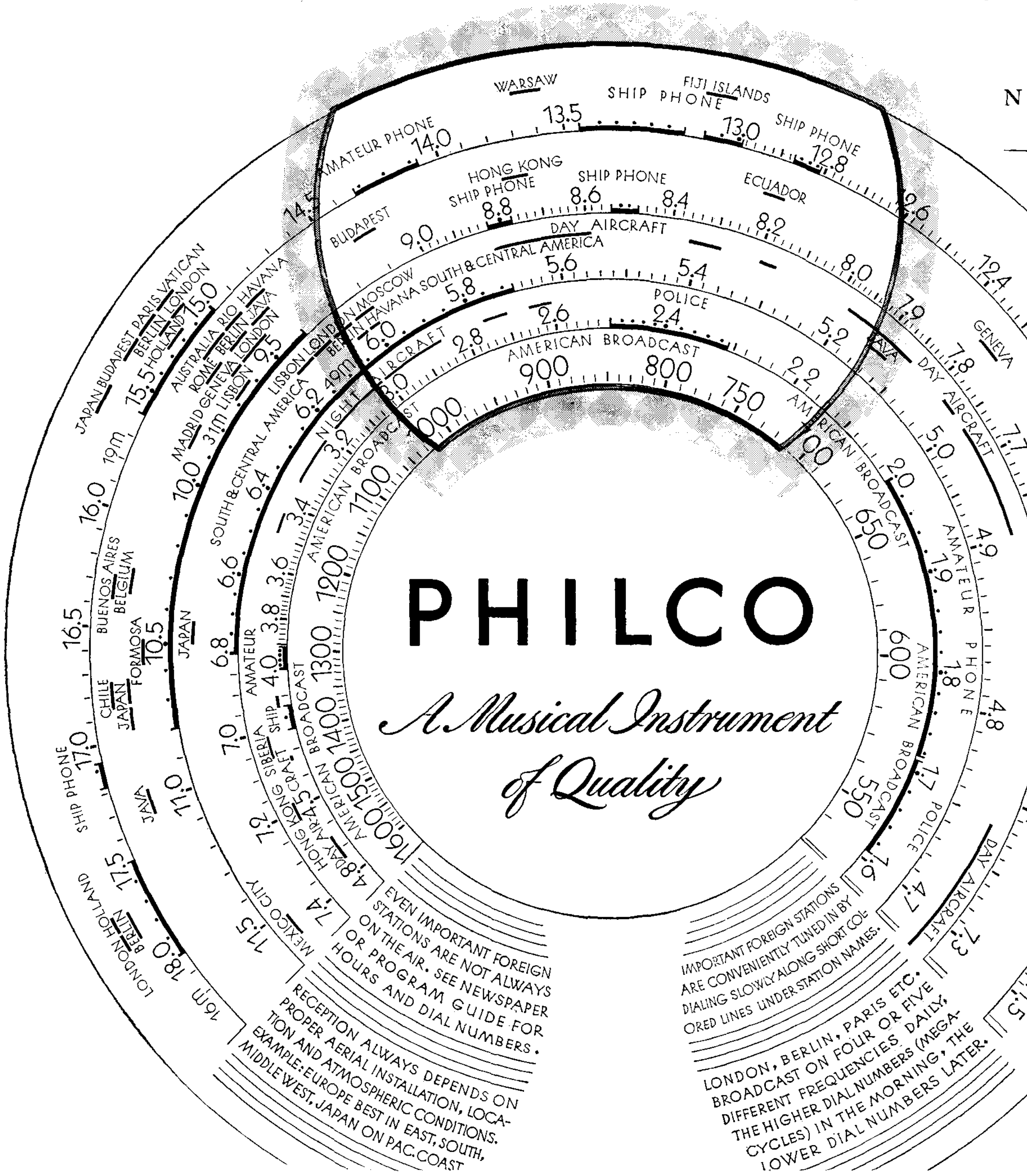
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EVEN IMPORTANT FOREIGN STATIONS ARE NOT ALWAYS ON THE AIR. SEE NEWSPAPER OR PROGRAM GUIDE FOR HOURS AND DIAL NUMBERS.

RECEPTION ALWAYS DEPENDS ON PROPER AERIAL INSTALLATION, LOCATION AND ATMOSPHERIC CONDITIONS. EXAMPLE: EUROPE BEST IN EAST, SOUTH, MIDDLEWEST, JAPAN ON PAC.COAST

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NEW SPREAD-BAND DIAL
used in Philco Foreign Tuning System

Foreign stations . . . spread 5 times farther apart . . . named and located on the dial.

ACTUAL SIZE

And remember—by automatically tuning the Philco High-Efficiency Aerial...the built-in Philco *Foreign Tuning System* more than doubles the foreign stations you can get and enjoy.

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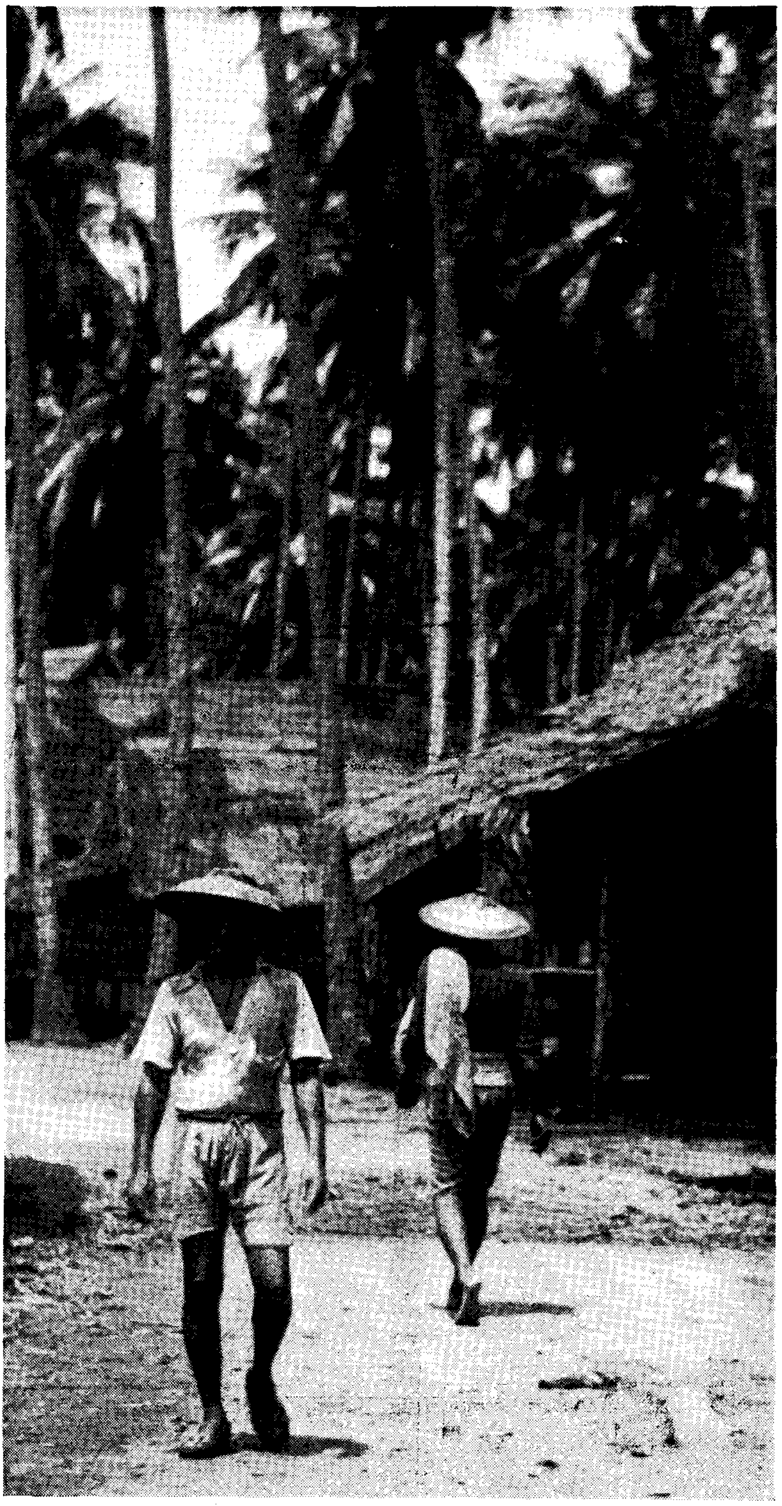


Manila, capital city of the Philippines, modernized, progressive and thoroughly Americanized, presents many contrasts with the typical native towns throughout the islands, one of which, in Mindanao, is shown below

OUT on the winding side road that leads through the mangoes and wild bananas and rice fields to the asphalt highway to Cavite, Resurrección Perez shoveled dirt for 60 centavos a day. Nine hours of push and heave in the hot May sunshine of Luzon, for 30 cents, gold. A kilometer down the road stood his *nipa* shack, twelve feet square, with the family pig and a few miniature chickens scratching underneath. The shack was upon bamboo stilts six feet high against the floods of the rainy season and consisted of one room with sliding shutters of lattice work filled in with translucent shell.

In a corner of the room Resurrección's wife, Purificación, turned the wheels of an American sewing machine, running up the seams of a new silk *camisa* for her husband. In the dusty yard outside little Apolinario and his sister Filomena played almost naked in the dry heat.

Resurrección footed his shovel into a gravel heap and ambled down the road to where an iron pipe gushed water beside a sign reading: "Drinking water." Resurrección always smiled to himself when he read the sign: As if all water was not drinking water. Still, it was excellent of the Americanos thus to drill artesian wells everywhere; you did not have to go to the river with a five-gallon oil can to get a drink, and people did not die off in droves from dysentery as they used to.

He pushed back the straw hat from his shining black hair and leaned against the water pipe in the shade of the spreading mango.

"You ask about how I voted at the election when your United States asked us to write Yes or No to the plan for independence? Mister, I did not vote. Many of my people, they did not vote, either. Why? We all knew it could result but one way, and we should have lost one half day's pay."

He shrugged bare, brown shoulders, glistening in the sunshine, and drank deeply. A cock scratched languidly in the dust pool beside the road.

"You mean you didn't vote on independence at all, Resurrección?"

"No, I did not vote. And Purificación, she did not vote, either. The priest at her church, on Sunday, preached about the corroding influences of democracy—my Purificación told me his very words—and so she did not vote either. After all, the politicos, they know best what is good, what is evil. In many places, they voted for us, so we could continue to work and make 60 centavos a day."

Sitting in his Manila office on election day, the American editor of a Manila newspaper watched, across the *avenida*, the politicos' henchmen feverishly writing yes-yes-yes-yes-yes on scores of ballots and stuffing them into boxes. Every Filipino knew the election was sure to go for independence before it started—and why waste half a day in the quaint American pastime of voting?

"And at the election for president last autumn did you vote for Quezon?"

"No, I voted for General Aguinaldo. Here in Cavite province, where he lives, we prefer him—but we know Quezon will be elected. We carried Cavite for our patriot by three to two and it pleased him, and made no difference."

"You mean you'd lose 30 centavos wages to vote for a man you knew was going to lose, but you wouldn't take the trouble to vote for your own independence?"

Resurrección lit a cigarette and twirled the match into the road.

"You do not quite understand, Mister. Aguinaldo, he is a patriot and friend. Independence—it is just an idea."

The brown shoulders lifted expressively and the sandaled feet shuffled up the road toward the waiting shovel.

The Drawbacks of Independence

For more than a quarter of a century those brown shoulders, and 14,000,000 more like them, have had very little burden to bear. Now, the burden of self-government and the task of being independent is beginning to bear down upon them . . . on them and on the silken-clad shoulders of the glossy-haired city men and women, riding for a few centavos in tiny *carromatos,* pushing through the crowds in the afternoon heat along the Escolta and the Avenida Rizal, sitting in air-cooled theaters watching romantic Filipino movies.

Along the Luneta in Manila is an open space about four city blocks square. The grass grows green and around the edges the mango trees cast a welcome shade. On the seaward side rises a flagstaff; in the center of the grassy square stands a monument. The monument is to José Rizal, hero of the 1896 revolution that really sounded the death knell of Spanish dominion in the Philippines. It stands, tradition says, on the spot where Rizal faced a Spanish firing squad.

On the flagstaff fly two flags—the Stars and Stripes above, the white, blue and red, with the golden sun, of the Philippines below.

In the anchorage, just off the Luneta, ride lithe gray destroyers, a cruiser or two, with the starred flag snapping from their jackstaffs.

Around the Rizal monument, under the twin-flagged staff, the colorful Filipino crowd strolls—bareheaded men and girls, with gleaming black hair. Most of the men are in white; the girls in every color of the rainbow. The older women wear their hair slicked back; the younger, having been to the Hollywood Beauty Shoppe, flaunt curled bobbed locks.

Officially, all these people want passionately to be completely independent of the United States, and of everyone else. They would like, officially, to see the Filipino flag flying proudly alone at the top of the staff.

But some of them have thought a step further and have come to the conclusion that those efficient destroyers swinging with the tide might be good to have on their side, if and when. If the American destroyers steam away—as they will before 1946 if present plans are carried out—well, the British have some sleek gray warships, too. It is a comforting feeling, because although the Filipino flag alone would be grand, it would still be far better for the Union Jack to fly with it, if the Stars and Stripes doesn't, than that the red sun flag of Japan should fly alone.

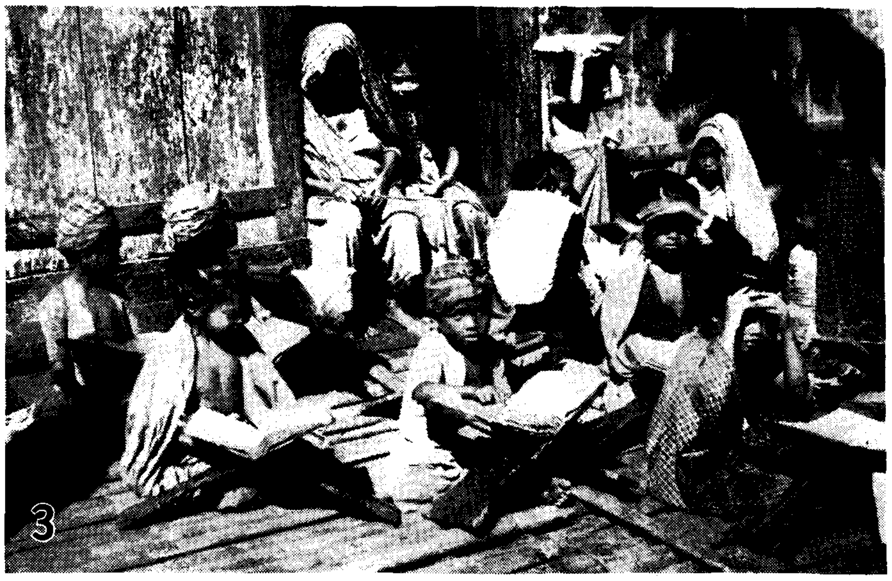
There's Always Japan

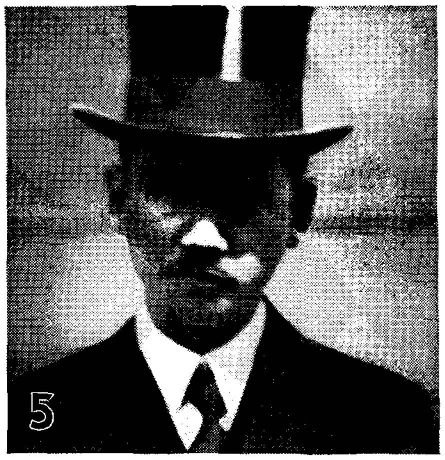
This latter belief, however, Japan is setting out to change. Frequently, the Manila radio stations broadcast speeches —by Filipinos—calling for closer relationship between Japan and the islands. Blood ties between Nippon and the Philippines are discovered and publicized. Once in a while a shipload of morning-dressed Japanese lands and smiles its way about. A returning ship carries a squad of Filipino newspapermen, to be sake'd and sukiyaki'd in Tokyo and to listen to talk about hands across Balintang channel, the strait separating the nations.

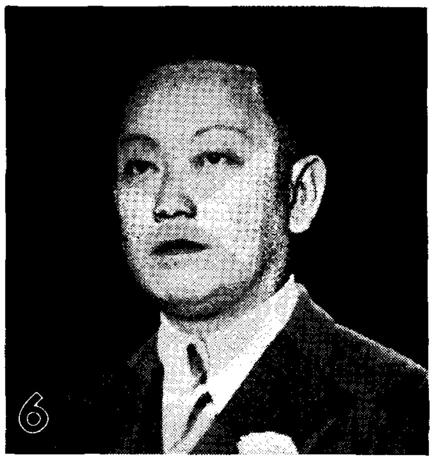
You can find men high in the government service, and close friends of President Manuel Luis Quezon, who will whisper in your ear that when the time comes there'll be an alliance between Japan and the islands. Just now, nobody's saying it out loud—but the thought is there, and there are plenty of yen to cement it into the minds of Filipinos.

Outside the official headache of the Japanese question, the Filipino has three major pains-in-the-neck. One is the religious question, the second is the

(*Continued on page* 68)







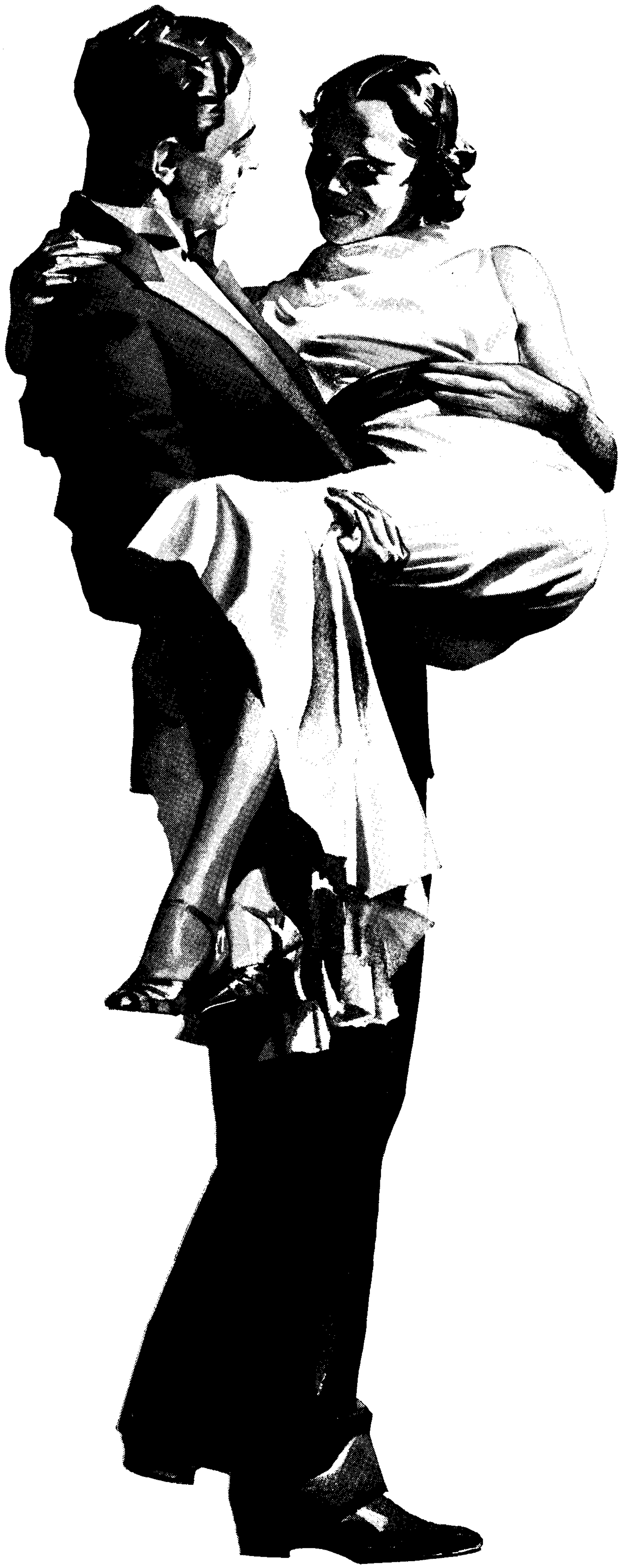
1. A Philippine motion picture producing company, on location. 2. Carabao, or water buffalo, beasts of burden throughout the islands, at work in a rice field. 3. Moro children, natives of Sulu Island, and Mohammedans, studying the Koran. 4. Manuel Quezon, first president of the Philippines. 5. Suave, Americanized Kenjiro Uchiyama, Japanese consul general in the Philippines, who deplores talk of war. 6. Arsenio Luz, native political leader, who preaches fear of Japan. 7. General Aguinaldo, of Spanish-American War fame, who is still a great hero to many of the natives

The Golden Spoon

Once a girl let Tip Barron down—for the neat little sum of ten thousand dollars. This is the story of how another girl surprised him, on the way to Alaska

By Corey Ford

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE



"You can set me down any time," she added when they were out of sight. "I wouldn't want to risk it," said Tip definitely, holding her tight

SHE had wormed gingerly past the coils of rope and oil-smeared winches and the outstretched legs of several steerage passengers lolling asleep on their folded arms upon the forward hatch, and made her way to the deserted triangle of space in the very bow. The blunt nose of the little Alaska steamer dipped and rose beneath her. In the distance, the snow-clad peaks of the coastal range were stationary white clouds against the white sky.

She was not looking at the mountains. She had whirled in surprise, at a low moan behind her, to stare at a young man in a pair of bathing trunks, with a handkerchief folded over his eyes to keep out the sun, who was slumbering against the slanting cover of the forward companionway. He had peeled off his shirt and trousers and wadded them behind his neck for a pillow; and he reclined on the small of his back with his hands clasped over his stomach and his knees elevated higher than his head. Whenever the propellers jarred the boat, he slid down a notch or two farther on his backbone, and registered his protest in another resigned but heartfelt moan.

She extended her hand in instinctive sympathy, and then drew it back a little. "Would there be anything. . . ?"

She bit her lip, ashamed of her own hesitation. Of course there would be something. There would be food, for example. She had traveled these Alaskan boats often enough to be familiar with the annual swarm of jobless youths from the States who smuggled their way aboard each summer, bribing their passage north by handing over whatever spare cash they had to an under-steward, who in turn handed over to his superior a regular percentage of his take. Sometimes, when the boat was crowded, these amateur stowaways had pretty lean pickings. No doubt the young man was hungry. His face, as much as she could see of it, was an unpleasant white, and his lips were chalky. Half starved, she decided. She stooped over and poked his bare shoulder tentatively with her forefinger.

"Could I get you something to eat. . . ?"

THE young man stirred uneasily. His thoughts at the moment were far away; but if a geometric center could have been established for his thoughts, it would have been demonstrated beyond a doubt that the thing they were farthest from at that particular moment was food. His system, after a week of exceedingly liquid diet, revolted convulsively at the mere mention of solid nourishment. A hilarious farewell binge in Boston, a wet trip across the continent by plane, and another drenching series of parties in Seattle had rendered him thoroughly soluble, and he had been poured aboard the boat two nights ago as through a funnel, darkly. Since embarking, he had confined himself resolutely to his cabin and endeavored in vain to blot himself dry with pieces of toast; and at last he had tottered forth in desperation to spread his body out here in the sun, in the faint hope that the moisture would evaporate through the pores. He did not want to think about food. He did not want to think about anything at all. He wanted to be let alone.

NOT that Tip Barron was inclined habitually to look upon the wine when it was red. His normal conduct was exemplary; and during four years of training for football at Harvard he had maintained a physical discipline that had been little less than Spartan. His current bender had been the direct result of a disillusioning experience with one Miss Vera Cozzens; and it was in an effort to forget about women in general that he had sought dramatically to drown his bitterness in drink, adding to his liquor bill for the past week a sizable item for wineglasses which he had shattered vehemently in fireplaces. It had been his announced idea, when he graduated from the university this June, that he would marry Miss Cozzens and release her from a life of drudgery in which she managed to eke out a bare living by appearing nightly in three ostrich plumes in the big Belshazzar's Feast number of the Curfew Club floor show. Unfortunately this announcement had provoked a slight difference of opinion with his father.

Tip had maintained solidly that Miss Cozzens' feeling for him was love pure and simple; but his father, viewing Miss Cozzens with the sager eye of experience, had ventured the opinion that her sentiment was influenced by the fact that Tip was sole heir to quite a few million Barron dollars. In order to demonstrate his point, moreover, the elder Barron had volunteered to test the young lady by offering her ten thousand of these dollars in spot cash to call off the proceedings at once; and Tip, confident that she would hurl the money in his father's face, had had the unpleasant experience of seeing Vera grab the ten G's so fast she nearly broke his father's wrist. The experience had made him very bitter about women. He was through. He said so to his father.

"I'm glad you are through, my son," T. D. Barron had replied briefly. "Having footed the bills for your various amatory experiments for four years,

(Continued on page 26)

A Little Code

Don't be misled by the pictures — this isn't a baseball story. It has some ballplayers in it, though — and one of them will be running for President soon if there's any money in it

By Kyle Crichton

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

IF THE Yanks were playing a single game, Hod Ketcham would be washed up and on his way to the Bronx by six o'clock. He'd come out of the dressing-room, climb the stairs to the Elevated station and look over at the empty Stadium where the groundkeepers would be picking paper off the field and the white jackets of the soda-pop boys could be seen hunting empty bottles under the seats.

On the Elevated platform would be the usual bleacher fans in polo shirts. If they were in the habit of getting to the games early, they might know Hod from seeing him shagging flies in batting practice or taking a lick himself. After the game started he went back to the bench and sat there until quitting time. This was his second year with the Yanks and his only public appearance had been in Philadelphia when he had gone up to hit for Broaca in the ninth and had flied out.

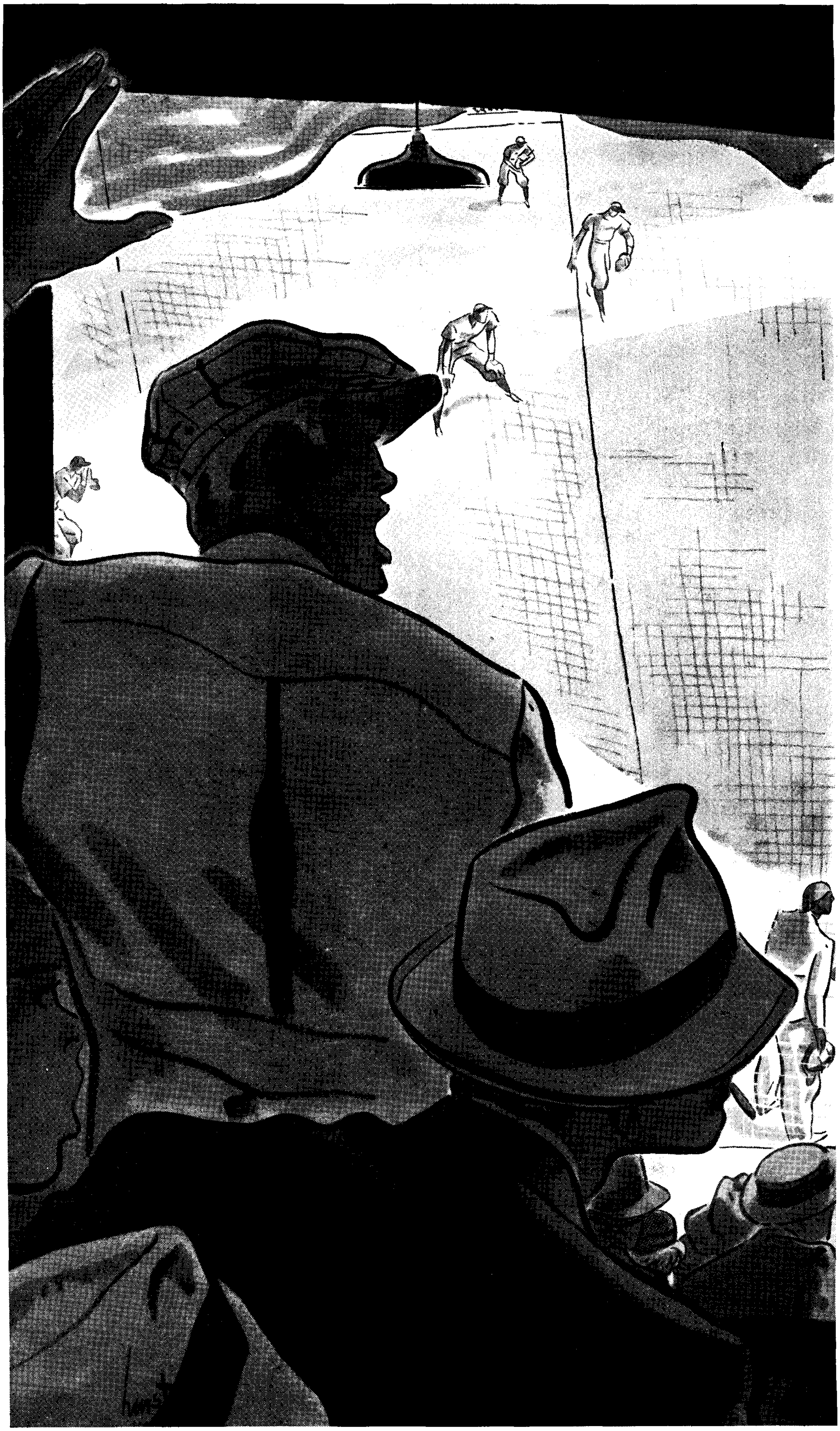
When the team was home, the ritual never varied. Hod would go up to the Bronx on the El, walk down Tremont Avenue to the apartment house, say "H'ye, Sarah," to his wife and sit down to his supper. After supper they went down to the movies and were home in bed by ten o'clock.

It was the fifth of August when Hod took the train, went up to the Bronx, walked down Tremont Avenue to the apartment and said:

"One for two, Mamma," and walked twice around the dining-room before sitting down to his supper.

It was the start of the great Ketcham career. He had gone up to hit for Johnny Murphy, had missed a fast ball by a foot and had then taken hold of a hook and almost torn a leg off Jimmy Dykes with a drive which ended by caroming off the left-field boxes. Crosetti had scored from first base, Hod had ended on second and the White Sox were tied up.

Next day against Cleveland he had murdered a fast ball by Hildebrand and was on third by the time Averill got done chasing the thing to the flagpole. The following day he had sliced a curve by Harder so viciously down the first



He headed out in the general direction of Mr. Riker, who was advancing to meet him. "You dirty so and so!" cried Mr. Riker

base line that Trosky, who had made a stab at it, was still congratulating himself at nine o'clock that night for having missed it.

It was in the middle of the second week following that Hod had a visit from a Mr. Cordell.

"Now, see here," said Mr. Cordell. "Everybody gets hearing about you with these Yanks, you hitting that ball and everything. . . . So what? So you start writing for the Tru-Art Syndicate. Every night after the game you wire in about three hundred words. You wire that in and next day what happens? Next day you see it in the newspaper, that's what happens."

"Yes, sir," said Hod. "How much was that you said?"

"About three hundred words."

"What I mean was—how much?"

"Well, let's say fifty a week." Mr. Cordell leaned back grandly.

"Mebbe you'd like a drink of cider or something," said Hod, getting up and starting toward the kitchen.

"I'm just bringing it in," said Sarah.

Mr. Cordell took a polite sip at the cider, which he hoped would turn out to be Jersey applejack. It was just cider.

"I've just been making your husband a proposition," said Mr. Cordell. "How would seventy-five strike you?"

"Sarah," yelled Mr. Ketcham from the kitchen. "We got any more of them boughten cookies?"

"Wait'll I come out there," said Sarah, leaving Mr. Cordell alone in the front room looking at a picture of Washington Crossing the Delaware.

When they came back in with the cookies, Mr. Cordell was either frightened by looking at the Father of His Country or frantic for other reasons because he shouted in an over-loud voice:

"Listen! How about a hundred!"

"I think maybe I better be asking Mr. McCarthy before I go agreein' to any writin'," said Hod hesitantly.

"It isn't writing," shouted Mr. Cordell. "You just send in a little something and one of my men . . . Why do you want to see McCarthy! How about one twenty-five!"

"Have a cookie," said Hod, with the warm attention of a good host.

"Well, one fifty," cried Mr. Cordell in exasperation. "It's the last word. You can take it or leave it."

"Did you bring up the contrack with you?" asked Mr. Ketcham.

THE first night in Detroit, Mr. Ketcham went to the movies. When he got back at ten o'clock, the hotel clerk was waiting for him.

"There's a telegram here from a man named Cordell asking why you didn't send in your story today. He wants you to wire him as soon as you get in."

Hod went over to a writing table and did some elaborate work on a telegraph blank. He came back and handed it to the clerk. It read:

NOTHING HAPPENED I DID NOT PLAY
HOD KETCHAM

An hour later a bellboy got Mr. Ketcham out of bed with a return telegram:

WIRE THREE HUNDRED WORDS IMMEDIATELY INTERESTING THINGS GAME REGARDLESS YOU CORDELL

"What does he mean—regardless me?" asked Hod of the bellboy.

"Maybe he means best regards," suggested the bellboy.

Mr. Ketcham brightened with relief and went back to bed.

In the morning there was another telegram for him:

MUST INSIST YOU SEND THREE HUNDRED WORDS EVERY NIGHT REGARDLESS WHETHER YOU GET IN GAME OR NOT STOP FIFTY PAPERS BITTERLY DISAPPOINTED LAST NIGHT CORDELL

FOLLOWING that, Hod sent his stories promptly every night for ten days. As soon as he had finished his steak and ice cream, he sat down at a desk in the lobby and did his literary work. At the end of ten days he received another telegram and was sitting disconsolately in the lobby of the Chase Hotel in St. Louis reading it.

"What now?" said Swatsy O'Hara, on the way out to see a young lady who lived somewhere on Delmar.

Mr. Ketcham handed the telegram over, having no secrets from Swatsy.

STUFF GETTING TERRIBLE STOP WHAT IS THE MATTER STOP WHO CARES ABOUT THE WEATHER IN ST. LOUIS STOP IF STUFF DOES NOT IMPROVE WILL HAVE TO GET GHOST WRITER TO HELP YOU CORDELL

"He's getting somebody to help me," pointed out Mr. Ketcham helpfully.

"You know what that means, don't you?" said Swatsy. "That means you lose half the dough."

Mr. Ketcham's face took on a strange green tinge.

"But you don't have to lose it," said Swatsy. "Listen, I'll help you with the thing and I won't ask you a penny. But if you get a raise, I get half. . . . How about that?"

Mr. Ketcham thought that was fine.

For the next two days he filed the nightly Ketcham dispatch with pride, did Mr. O'Hara. At noon of the third day Mr. Ketcham knocked timidly at the O'Hara door and entered bearing a telegram:

WHAT IN HEAVEN HAS HAPPENED STOP STUFF EVEN WORSE SINCE FORMER TELEGRAM STOP AM ARRANGING GHOST WRITER WHEN YOU REACH NEW YORK CORDELL

Mr. O'Hara read the message and gave a little laugh of embarrassment and bravado and waved his hand.

"You see that," he said triumphantly. "We got him on the run."

THE Yanks stopped in Toledo for an exhibition game next day and arrived in New York about noon of the second day, going straight to the Stadium from the station. Because of his hitting splurge in the West, Hod was now in right field for the Yanks. When he was taking his cut in batting practice, Detroit came out and they began yelling at him almost as soon as they popped up through the trap door by the dugout.

"You big dumb busher!" they howled. "Wait till Riker gets a crack at you!"

"Pay no attention to them," said Swatsy O'Hara.

"If he don't show me no more than he showed me in Detroit," said Mr. Ketcham lightly, "I ain't afraid of no Riker."

When Hod was shagging flies in fielding practice, Riker was on the bench. By the time Riker started warming up on the other side of the diamond, Hod was on the bench waiting for Detroit to get through fielding practice. He really met Mr. Riker for the first time in the last half of the second when he came up with the bases empty and two out. He thought he heard Mr. Riker saying something to him when he came into the batter's box but Hod was never one for conversation when there was work to be done.

Mr. Riker's first pitch was aimed straight for Mr. Ketcham's left ear.

"Look out!" yelled Swatsy O'Hara from the first base coaching box, but Mr. Ketcham didn't need that. He was already flat on his face in the batter's box but unhurt. Mr. Riker had advanced menacingly halfway to home plate but now returned for a second effort.

The Riker control was perfect. His second one was almost exactly in the same neighborhood of the back of the neck and Hod went down in the dirt again. This time, however, he arose and headed out in the general direction of Mr. Riker, who was advancing to meet him.

"You dirty so and so!" cried Mr. Riker. Upon which Mr. Ketcham clipped Mr. Riker forcibly on the button with a left hook.

Mr. Riker retaliated with a right cross to the Adam's apple.

FIFTEEN minutes later, Hod Ketcham was out of the game and under the shower and by four-thirty he was home on Tremont Avenue.

"You sick?" asked Sarah, and he went into a discursive discussion about Mr. Riker.

"I don't know what I ever did to him," said Hod.

"Maybe it's what you wrote about him," said Sarah.

"What'd I write about him?" asked Mr. Ketcham.

"Don't you know?" asked Sarah suspiciously.

"Sure, I know, but I don't remember," said Hod.

Whereupon Sarah showed him the paper:

HOD KETCHAM'S COLUMN

Lou Gehrig has a new hunting dog. . . . Why was Eddie Collins having lunch with Rogers Hornsby last week in Boston? . . . Some deal on foot? . . . Who was the blonde Jack Riker was seen dancing with in Chi last Wednesday?

It was then that Hod confided in Sarah, and Sarah began thinking it over.

"So if you get a ghost writer you only get half," said Sarah. "I guess you just better let Mr. O'Hara write it like he said. It's something like Walter Winchell."

They were having a discussion about Mr. Ketcham when he got to the clubhouse next noon.

"All right," Mr. O'Hara was saying. "He gets a three-day suspension and Riker gets ten days. What's wrong with that? Riker misses three games just when Cochrane needs him most. It'll probably cost them the pennant. A guy writing stuff like that will just about pull us through. He'll have them nuts."

"And what'll Landis say?"

"Wait'll he says something before you get worrying," answered Mr. O'Hara, as he maneuvered Mr. Ketcham back into an empty shower bath.

"Did that guy Cordell call you up?" he demanded. "Yeh, and what did he say?"

"He said he was all wrong about me needing a ghost writer," said Hod.

"Yes?"

"And he said he was raising me to two hundred dollars a week."

"Well, I hope you thanked him."

"Yes, sir, I thanked him and I said I thought maybe he'd better make it three hundred dollars."

"And did he?"

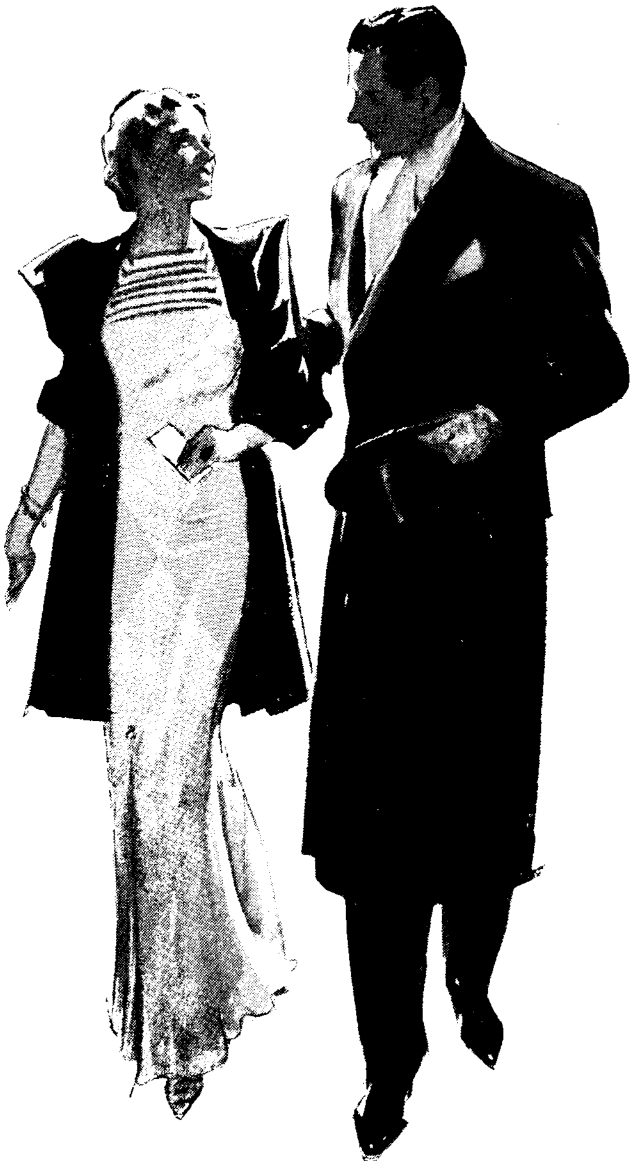
"Yes, sir."

It was then that Mr. O'Hara came out of the shower bath and began to walk around among the lockers, making sounds to himself. After a few turns of the dressing-room, he announced to the world at large:

"Anybody who gets fresh with Ketcham has me to lick. Who ever said anything about that guy being dumb?"

From this Mr. O'Hara went on to serious writing and the turmoil reached a boiling point. The Yanks were at home for eighteen days and Hod was either

(Continued on page 25)



"He's going to be very, very careful until he finds out what I'm like," she thought. "I'm not going to help him"

ILLUSTRATED BY
WARREN BAUMGARTNER

Cross Purposes

They didn't understand each other at all. What of it? They're probably married by now

By
Elisabeth Sanxay Holding

IT WAS a rainy Saturday afternoon, and Donaldson didn't know what to do with himself. He had been invited out to Greenwich for a week end, and he had refused, for no good reason. It was only because of the odd mood that had possessed him for the last two weeks, an uneasy restlessness that he could not understand.

"I ought to be sitting on top of the world," he thought, lighting a cigarette to smoke with his coffee.

At twenty-five, and only three years out of college, he had his own office, a good salary; he was definitely on the way up, he had been hell-bent on getting this job, and now he had got it. And after the first few days of triumph, this feeling of flatness had come.

"I suppose I'll go ahead and make plenty of money some day," he thought. "And what of it? Even if I get where Henson is . . ."

He thought of Henson, vice president of the company, a burly, red-faced fellow of forty-seven or so. People spoke of him as a young man for his position, but he didn't seem young to Donaldson, and he didn't seem particularly enviable. He had a fine place on Long Island, he had a wife and two children, he had a superb car, he was very optimistic and cheerful.

"But that wouldn't suit me," thought Donaldson. "I want—"

The waitress brought him his check; he paid it with a generous tip, and sat on at the table in the little restaurant trying to make up his mind what he did want, a tall young fellow, conventional and fastidious in his dress, with a look almost scornful on his dark, lean face. He wasn't scornful, though, only impatient. He wanted everything definite and clear-cut; he was angry at his own shadowy discontent.

"I'll go and see Joe," he thought.

Joe Kennedy had gone into business with another fellow as commercial photographers; they were doing well, and had moved into a new studio. Donaldson took the subway up to the Grand Central and then, on impulse, took a taxi.

A few weeks ago he couldn't afford taxis; and now that he could, what of it?

"I must be different from other people," he thought, uneasily. "I ought to be happy . . ."

The building into which Joe Kennedy had moved had a Fifth Avenue address, but it wasn't really on the Avenue, but a few doors east, a dingy little building. Donaldson went up in a very slow, small elevator and got out on the top floor. He opened the door and entered an anteroom, and he was secretly a little impressed. Modernistic furniture, chromium chairs and tables, black lamps with white shades, curtains of glittering cellophane.

"Not so bad, eh?" said Joe from the doorway.

"Pretty good!" said Donaldson.

"And here's the studio," said Joe, calmly, almost indifferently.

A BIG bare room, with a skylight; a camera set on a stand.

"I'll show you the dark room, and so on, in a minute," said Joe, and just then a girl came out through a doorway at the other end of the room, a tall, very blond girl, in a plain black suit that fitted perfectly to her slender, broad-shouldered body, a black felt hat that showed her forehead; such a beautiful girl, so cool and poised.

"Good night, Mr. Kennedy," she said, and gave Donaldson a narrow, sidelong look that almost startled him.

"Good night, Miss Carlton!" said Joe. "Now I'll show you some of our gadgets, Dick."

But Donaldson was staring after the girl.

"Who is she?" he asked, wonderingly.

"Model," Joe answered.

"She's—out of the ordinary, isn't she?"

"You get used to those babies, in this work," said Joe. "They're almost all pretty gorgeous."

"D'you mean, she does this—poses for a living?"

"Who knows?" said Joe. "A lot of girls with money do it, simply because they like it. We've got Bonnie Carlton down as a 'society type' but I don't know. . . ."

"Where does she live?" asked Donaldson, his dark face flushing a little, a sort of resentment in his heart. He didn't want to be so much impressed by an unknown girl.

"Sorry," said Joe, "but we never give the girls' addresses to anyone."

"Yes, I see . . ." said Donaldson, still more angry at himself.

He went with Joe, inspecting all the apparatus; then they sat down in the anteroom for a smoke.

But Joe had a client coming, and Donaldson went off.

The rain was falling steadily, and the street looked drab and depressing; he didn't know what to do.

He didn't want to ring up or visit anyone he knew; nobody seemed interesting. Except that Bonnie.

"I'd like to take her out to dinner," he thought.

Nobody else would do. Nobody else had the color, the charm of that tall blond girl.

"Of course, I don't know a darn' thing about her," he told himself. "She may be just insipid, and boring. May be cheap and silly."

But he didn't really believe that. There had been pride and spirit in her carriage; there had been a gay challenging arrogance in that sidelong glance of hers. He knew plenty of girls, plenty of pretty girls, he knew girls who had jobs. But no one who had that air of independence and adventure.

HE STEPPED out into the rain, and crossed the street to a cigar store. He looked in a telephone directory, and there was her name. Carlton, Miss Bonnie. Hotel Methwyn, in the West Sixties.

"I'll take a chance . . ." he thought, and rang her up.

"Hello," said a cool, slow voice.

"Miss Carlton? I saw you in Joe Kennedy's studio, and of course I want to see you again."

"Who are you?"

"Dick Donaldson is the name. Joe will tell you I'm okay."

"Oh, I wouldn't take his word for it!" said she serenely. "Are you middle-aged and married?"

"Single, and twenty-five. And the idea was to ask if you'd dine with me tonight. I thought we'd go to Labranche's, if that suits you."

"Well . . ." she said, "naturally, I hesitate. . . . Is there anything else you can say in your favor?"

"I'm tall," said Donaldson. "Neat, refined appearance, and the best of references."

"I'll come!" she said. "Aren't I a madcap? Shall we say seven thirty?"

Donaldson was surprised at his own excitement. He reserved a table at Labranche's, the most expensive and imposing restaurant he knew of, and bought orchids for the girl. He wanted it to be that sort of evening, de luxe, superb; he wore tails and a top hat.

The Hotel Methwyn was definitely second-rate, one of those dingy little West Side places that were once cozy, respectable family hotels; he sent up his name, and stood waiting in a dim lobby lit by tall bronze lamps with red silk shades.

Suppose she was just an ordinary girl,

after all, and not the gorgeous creature he imagined? He lit a cigarette and smoked it, lit another, and then she came out of the elevator.

He felt the strangest thrill of pride at the sight of her, tall, blond, straight in a long white dress with soft classic lines, a black velvet wrap; she was more beautiful even than he remembered, more wonderful. Her long blue eyes rested on his face with no signs of recognition as she looked about the lobby.

"Miss Carlton?" he said.

"Oh! Are *you* Dick Donaldson?" she said, with an air of surprise.

THAT air of surprise was in no way genuine. As soon as he had telephoned, she had felt sure he was the boy she had seen in the studio that afternoon. Through a crack in the dressing-room door she had watched him talking to Joe Kennedy, and his dark, fierce face had pleased her, his air of nonchalant distinction. She had made up her mind then to give him that look of hers, that famous look that had not yet failed her; lids lowered, darkest lashes brushing her cheeks, and then that sudden glance of vivid blue.

She had practiced it in private for a long time; the first time she had used it in public was in a school play; then emboldened, she had tried it on Robbie.

"Hey, you! Switch off the current!" Robbie had said, covering his face with his hands. "You're *good,* woman!"

That had been the first time Robbie had ever paid much attention to her, and she had felt wildly elated. She had thought Robbie was wonderful, the most popular boy in town; he had money, he had traveled; to have Robbie publicly attentive to her had seemed the most marvelous thing that could happen. But when it had happened, how miserable she had been!

Robbie had been inexorable. He had criticized everything, her clothes, the way she wore her hair, the way she talked, even her laugh.

"You're darn' good-looking," he had told her. "You *could* be a knockout, if you'd learn. . . ."

He had asked her to a dance, and had told her that both the evening dresses he had seen her in were terrible.

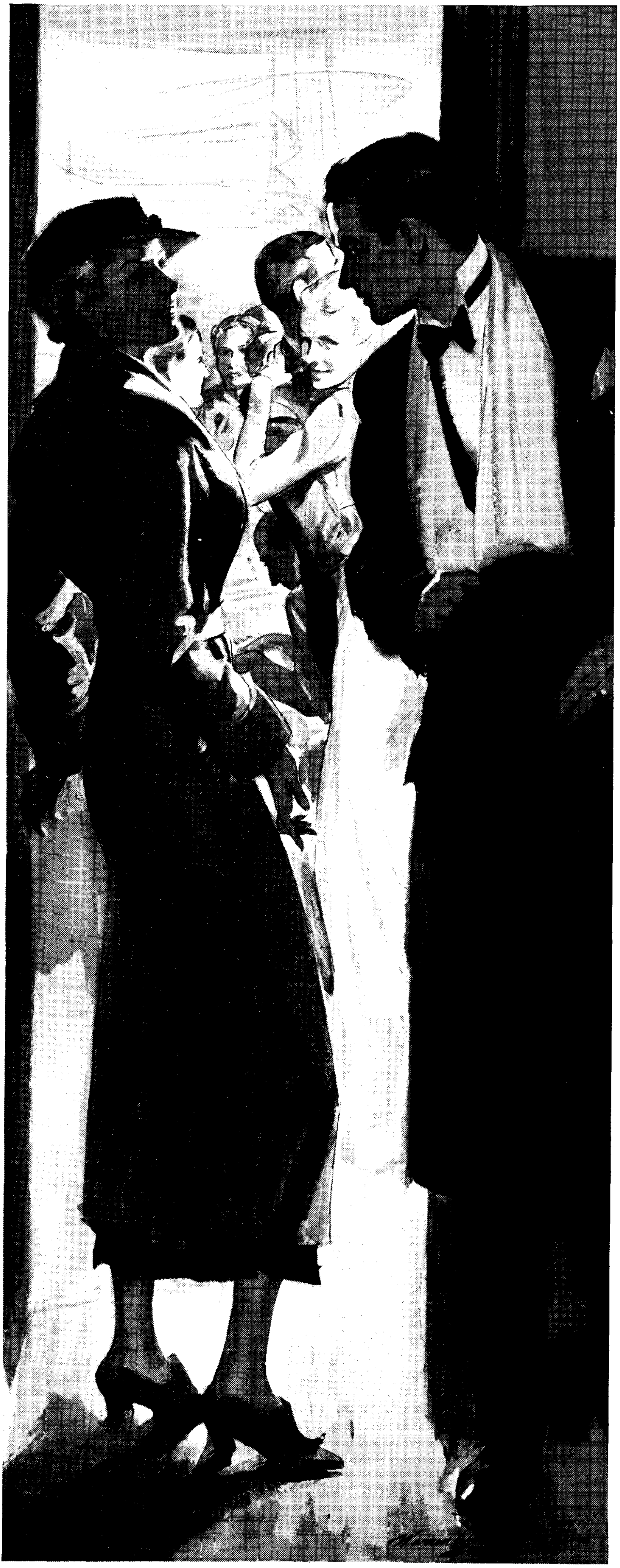
"Well, I can't afford a new one!" she had cried.

"Make one!" Robbie had said. "French girls do that. All right, if you don't know how to sew, learn."

HE HAD made her miserable, but she had followed his advice. Because he *knew.* He was utterly different from any of the other boys, he had a standard she had never even imagined before; a standard of smooth perfection in dress and manner. It had been months before she realized that that was the only standard he had; that, though he could make love beautifully, he didn't feel any love; that though he spoke French, and could talk about operas and books and plays, he hadn't any real opinions, hadn't anything real about him.

But he had shown her a new world. When she had first realized that he didn't love her, that all he wanted was to take out the best-looking girl in town, she had been humiliated and furious, and she had mistaken that for a broken heart. Robbie had gone abroad again, and she was left behind to a life grown intolerably flat. She had thought it was Robbie she missed. . . .

She had made up her mind to go to New York. She had talked to her father and mother in a very convincing way about a career, and they had consented; they had helped her to go, they had had the greatest confidence in her. And she had been wonderfully successful—after a fashion.



"I'd honestly advise you to go home," she said. "You won't like this"

"If they could see me," she thought. If they could see Bonnie now, beautiful and cool and elegant, getting into a taxi with this handsome, suave young man, in a top hat. . . . She had never been in Labranche's before, and it impressed her. Plenty of other men had taken her out to dinner, to expensive places, too, but this was different; she liked it, liked the sort of people she saw about her. Only she wasn't quite sure whether she liked young Donaldson. He was handsome, he was polite, he was amusing; but all the time, in his glance, in his manner, she discerned a sort of cautiousness that hurt her.

"He's going to be very, very careful until he finds out what I'm like," she thought. "All right! I'm not going to help him, one bit."

SO SHE made no effort to talk; she smoked all through the perfect dinner; whenever he spoke, she answered, she smiled her slow, enigmatic smile.

"I've never seen any pictures of you," he said.

"You must have seen dozens. Driving a Cullen car, and smoking Silver Dollar cigarettes, and keeping my voice attractive with Maclin's Medical Lozenges. Probably you didn't recognize me, with my professional expression."

"What is your professional expression?"

"Oh, very sweet and winning and girlish," she said.

"You are sweet, aren't you?"

"Me?" she said, smiling. "Somehow that doesn't seem quite the word."

There was no dancing at Labranche's, only a subdued orchestra.

"Shall we go on somewhere else?" he asked, as they sat drinking their coffee.

"Thanks, but I've got an appointment early tomorrow. I have to keep early hours."

"When can I see you again?"

"Ring me up, and we'll see what mood I'm in."

"I don't care what mood you're in as long as you'll come out with me again."

"No," she thought, "I don't suppose you do care. You wouldn't care if I were tired, or worried, or miserable, if I *looked* all right. If I'm well-dressed, and good-looking enough to make people stare, that's all that counts. That's the way men are."

He took her back to her hotel in a taxi, and she was glad that he didn't try to kiss her.

Donaldson knew he could fill this new job. He knew it, yet he had moments of sudden fear. Sometimes when Henson talked to him he didn't believe he could ever be vice president of the company, ever develop that decisiveness, that authority, that complete self-confidence. He felt this most when he went to Henson with some new idea that seemed to him remarkably good, and Henson quickly and surely analyzed it, and showed it to him as a bit of youthful enthusiasm. His ambition, the new responsibility he had, were a strain upon him, and he showed it.

"You're getting very *disagreeable!*" his sister told him.

UNLESS he had something much better to do, he usually went out to see his sister on Sunday. He was fond of Enid, but her way of living displeased him. She had married a very decent fellow, she had a nice little house on Long Island, she had a baby he admired more than he cared to tell her. But she lived without order, with no routine. The Finnish maid adored Enid and the baby, and was willing to do anything; she didn't care if guests who came in for cocktails stayed until nine; she didn't care how many unexpected people came in for meals.

"I'm not disagreeable," said Donaldson. "It's simply that the way you run this house makes me sick."

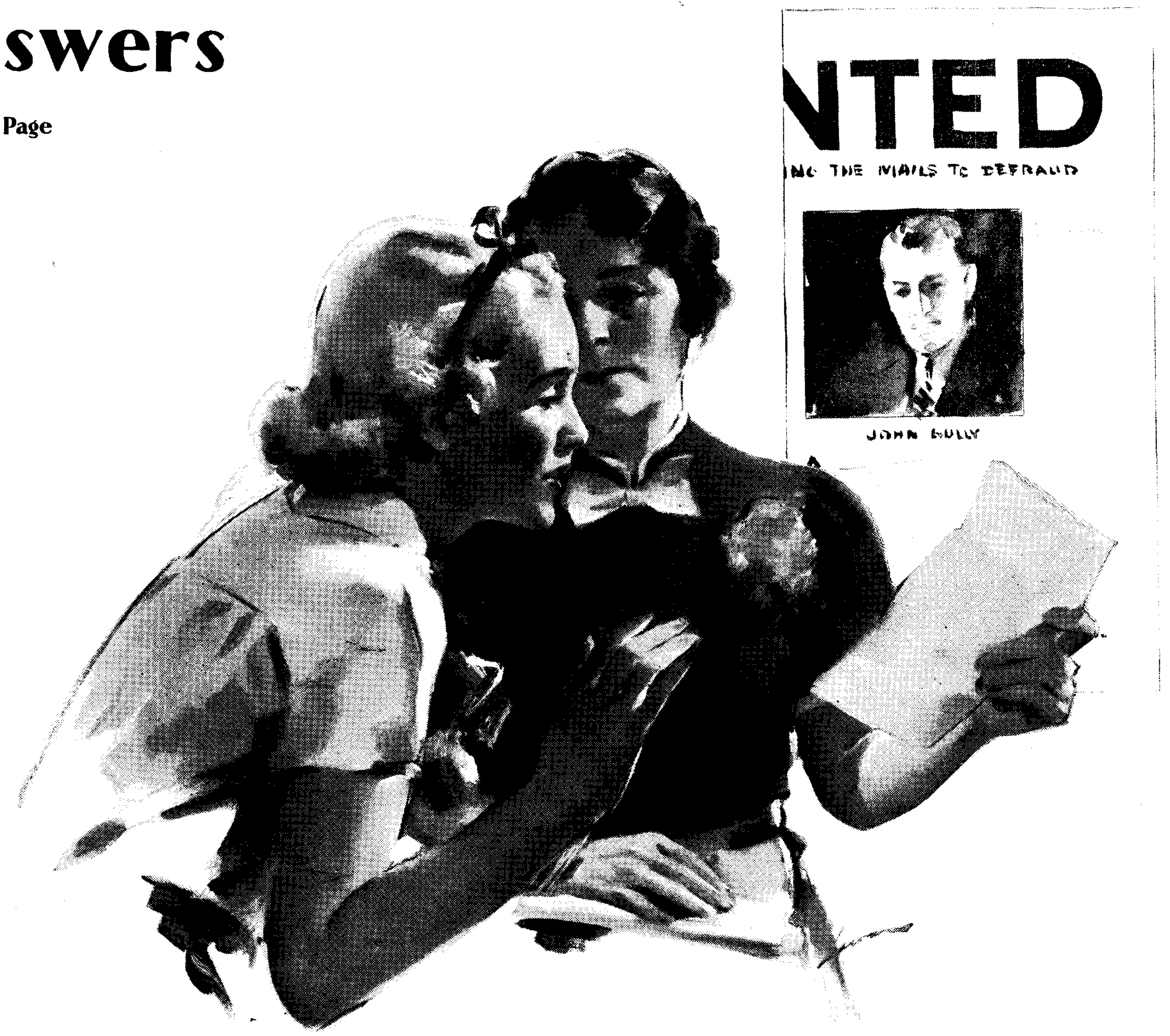
(*Continued on page* 46)

All the Answers

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By James Aswell

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES LEWIS


NTED
NG THE MAILS TO DEFRAUD
JOHN GULLY

Katharine's jaw dropped. Her big eyes turned slowly down to read the paper

THE path straggled down from the winter hotel on the ridge and soon it entered the mossy shade of the old oaks at the lake's edge. One of the best shuffleboard courts in the Florida lake country was located near by, but it was empty now under the sparkling sun of half past two. In a little glade beneath the trees sat a handsome *woman of about forty*, reading a book but raising her eyes from time to time to glance up the path.

At last Lucretia Tuttle saw a flounce of white on the path and a bobbing blond glory of hair. She put her book down and waited with an expectant and kindly smile.

"I'm tremendously glad you decided to give me a few minutes, Katharine." She hesitated. "A few minutes before your rendezvous with Alan Honeycutt."

The girl started a little and blushed hibiscus red. Katharine Bond was barely eighteen. She had that frosted-caramel coloring of towheads raised in the sun, and a tight, perfect, muscular little figure.

"How—"

"I must confess I eavesdropped, my dear. I couldn't help it. You see, I come down here every evening to watch the lake at dusk and you will notice that it is possible to see and hear everything which transpires on that little love seat yonder. The bushes form a perfect screen. And before I knew it I had heard a lot that was none of my business. I had heard you say you'd elope with Alan Honeycutt."

For an instant the girl wavered, as if contemplating flight. Lucretia chuckled reassuringly and seized her hand.

"Sit down, my dear. I'm not going to preach. I shan't even tell you not to run off with Mr. Honeycutt, if you really have your mind set on it. But I do want to talk to you. Tell me, do you like me at all? Because if you don't, I'm just an old busybody butting in. But if you *do* like me a little—"

"Oh, Mrs. Tuttle, I like you a lot. All the girls in our crowd like you better than—than any of the older—well, you know, the more mature women at the hotel. You seem to understand us better and to have been everywhere and seen everything and done all there is to do—"

"Even if Mrs. Crowther did say rather publicly that she thought I was too flashy and worldly for my age—and for a nice family hotel?"

"Oh, that Mrs. Crowther. She's *just* jealous, that's all. She's jealous because she's too old to dress and act the way you do. You know all the answers."

Lucretia laughed softly and squeezed Katharine's hand.

"You're a dear. I'm glad we're friends, because, Katharine, I've been thinking a bit lately. It's true I've been around. Married twice, you know. Lived in Rome, in Vienna, in Shanghai. I've had some fun and I've been a fool a good many times. Here I am middle-aged and I *have* discovered a woman never profits by her own mistakes; it's always too late. The question is: has a rather—well, variegated career like mine any use whatsoever? Can anything I've learned be passed on?"

Katharine regarded the older woman with admiration.

"Mrs. Tuttle, I don't really mind that it was you who overheard. You're probably the only person who'd understand."

"Do you love Alan Honeycutt—really and truly?"

Deeps of sleepless nights swam in the blue, young eyes, like whorls in agate. "I think—I don't know, I guess. But he's terribly, terribly fascinating."

"He is that. But let me tell you a little story. Just about twenty years ago I fell in love, or thought I had fallen in love, with a man twenty years older than I was—"

"But Alan's only thirty-five. He told me so."

LUCRETIA smiled wanly. "Is he? Well, anyway, I married a man a great deal older than I. When you do that you marry, not the future, as you should, but the past. He had had other wives and *they kept bobbing up.* People *mistook* me for his daughter. One morning I discovered that he was simply growing more cranky and absurd, while I was missing the best years. There's a hairline of difference between Alan Honeycutt, the romantic boulevardier, and Alan Honeycutt, the foppish old fool."

Lucretia saw Katharine wince.

"I'm sorry, darling. Here I am preaching or worse. I see I can't communicate this sort of thing. I haven't the eloquence and a little voice inside you is saying, 'But what has this other man back in ancient history got to do with my Alan? *He's* different.' And indeed he may be. But I want to show you this. I want you to have all the facts and then I'm not going to say another word—because, you see, I'm a sentimental old woman and from the first I've liked you so very, very much. I see in you the spirit—yes, I'll say it—even the beauty I once had. I want you to have all the breaks."

She fumbled beside her on the rustic bench and found a white woolen bag. From it she extracted half of a small circular. It had been scissored neatly down the middle because, apparently, this was the pertinent half.

"I have a friend in the Department of Justice," she said, "and when I first laid eyes on Mr. Honeycutt I was sure I remembered the stir in the lobby of the Krantz Ambassador in Vienna a good many years ago when he was arrested for some business connected with a necklace."

Katharine's jaw dropped. Her big eyes turned slowly down to read the printing on the piece of paper. It was:

"—NTED

"*—ing the Mails to Defraud.*

"JOHN GULLY.

"Alias John Dempster, alias George Honeywell. Height, 5′ 11″; weight, 165; color of hair, blond; blond mustache; about 33; dresses foppishly and seeks the company of young girls of well-to-do parents in small towns; suave, soft-spoken, educated; has served prison sentences here and abroad for forgery, jewel thefts and bucketshop schemes; married several times, probably bigamously. Wire collect any news of this man to the United States Bureau of Investigation, Washington, D. C."

The accompanying photograph was a younger but unmistakable Alan Honeycutt.

Katharine let the piece of paper flutter from her hands. When she looked up her eyes were swimming.

"Oh, it's awful," she said huskily. "But I do thank you, Mrs. Tuttle. I thank you from the bottom of my heart."

With that she turned and ran sobbing across the sandy sward, toward home.

Mrs. Tuttle looked after her reflectively, but with satisfaction. Then she stooped and retrieved the police circular. From her bag she extracted the other half of it and fitted the two parts together, chuckling softly.

The other part bore the legend:

"WA—

"For Burglary and for Us—

"JUNE JONES.

"Alias Lucy Jones, alias Ruth Tuttle, companion and perhaps the wife of the man on the right. Constantly seen in his company in New York and abroad and wanted as an accomplice. Height, 5′ 3″; weight, 135; color of hair, red or hennaed; about 30; well-bred apparently. *Wire collect any information* about this woman to the United States Bureau of Investigation, Washington, D. C."

There was a date, 1923, and a picture, which Lucretia admired for a moment silently. Had she been a knockout in those days!

"WELL," she sighed, replacing the two pieces of paper and peering up the path eagerly at a faint thud of footsteps, "I've done my good turn for the day, anyway. And there he comes right into my arms, the irresistible old devil! The question is: do I know a last very important answer, now that that girl is out of the way—how to win him back again one more time?"

The Loudest Radical

By George Creel

COLLIER'S WASHINGTON STAFF WRITER

HARRIS AND EWING

Come into the House and listen to Marion Zioncheck, the noisy gentleman from Washington. He may sound, at first, like a voice crying in the wilderness, but he's not; he's a symptom

COME with me, dear readers, into the House of Representatives, and as long as our blood pressure permits, let us watch the manner in which our laws are made, and the destinies of a great people deliberated and decided.

Mr. Ekwall: Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent to address the House for five minutes.

Mr. Zioncheck: Does the gentleman from Oregon wish to make a fool of himself?

Mr. Ekwall: If anyone could make a bigger jackass of himself than the gentleman from Washington, I do not know who it is.

Mr. O'Connor: I demand that the gentleman's words be taken down.

Mr. Ekwall: Take 'em down. Let him come out in the corridor and I'll take care of him.

Mr. Blanton: A point of order, Mr. Speaker. The gentleman from Washington provoked the reply made by the gentleman from Oregon. I ask in all fairness that the Speaker submit the question to the House to vote upon it.

Mr. Zioncheck: I object, Mr. Speaker.

Mr. Snell: I make the point of order that there is no quorum present.

Mr. Maverick: What is this anyway? A kindergarten?

Chairman: The gentleman will proceed in order.

Mr. Hoffman: Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent to revise and extend the remarks I made on March 3d by the addition of two paragraphs that will not take more than one inch.

Speaker: Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Michigan?

Mr. Zioncheck: Mr. Speaker, reserving the right to object, what can the gentleman from Michigan put in an inch that is worth while?

Mr. Hoffman: It will not be any telephone plug in a switchboard.

(A pointed reference to a fine of $15 imposed on the gentleman from Washington for having taken possession of the telephone switchboard in his apartment house during the quiet hour just before dawn, and indulging playfulness to a point where he plugged in on every room in the building.)

Mr. Zioncheck: Mr. Chairman, you know I do not think this House is a circus despite the fact that some of you may think that I think so. The fact of the matter is, I even object to a person clapping and hooting down members who try to express their sincere convictions on the floor of the House. The ones who are shouting the loudest for order are the ones who do most of this ballyhoo and make—well, I will not use the word. *Why can there not be dignity to this House?*

There are 435 members here, representing 130,000,000 people, or, at least, they should be representing them. When someone talks for a little five per cent interest group, the Economy League, or the other league that proceeded to oust the President out of the Democratic Party, with the help of Alfred E. Smith—and I refer to the Liberty League—there is a respectful audience and everything is quiet, but when you start to talk for the people you are a radical. Well, I am a radical, and I am damn' proud of it! What do you think of that?

Another matter that I would like to call the committee's attention to is that in this legislative bill there is an appropriation of $50,000 for the purchase of books for the Congressional Law Library. Last year there was an appropriation of $90,000 but $40,000 was used for the purchase of law books for the sanctum sanctorum known as the Supreme Court of the United States, the holy of holies.

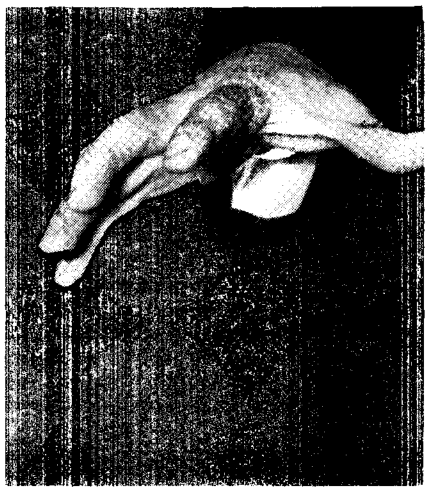
Mr. Knutson: Mr. Chairman, I do not believe one body of the government should criticize another.

Mr. Zioncheck: Well, I am going to criticize the Supreme Court until they start representing the people for a change, and I am going to do it as long as I want to. What do you think of that? I think in the future we should discuss these things realistically. We should look at the cold facts. We should be dignified ourselves, have a little pride in ourselves, and not start pinching pennies just because the senators buy soda pop and have ice delivered to their offices every morning and have a beauty parlor down there with operators in it. Why should we get a complex?

Mr. Blanton: Mr. Chairman, I ask that the rules be obeyed.

Mr. Zioncheck: You will not obey them yourself.

Mr. Blanton: Mr. Chairman, we members of the committee pay no attention to the quips that the gentleman from Washington lodges against us. I feel sorry for him. He has my deepest sympathy.



Mr. Zioncheck: Mr. Chairman, I rise to a question of personal privilege.

Mr. Cannon: The gentleman is not discussing the amendment. The amendment is to establish certain ecological stations. Nothing the gentleman has said applies to an ecological station, and I wonder if the gentleman knows what an ecological station is.

Mr. Greever: The thing we are interested in in the state of Wyoming is cooperation—

Mr. Cannon: Will the gentleman tell us what are ecological stations?

Mr. Greever: The situation we are interested in in Wyoming are stations to accomplish what is provided for in the bill.

Mr. Robertson: Ecology, Mr. Chairman, relates to the study, as the Greek derivation of the word indicates, of the life habits of birds and animals.

Mr. Hamlin: Does the gentleman feel that the amendment will in any way refer to a study of the health and habits of the wild animals of the House?

Mr. Ekwall: No. The trouble with the wild animals of this House is that they are all too healthy now.

Champions of the Downtrodden

From all of which it may be gathered that the House is not the dignified, deliberative body that it was in the days of broadcloth and beards, and that the gentleman from Washington, in particular, makes small contribution either to the sanities or amenities of debate. An interesting study, this Marion Zioncheck, and also important, for he represents a new type in American public life, a type thrown to the surface by the depression, and which is showing every sign of increase.

As tangential as able, as erratic as sincere, and calling themselves "radical" without any very exact comprehension of the word, they confuse change with progress, abuse with argument and, disdaining organized action with the same impatience that they disdain the drudgeries of research, they leap from political panacea to panacea, shouting current slogans at the top of their voices, and securing themselves against any sense of futility by the comforting conviction that they, and they alone, are the champions of the downtrodden.

Strangely enough, the Zioncheck life story is at all points as thoroughly American as that of Abraham Lincoln, lacking no detail of poverty and bitter struggle in the upward climb to success. True, he was born in a little Polish village in 1900, but his father brought the family to the United States three years later, settling in Chicago. For a while he worked in the stockyards, but hearing the call of the West, the sturdy Pole moved to Seattle in 1906, where young Marion helped out on the domestic budget by selling newspapers, catching rats, herding cattle and peddling fish.

When the Ziónchecks moved to Olympia, the boy worked his way through high school as a jeweler's apprentice and as a joiner's apprentice in the shipyards. Temperamentally American in his passion for an education, Marion entered the University of Washington in 1919, but had to quit before the end of the first term owing to lack of funds. Going from one job to another in the logging camps, he sweated for four years before saving enough money to resume his interrupted course at the university. Older than his fellow students, and with the bark of the woods still on him, many must have been the snubs and slights, but the manner in which he fought back is related, as naïvely as circumstantially, in an autobiographical sketch that he delights to furnish.

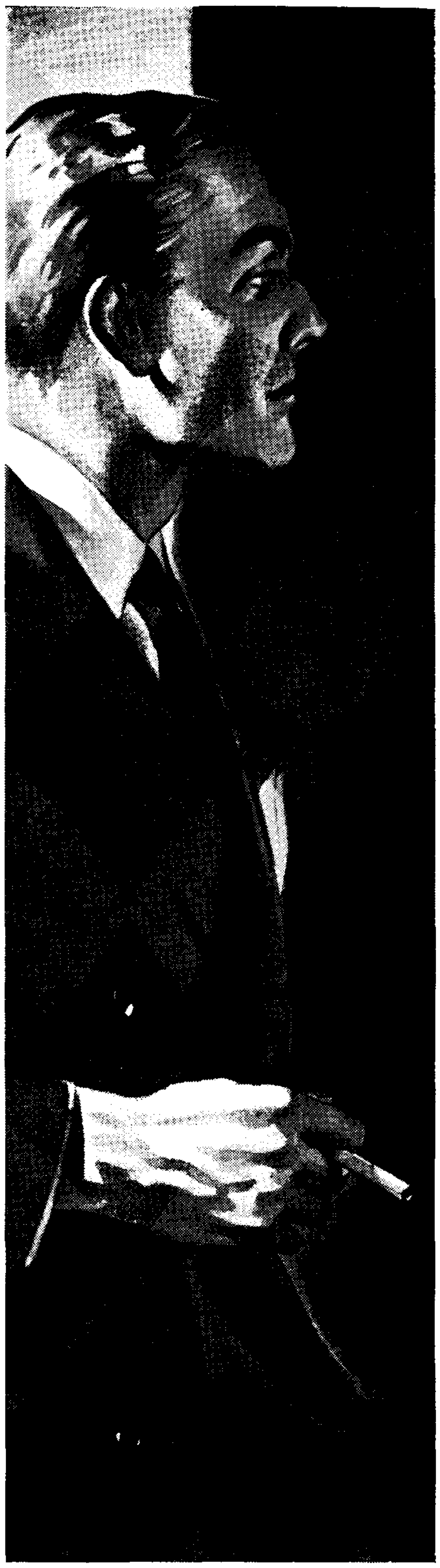
"As a champion of the poorer students as opposed to those who belonged to the fraternities and sororities, Zioncheck preached the policy of just recognition of all groups on the campus, with special favors to none. He reached down to the hard-toiling engineering and forestry and other lower-campus groups who heretofore had been somewhat out of the picture in campus affairs, and brought them to their rightful position in the sunshine of college life. He stood for democracy in campus life, and wanted all the students, regardless of whether they lived in hut or palace, to mingle freely

(*Continued on page* 52)

The Prodigal Nurse

By Teresa Hyde Phillips

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN



The Story Thus Far:

BEAUTIFUL and just twenty-one, Celia Landis, who has recently received her diploma as a registered nurse in New York City, informs young Dr. Anthony Starr, who proposes to her, that she has no desire to marry—yet. "I want to see things, to do things, to find out things for myself, Tony," she says. "I want to be on my own." And she proceeds to her first patient—a wealthy old roué who so conducts himself that she is forced to drop the case.

A bad beginning, that. But a few days later, thanks to a summons from a noted physician who has been impressed by her skill, she has another patient: Mrs. Carleton Daklin. Mrs. Daklin, surrounded by a coterie of attractive men—including her handsome husband—greets her in the morning-room of her East Seventy-third Street residence. And Carleton Daklin, taking note of Celia's beauty, emits an exclamation. "I saw it first," he announces, "and the market's cornered." Then, to the startled girl: "I saw it first. And already friendship has ripened into love!"

II

CARLETON DAKLIN stood smiling gently at Celia Landis, at this young nurse whose crisp uniform fitted so perfectly and whose white organdy cap was placed at an angle so delightful and becoming as to have been the despair of all the training school of St. Martha's Hospital.

"Miss Landis," he said. How beautiful a speaking voice can be, Celia thought. She had heard so few in her life that were definitely strong and at once beautiful. "Miss Landis, welcome to our humble cote. Before you, you see Carleton Daklin himself—and your patient lies on yonder couch."

"He's somebody important," Celia thought, "and he's so sure of it that he doesn't have to remember it." How she wished that she had asked something about the Daklins before she came flying up here, intent only on escaping from the registry! It was a shame, she thought, that they knew exactly who she was, while she had to wait and listen to discover the clue to them. To him, really, was what she meant. And again that hot desire for life and experience welled up within her.

"How do you do, Miss Landis," said Mrs. Daklin from her couch, regarding her with amused eyes, very bright. "I suppose I have never been so delighted in my life. I have had dozens of nurses, it seems to me, in these last weeks and I had begun to believe that your profession begets none but worthy women who look like nothing but disasters on land and sea." She held out a jeweled hand. "Welcome," she said, and introduced Celia all around.

Celia found herself presently sunk in a love-seat with a cup of tea in her hand. Very different, she thought, this second case, from her first. Or perhaps it was not so different. Hard to tell.

"You do not drink!" marveled Mr. Daklin, sitting beside her, stretching his long thin legs in tweeds which came unmistakably from across the Atlantic. It had taken Celia some moments to convince him that she did not care for a Martini nor for a sidecar and she was quite sure that his Scotch was all he claimed for it, but she did not care for that either, thank you. "Well," he told her in his crisp voice, "that is something new up our way. And anything new is a big moment in our lives. But then your eyes are neither brown nor hazel—they are, really, bronze, and it is my theory that women with bronze eyes are a little mad or at least become mad before they are done."

Eye-talk! thought Celia, and glanced over at her patient. Surely no woman would like her husband to start eye-talk at once and before her. But Mrs. Daklin's look was inscrutable. It was inscrutable but suddenly Celia felt, with a small clutching at her heart, that Mrs. Daklin was the most unhappy woman she had ever seen. Now, why was she unhappy? She was looking at her handsome husband and at Celia but nothing showed in her eyes. She smiled. How beautiful she was when she smiled!

"What difference does it make, Carlie," she asked in her low, thrilling voice, "whether a girl so enchanting drinks tea or sake or what? And if you think you are the only one who has noticed her eyes, how dull you have become." She lay, drinking her tea, fascinating the little group of young men, and it was amazing, it was almost terrifying too, the stored-up energy in her. In them all, in this whole group, but most of all in Mrs. Daklin, who reclined on her couch, supposedly a convalescent, yet giving off sparks.

MRS. DAKLIN turned to a gilded youth who sat adoringly at the end of her couch and handed him her teacup in favor of a cocktail glass.

"She is a dream, isn't she, Pat?" she murmured to him. "But, oh dear," she sighed to the room, to Celia, "I do wish you wouldn't wear a uniform. Must you wear a *uniform?*" she wailed. "I am so fatigued by the sickroom atmosphere!" Somehow, Celia knew that her patient did not care whether she wore a uniform or not and that her mind was fixed on something else. "Is it on that Pat?" Celia pondered, "or—on Mr. Daklin?" She could not be sure. So she sat sipping her tea while Mrs. Daklin swallowed three cocktails and looked more beautiful, more torn and more sober than ever. "I think she must not wear a uniform, don't you, Carlie?"

Carleton Daklin, in his tweeds and his air of detachment, was not now looking at Celia. He was lighting a cigarette, and he was hiding something. They were all hiding something. He said, "Does it matter what Miss Landis wears? She would be attractive in anything. Her uniform makes her look like an unsullied angel. It is nice to have an unsullied angel around. And she does not use perfume. I am enchanted by the absence of perfume. She smells like soap." He looked at Celia for a moment. "Good soap," he added.

As if he were talking about a puppy someone had brought in! Celia thought. She said blandly, for she had no intention of being overridden by this insouciant and faintly mystifying group, "I think that as I am here on duty I should like to wear my uniform. But, of course, it must be as you say, Mrs. Daklin."

Mrs. Daklin, holding out her small hand to the beautiful young man who sat beside her mutely promising lifelong devotion, said helplessly, "You see, Pat, everyone is against me."

Mr. Daklin went on smoking, staring straight in front of him. Celia stole a look at him now that he was not, for the moment, looking at her. Closer inspection proved him to be not the twenty-nine or thirty he had at first looked but rather older. Forty, Celia thought. No, not forty, perhaps thirty-five. You really could not tell about him, not anything. It was impossible to tell.

HE TURNED to her and smiled. His eyes were gray with dark brows. Something about the way the beautifully modeled lids looked, something in the proud sculpturing of his face and the strong, thin lips, seemed to say that he knew the answer to every question. Celia wondered what there was about him that was so different from Anthony Starr. Starr with his almost mystical sense of duty, his intrepid advance—and this man in whom intrepidity was a kind of amused arrogance. Starr belonged to the agelessness of science, of work, while this man, from the groomed top of his head to his English shoes, was modern, was day-after-tomorrow.

He was still smiling. "So," he asked, in a low voice, "what have you decided?"

"I don't know—what you are talking about."

"About me."

"I wasn't thinking of you," said Celia loftily.

"Liar," said Mr. Daklin.

"Children," spoke Mrs. Daklin from her couch, "it is time for you all to go. I am tired." The elaborate young men dissolved from a group into individuals under their hostess' light dismissal, and to the accompaniment of her bright chatter, of screams from the macaw and of barks from the poodles, they departed.

Only one remained, the one Mrs. Daklin called Patrick. He still sat on the couch, incomparably handsome, tall, slender, with a head covered with brazen yellow hair like a metal statue.

Celia rose and waited. Mrs. Daklin paid no attention to the young man. "So tired, darlings," she murmured, evidently addressing her nurse and her husband. "I think I'll dine alone with Pat in my sitting-room. You won't mind? Too crowded in that small place for four of us . . . you are a joy, Miss Landis . . . so happy to have someone here with whom my husband can dine with pleasure . . . this illness has been such a bore for him . . . I think I shall go now. . . ."

SHE rose. Patrick lifted the white fur covering. Celia moved to her patient. "But am I not to come? Won't you need me?" she asked, bewildered. Nursing in this house seemed to be rather an odd affair.

By turning her head just a little Mrs. Daklin threw her a smile. "No, don't come," she said. "Annette, my maid, will do everything necessary. Come along, Pat; you rest me. You may sit in my sitting-room and read to me while Annette brushes my hair."

The door shut behind them, leaving Celia staring after them. With enormous chagrin she found she could make nothing whatsoever of this situation or of these people. And why was she there if a maid called Annette could do everything necessary? She frowned. Daklin's voice, just behind her, said: "Wait here a moment, will you, Miss Landis? I'll be back directly." He, too, went out the door and Celia sat down again. She wondered just what was expected of her but wisely decided that presently she would find out. Daklin was back after a minute and said, "Well, I've ordered two very nice dinners indeed: fresh caviar, consommé chicken supreme, and some things the cook does very well. We are drinking Chablis—I hope you like it. Most persons who do not care for cocktails go for Chablis."

"But what about my work?" asked Celia, not so much annoyed as thinking she should be. "About Mrs. Daklin?"

"Don't go poisoning your young life worrying about that. You are being most useful. Without you, Janet would have me on her mind."

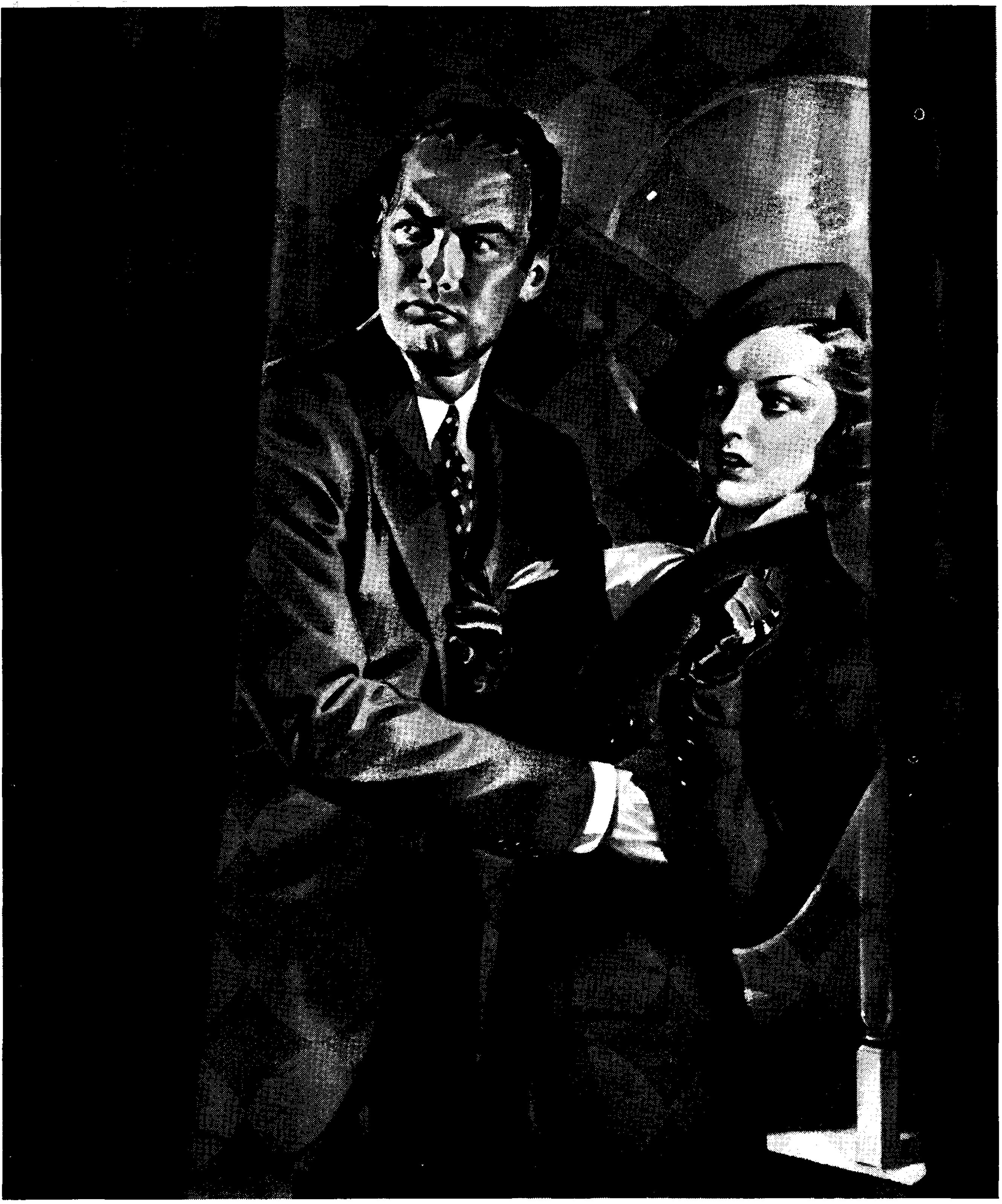
"Can't you eat by yourself?"

He shook his head decidedly. "No."

Celia smiled faintly.

"I shouldn't worry, Miss Landis. Janet will keep you busy enough at times. This just doesn't happen to be one of those times." He opened the door for her. "Don't you want to powder your nose before you dine?" he asked.

"Thanks," said Celia briefly. But before she passed him she said, "I don't



Even while Celia was pushing against him to escape she heard Daklin's voice, quite polished. "Isn't the home a sanctuary, Pat?" he asked

know what Dr. Kallock will think. After all, I *am* supposed to be on his case and shall have to report to him. How can I report if I don't even see my patient?"

He regarded her mockingly. "Kallock finds us paying patients," he said negligently. "So long as we are satisfied, I have no doubt he will be."

"I see." Celia went up the stairs to her room. She washed her hands, drew a comb through her hair, passed a powder puff across her face, replaced her cap and went back down the velvet-covered stairs. She had made about all the concession she felt it incumbent upon her to make for Mr. Carleton Daklin and his nice little dinner of caviar and Chablis. Nevertheless, there was a still excitement in her blood as she went down. It seemed to her that she was seeing life.

They dined in a small room which you could observe was really a breakfast room, full as it was of flowering plants and lovebirds and gay painted furniture, with a vista of tapestried dining-room reserved for more formal occasions.

"You like fresh caviar?" Mr. Daklin inquired solicitously.

However much she had made up her mind to remember that she was merely a nurse in this house and that not by word or deed would she give Miss Klapham or Dr. Kallock cause for complaint, it would be simply priggish to deny that she liked fresh caviar tremendously. The Chablis in its crystal glass was marvelously cool and delicious. Celia felt a prickle of pleasure run down her spine all through the dinner. And that dinner was certainly not marred by the charm, good looks and gray-haired distinction of Mr. Carleton Daklin. His manner of treating her like a young duchess was certainly a glorious sensation.

AFTER the coffee was served, however, Celia said firmly if regretfully, "Now I really must go to Mrs. Daklin. Either she is my patient or she is not."

He agreed to that gravely. "She is, no doubt, expiring without you." They mounted to Mrs. Daklin's room where she sat on an abbreviated chaise longue gazing into a liqueur glass. Leaning on the mantelpiece was the beautiful young man named Patrick, exquisite in his silver-gray suit with his shirt, tie and socks of blue.

"Don't stand," said Mrs. Daklin to the newcomers, but not to Mr. Patrick Braddock. "People standing around make me nervous." Her cheeks were flushed as if she might have a slight temperature. Celia observed it with professional concern.

"Mrs. Daklin," she said, "would you not care to rest? Perhaps you will let me put you to bed now and give you a massage?"

"Carlie!" moaned her patient. "What in the world is wrong with you? Have you not made Miss Landis understand that I am not ill and that she is here to see, while I get back my strength, that you are not more bored than usual?"

"She seems to have missed the idea," said Mr. Daklin, unperturbed.

"Do go off and amuse each other!" implored Mrs. Daklin.

As the door closed behind them, Celia heard Mrs. Daklin's low murmur, "Just Carlie's type."

Mr. Daklin, in his indolent charm, looked as if he had heard nothing.

"I'll go to my room and wait until Mrs. Daklin needs me," said Celia firmly, because she did not want to go.

"As you like," he said, bowing slightly.

In her room Celia reviewed the afternoon. Remembering again Miss Klapham and the Jepler case, she suddenly stiffened.

"Something tells me," said Miss Celia Landis to the empty room, "that I had better call up Dr. Kallock and explain the situation."

SHE went to the telephone which stood on a table near the window and while waiting for the number looked out. It was one of those nights when winter resembles spring. The street was quiet and assured and its houses were marked with wealth. Attired in silence and social distinction, the whole block lolled in the night, unconscious of workaday matters and of the slums a few hundred yards away. Celia felt a slight qualm at the mere thought that anything might snatch her away until she had seen a little more of this mode of living, she whom the registry might so readily have sent to those slums.

A modulated voice at the other end of the wire restored her again to Dr. Kallock's world.

"It is Miss Landis, Dr. Kallock. I want to report that I am on duty at Mrs. Daklin's and ask if there are any orders."

"None except what I have told you," snapped Dr. Kallock. "Mrs. Daklin is comfortable?"

Celia, fulfilling some idea of her duty, tried to explain that she had scarcely seen anything of her patient. "I really think I am not needed here at all," she added, having told him of the evening and feeling that honesty was essential.

The telephone seemed glazed with boredom. "Mrs. Daklin," said the icy voice, "requested a nurse. It appeared to me that you might be what she wanted. Are you ready to carry on?"

"Fathead!" thought Celia angrily. "Yes, of course," she answered with professional sweetness.

"Then do what Mrs. Daklin requires of you," he ordered, brushing away her qualms, imposing his dominance, his superior good sense.

"Thank you, Dr. Kallock."

She put the receiver back in its gold bed and her wave of professional integrity subsided, leaving exposed rock she had not known existed. She shrugged her shoulders. Why be annoyed? Why take her job here seriously if all these people wanted was a favored guest? "So-o," said Celia, strolling about the room, ready to accept whatever offered in the spirit of complete entertainment.

THERE was a knock on the door to the left, the one which communicated with Mr. Daklin's rooms. Celia regarded the door for a few moments, then walked over quickly and opened it. Carleton Daklin stood there, holding two long glasses in his hands.

"I wanted a snifter before I went beddy-by," he said. "Don't like to drink alone. I was sure you wouldn't want me to." He came in saying, "May I?" and not waiting for permission. He tried to catch her eye but Celia was not having her eye caught.

He seemed to know what she was thinking. "I *know* this is your room," he said, "and not, now, Janet's dressing-room. But I was sure you would not mind keeping me company until she sent

(Continued on page 61)

Under Pressure

By
George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN bandits seize La Barranca, the beautiful Mexican estate of Cutler Sewell, an American, Sewell makes his escape with his small daughter, Joyce. But his wife is murdered. Years later, when Joyce is twenty and her father dead, she receives ten thousand dollars from the Mexican Ambassador—indemnity for her mother's death.

A stepmother, upon whom she has been financially dependent, is urging her to marry "for money." But she has other plans: to recover La Barranca. And when the necessary financial arrangements have been made, she goes to Mexico.

Since she does not say goodby to anyone, Elsinboro, the little Eastern city which has been her American home, is mystified by her disappearance. But Helm Blackadder, a prominent man whom Mrs. Sewell is on the verge of marrying, does some skillful sleuthing: and presently the American Ambassador in Mexico City has been instructed to see that Joyce receives protection.

Before these instructions arrive, however, Joyce has interviewed Dirk Van Suttart, young second secretary of the Embassy, and has been informed that she need expect no aid whatsoever from the ambassador. And before they arrive she is in possession of La Barranca! Having followed the advice of General Onelia, whose bitterest enemy, General Dorado, was living at La Barranca, she has taken a number of soldiers (supplied by Onelia), attacked the *hacienda*, and driven Dorado out.

An interesting situation now develops. Dirk Van Suttart, acting under orders from the ambassador, arrives on the scene. Likewise, Adán Arnaldo, a picturesque man of mystery who has been hired by the Mexican Minister of War to look into the matter and report. And presently Helm Blackadder, too, reaches the estate—reaches it, but does not enter it, for he is captured by Dorado, who hopes to secure a large ransom for his release. . . .

Adán Arnaldo observes events at La Barranca with interest. It is obvious that he is falling in love with Joyce. It is equally obvious that Dirk Van Suttart is falling in love with the girl from the States. One gorgeous moonlit night, he takes her in his arms for a moment, kisses her. She draws herself away. Then: "You'd better leave tomorrow—you and Adán Arnaldo." Dirk smiles. "I can't," he says, "I'm held by a promise. I've promised to show you every attention and guard you—without annoying you. I can't go back on my word."

VIII

THEY were conscious of having stood on the verge of a world of mystery, a veiled depth into which people enter only two by two and never with a guide. Yet they had drawn back, not breathless nor bewildered nor because they remembered they were Joyce Sewell and Dirk Van Suttart, but because youth sometimes possesses a surprisingly delicate scale for weighing out the gossamer of hope and expectation. As though they agreed to postponement of discovery, they made their way back from the outer garden in a contented silence, touched hands and said good night.

Dirk went to bed in the grip of a mild elation which made it difficult to distinguish between sleep and dreams. He awoke to a sense of commotion. A messenger was having trouble rousing Leonardo from much-needed sleep and presently the two of them were closeted with Don Jorge. Arnaldo joined Dirk at coffee and told him what was up; Dorado was doing his stuff two hours earlier than usual. The next moment Señor Maximiliano and his companions came out and started for the northeastern bastion. Dirk and Adán hurried to their rooms, Adán to get a pair of binoculars and Dirk to fetch his Springfield. They caught up with Don Jorge and his party while the blind man was still groping his way up the turret stairs.

Emerging into the glare of the morning sun Leonardo's glance fell on Dirk's rifle and immediately turned moist with envy. He caressed the blue-black barrel as though he touched a woman's cheek, then looked up pleadingly. Dirk laughed, let him test the gun for balance, but promptly took it back again. Arrived beside the bastion, Arnaldo leaned against it and focused his field glasses on a slowly moving pillar of dust. Presently the horsemen strung out along a ledge of rocky soil and he could count them.

"Three more than yesterday," he announced.

"And four more yesterday than the day before," muttered Leonardo.

"If that's so," said Don Jorge, "Dorado must have escaped with more cash than I thought. As long as it holds out his troop will continue to grow."

"They always ride on the other side of the *barranca*," said Dirk. "Why?"

"For the same reason we would be fools not to stay on this side," said Don Jorge. "The *barranca* is a barrier that runs for twenty miles. A child would have more sense than to lay himself open to getting trapped with an impassable ditch at his back."

"IT WAS a stupid question," said Dirk, "but since we have plenty of time let me ask another. What's the sense of the daily ride? What does Dorado get out of it?"

"The tactical idea," said Don Jorge patiently, "is to intercept both reinforcements and escape. Incidentally Pepe wouldn't be adverse to plunder in the way of ransom."

"He's holding a package now," murmured Arnaldo.

"What package?" asked Don Jorge quickly.

"Yesterday I watched him capture a *gringo* by the name of Blackadder."

"Blackadder!" cried Dirk. "Why, Blackadder—" He stopped and caught his breath. "Blackadder is the name of Miss Sewell's stepfather-to-be!" Glancing around, he saw a rough table and two rusted iron chairs. He pushed the table so it stood end on against the parapet which was several inches higher. "How far are they?" he asked.

"What are you doing?" said Arnaldo, looking down.

"Never mind what I'm doing," said Dirk. "How far off are they?"

"Between one and two kilometers, Señor," answered Leonardo mournfully.

"Eight kilometers make five miles," calculated Dirk aloud. "Leonardo, when you're sure they're under a thousand meters, sing out. What about it, Adán—can you spot Dorado? Is he riding at the head?"

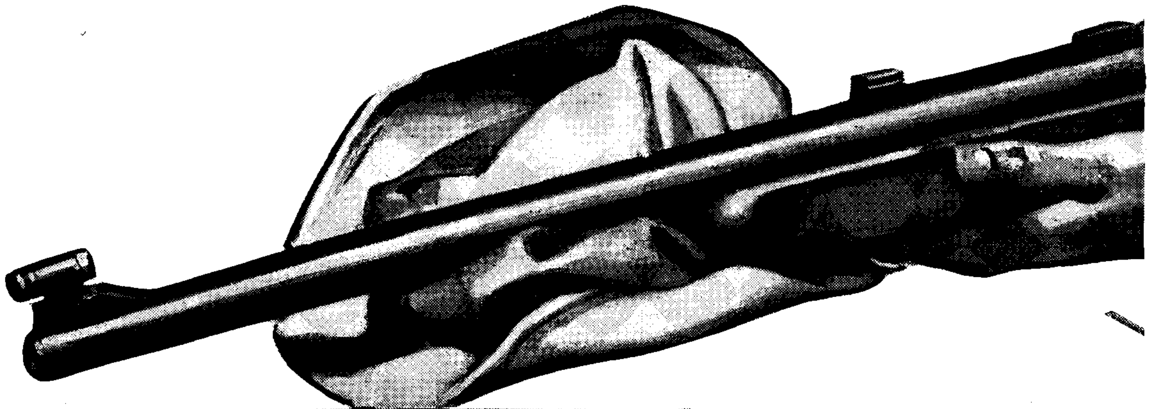
"I'll tell you in a minute," said Adán, only half interested. "There's a bunch of three in the lead and I think he's on the *alazán*. Yes, that's Pepe; he's riding the big sorrel."

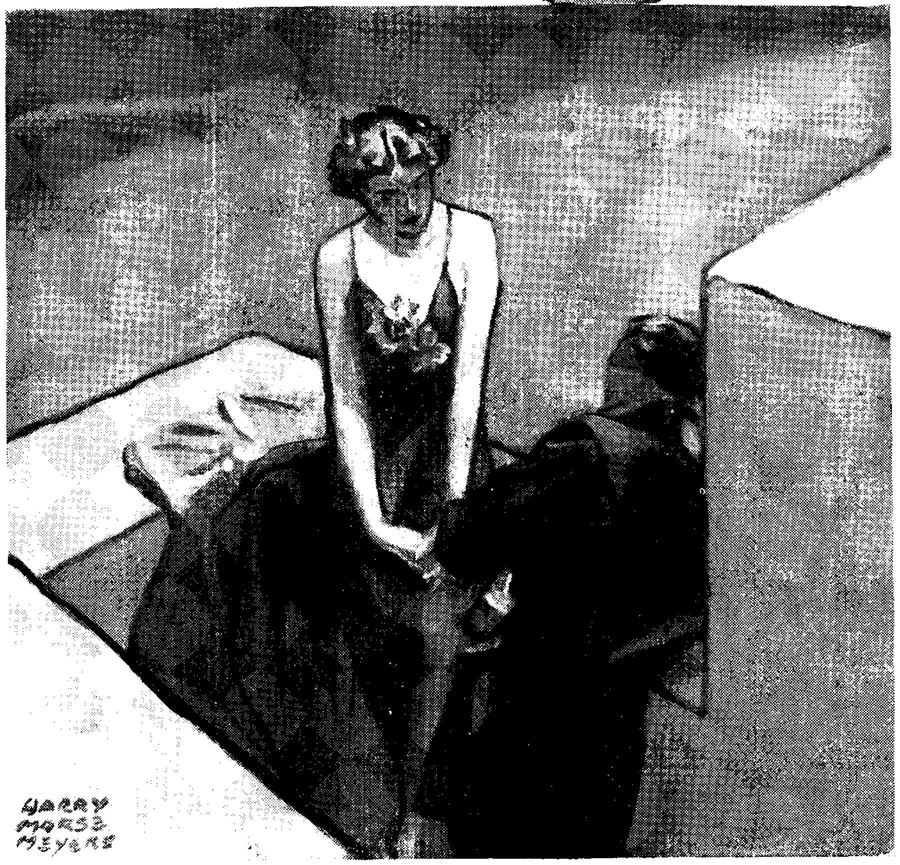
Dirk gauged the wind, set his sights for a thousand yards, loaded his rifle and stretched out, face down, on the table. Not wishing to scratch the barrel he made a wad of his felt hat and fixed it for a rest in the angle made by the parapet with the bastion.

"Don't forget, Leonardo; the minute you're sure they're under a kilometer."

"What's the use?" said Leonardo gloomily. "They won't come within range."

"Never mind about that," said Dirk sharply. "You do as I say."

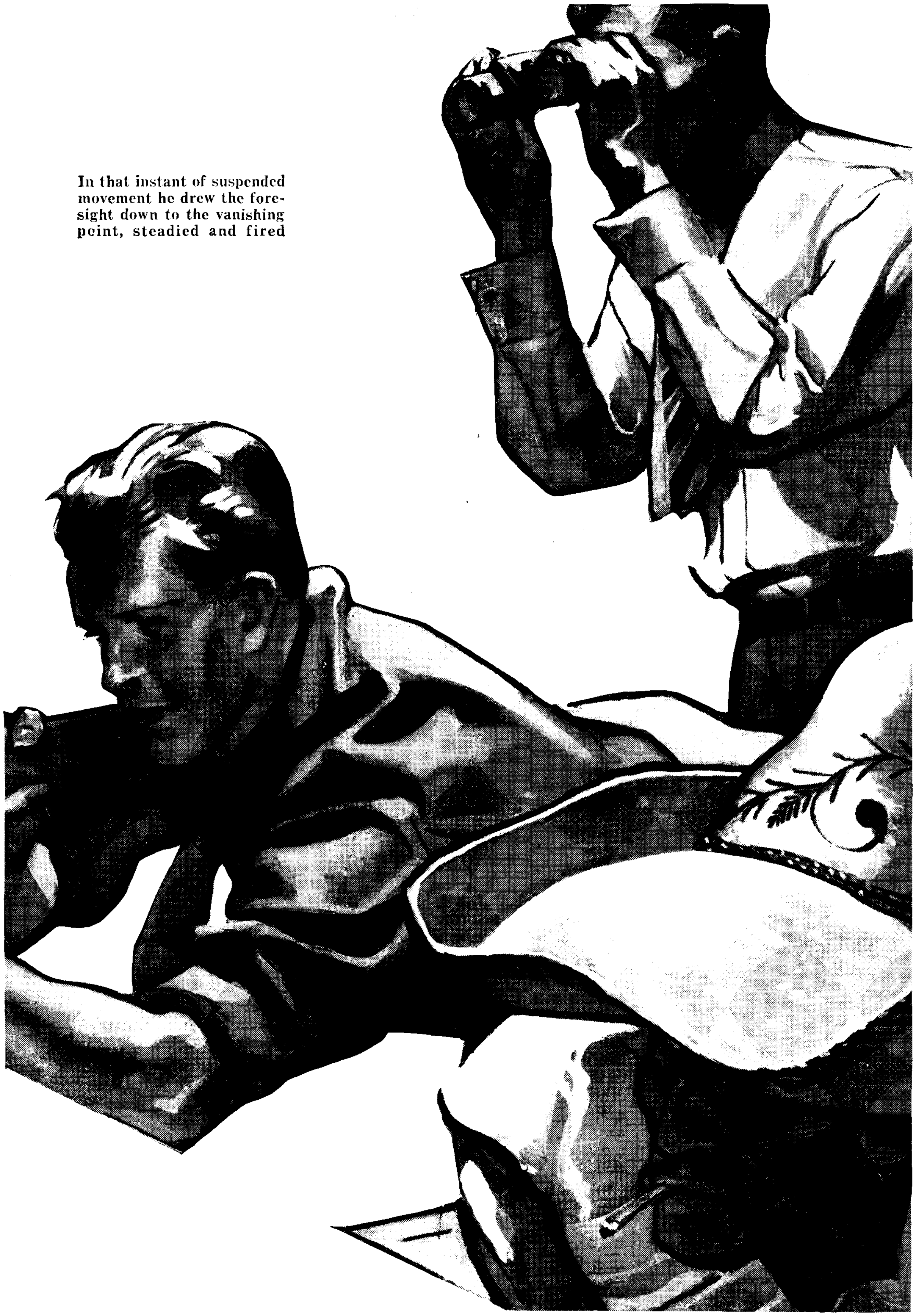




SEVERAL minutes elapsed before Leonardo murmured, "When they come to the first row of the *maguey* plantation it will be only eight hundred meters and they will turn."

"Damn!" muttered Dirk but promptly relaxed all his muscles, drew a long slow breath and held it.

His cheek caressed the smooth oiled oak of the stock; his fingers closed on the rough grips. Taking a full bead, he fired. The bullet sang the high song of a bullet that finds no mark. A second can seem long, sometimes it can be divided into sections. An age after Leonardo had given up hope of a possible ricochet which by a miracle might hit Dorado on the bounce, a puff of dust came back at his astonished eyes from far beyond the riders. While amazement still paralyzed his vocal cords he saw every horse sink on its haunches and come to a slithering stop. It was what Dirk had planned. In that instant of suspended movement he drew the



In that instant of suspended movement he drew the foresight down to the vanishing point, steadied and fired

foresight down to the vanishing point, steadied and fired again. Dorado's big sorrel squatted, rushed from under his rider and fell dead.

"I missed him!" groaned Dirk. "I killed the horse!"

Joyce came racing along the esplanade. "Who did that?" she asked angrily. "Who fired that shot?"

Already Dorado had been swept up by two of his followers and the whole troop was riding away at a gallop; behind remained the still mound of the sorrel, a dark monument suddenly erected against the shimmering gold of the desert. Dirk rolled over and sat up. "I did," he said.

"You're a butcher!" cried Joyce, her eyes blazing. "You come to my house, an uninvited guest, and amuse yourself by shooting horses!"

Dirk's cheeks flushed with anger. "The man out there shot me up without the slightest provocation; why shouldn't I pay him back in his own coin?"

"But you didn't hit him," cried Joyce; "you shot a horse—you killed a poor horse."

"What bunk!" intervened Arnaldo, lowering his field glasses. "For one thing I'm sure he did hit Dorado though it may have been only through the leg. Add to that he just missed freeing you of all your troubles and has a bombproof alibi besides—shooting at a bandit who's holding an American for ransom. Bunk to you and the dead horse!"

"What American?" asked Joyce, her attention seized.

"Man named Blackadder," said Dirk. "Ever hear of him?"

"Blackadder!" gasped Joyce, "Mr. Helm Blackadder? Why—"

"I've thought of one more for the list!" interrupted Arnaldo excitedly, laying an affectionate hand on Dirk's shoulder. "He's lifted the siege. You, he, and I—for a day or two anyway—we can go anywhere." He turned to Leonardo. "What's become of Dorado's silver-plated car?"

"It's in Toluca where he always sent it," explained Leonardo, "to save the time it takes to drive around the *barranca*. All he used it for was to go to town, and when he wanted it he'd telephone the driver to come to the rope bridge."

"Telephone?" exclaimed Dirk.

Leonardo shook his head. "Not now. The day of Pancho Buenaventura's raid somebody ripped out a mile of wire."

"So," said Adán. "We can go whenever we like—on foot or a-horse."

Don Jorge lifted his chin. "Leonardo?"

"*Señor.*"

"Tell all the men they can take a six hours' sleep and the women to prepare a big feed for them when they wake. Open the gates and let the children go out to round up whatever small stock was left outside. As for you, Adán, give a blind man your arm; I want to have a talk with you."

DIRK was left alone with Joyce. "Fine kettle of fish," he muttered. "Now that I've fixed things so we could go for a gallop on the hunters—perhaps even jump them—you have to be sore! How long does it take you to snap out of a grouch?"

"I'm out now," said Joyce, cheeks and eyes already alight with anticipation. "Come along."

But Dirk did not rise at once. "Don't you think I'm due for something more than that?"

"What?" asked Joyce, planting herself before him. She was already in riding togs, her usual morning costume. With her feet slightly straddled and her bare head in becoming disarray she had the appearance of a boy looking for a fight. Abruptly her glance hardened. "Exactly what?" she demanded.

"An apology," replied Dirk weakly.

She turned from him with a toss of her head and walked away so swiftly he had to hurry lest she ride alone. Ten minutes later, with the help of Tobalito, he had saddled the hunters and was ready to give her a leg up. He faced her and spoke gravely.

"Listen, this horse is called Rayo and that one's Tronido. Do those names mean anything to you?"

"Thunder and thunderbolt," said Joyce. "Are you trying to frighten me?"

"No; only fill you with sense before we start. You're going to ride Rayo because he's a shade lighter and not so touchy in the mouth. Remember they haven't been for a run for days, perhaps for weeks, and they'll be crazy to go. If you do what I say, you'll be all right; if you don't, you may break a neck—the horse's or yours."

"I'LL be good," said Joyce, impressed by his earnestness. "What are your orders?"

"Walk a mannered horse for half a mile," said Dirk, "and you can do anything with him; start him off with a rush and he'll ride your arms out of their sockets. So we're going to take them away slow."

Mounted, Joyce gave a gasp. "He's an elephant," she whispered. "I'm straddling a mountain. Don't let go, please—not quite just yet."

"Nonsense!" said Dirk. "You'll be all right in the court. We'll walk them around in here until you feel your knees."

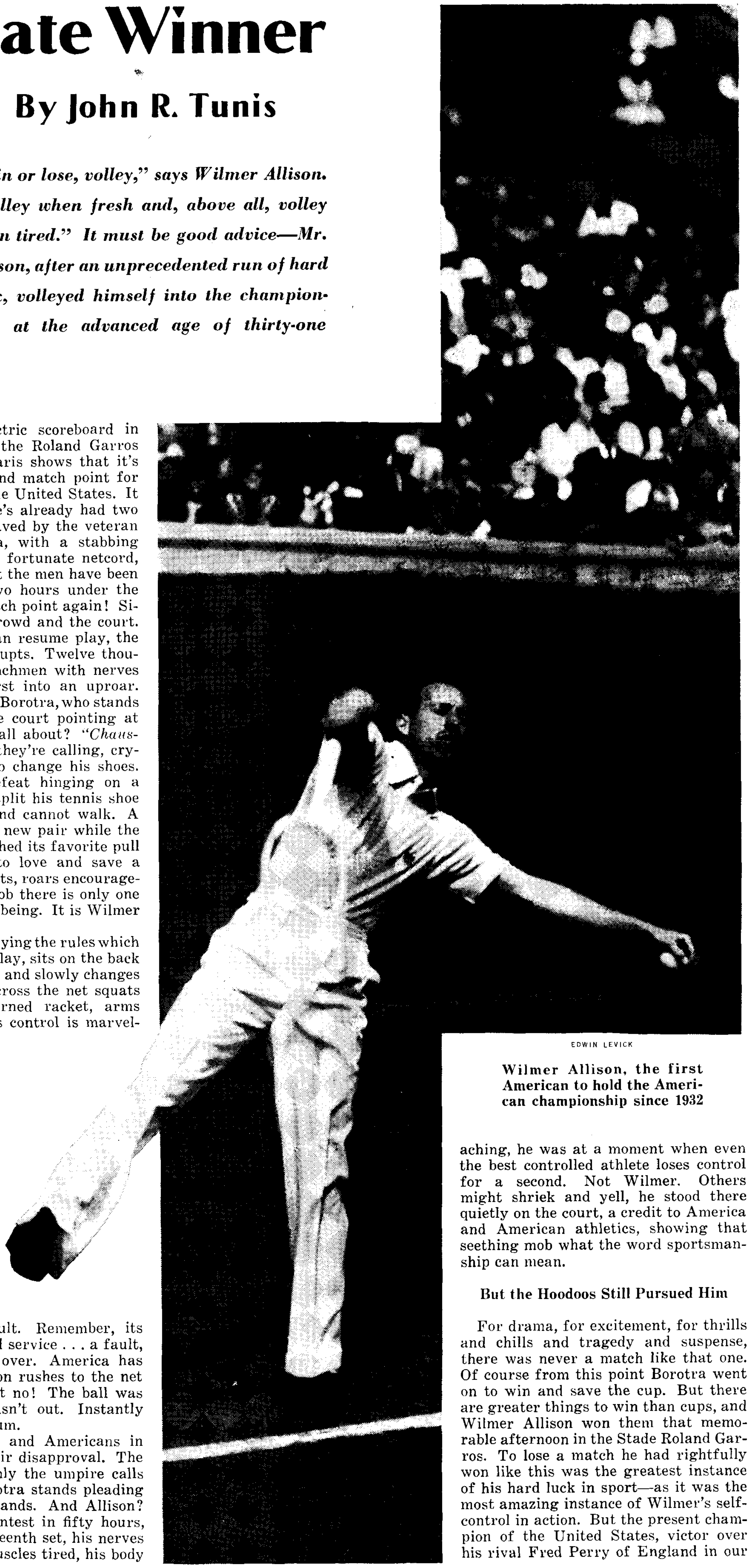
A full quarter of an hour elapsed before he led the way through the *zaguan*, turned right and headed south. As they passed through the great gate there was a bit of prancing and champing on the bit but with soothing words and a light hand Dirk coaxed Tronido back into a walk and a moment later Joyce persuaded Rayo to follow suit. They rode along the faint trail, scarcely used save by oxcarts, which provided the sole

(*Continued on page 56*)

Late Winner

By John R. Tunis

"Win or lose, volley," says Wilmer Allison. "Volley when fresh and, above all, volley when tired." It must be good advice—Mr. Allison, after an unprecedented run of hard luck, volleyed himself into the championship at the advanced age of thirty-one



EDWIN LEVICK

Wilmer Allison, the first American to hold the American championship since 1932

THE huge electric scoreboard in the corner of the Roland Garros Stadium in Paris shows that it's the fifth set and match point for Wilmer Allison of the United States. It doesn't show that he's already had two match points, one saved by the veteran Frenchman, Borotra, with a stabbing volley, another by a fortunate netcord, nor does it show that the men have been battling for over two hours under the torrid July sun. Match point again! Silence envelops the crowd and the court.

Before the men can resume play, the stadium suddenly erupts. Twelve thousand shrieking Frenchmen with nerves tense and crisp burst into an uproar. They are shouting at Borotra, who stands in the middle of the court pointing at his feet. What's it all about? *"Chaussures, chaussures,"* they're calling, crying to the Basque to change his shoes. With victory or defeat hinging on a single shot, he has split his tennis shoe from toe to ankle and cannot walk. A boy runs out with a new pair while the crowd that has watched its favorite pull up from two sets to love and save a couple of match points, roars encouragement. In all that mob there is only one quiet, poised human being. It is Wilmer Allison.

While Borotra, defying the rules which call for continuous play, sits on the back of a kneeling ballboy and slowly changes his shoes, Allison across the net squats coolly on his upturned racket, arms folded, waiting. His control is marvelous, his demeanor impeccable; not a sign, not a word or gesture of impatience or annoyance betrays his nervous condition. At last the change is made, Borotra toes the line, the umpire, hand upraised, turns toward the gallery.

"Un peu de silence, s'il vous plait."

Finally quiet. Borotra serves. First service a fault. Remember, its match point. Second service . . . a fault, too. The match is over. America has won the cup! Allison rushes to the net to shake hands—but no! The ball was called good. It wasn't out. Instantly there is pandemonium.

The few English and Americans in the crowd shout their disapproval. The French retort; vainly the umpire calls for calm while Borotra stands pleading with outstretched hands. And Allison? It was his third contest in fifty hours, the end of his fourteenth set, his nerves were ragged, his muscles tired, his body aching, he was at a moment when even the best controlled athlete loses control for a second. Not Wilmer. Others might shriek and yell, he stood there quietly on the court, a credit to America and American athletics, showing that seething mob what the word sportsmanship can mean.

But the Hoodoos Still Pursued Him

For drama, for excitement, for thrills and chills and tragedy and suspense, there was never a match like that one. Of course from this point Borotra went on to win and save the cup. But there are greater things to win than cups, and Wilmer Allison won them that memorable afternoon in the Stade Roland Garros. To lose a match he had rightfully won like this was the greatest instance of his hard luck in sport—as it was the most amazing instance of Wilmer's self-control in action. But the present champion of the United States, victor over his rival Fred Perry of England in our championships last fall, has been pursued by hard luck and hoodoos ever since he started in the big time ten years ago. His first championship match in 1928 against Johnny Van Ryn, the boy who became his doubles partner, was played in a temperature of one hundred, and Allison, collapsing at ten games all in the fifth set, had to default.

"The hardest match of my career," he calls that one. "I didn't shake off its effects for a year." Tough luck has dogged him until many players would have cracked; others less courageous, and I could name some, would have quit. Not Wilmer. He stuck it out and stands today a lesson to the world of sports, the man who tried and failed and tried again and again until he won.

When this sandy-haired Southerner with the slouch and bearing of a Texas Ranger broke into prominence by winning the Intercollegiates in 1927—the first time they'd ever gone below the Mason and Dixon line—American tennis was one thing: a guy named Tilden. Wilmer was a volleyer and Bill, being a baseliner, thought him no great shakes, an estimate he has never changed. The champ played the lad at Southampton in 1926 and beat him in three sets. "No good and never will be," was his opinion. That hurt. As Wilmer says:

"When I came along in 1927, the fact that I depended to a large extent on the volley was reason enough for Mr. Tilden to state emphatically that I was no good and never would be. This denunciation coming from such a personage depressed and discouraged me to a marked extent."

Never a Nod from the King

The boy was a hero-worshiper and Tilden, at that time, was the god of tennis. A nod, a word of encouragement, a little help and assistance might have made a lot of difference. Wilmer never got them. On his first visit to Wimbledon back in 1930, he reached the finals, a remarkable feat considering the quality and class competing, for he had to beat Henri Cochet, at that time champion of the world, on the way to the finals. There stood Big Bill. In less than an hour he had beaten the boy again in straight sets.

Wilmer played the master close later on, but Tilden's attitude retarded his development. At last the great man turned professional; meanwhile a new star was rising in the tennis skies, a young, black-haired Britisher named Fred Perry. He beat Wilmer in their first meeting in 1931 and kept doing it with regularity. In 1932 Wilmer had the Borotra match taken from him, and a month afterward a triumph over Cochet in our championships was stolen by darkness just as he was putting the finishing touches to the little Frenchman. That fall Wilmer changed his game to baseline play with disastrous results; everyone beat him in 1933, and in 1934 he fell again to Perry. Not a single title had come his way after nearly ten years' struggling.

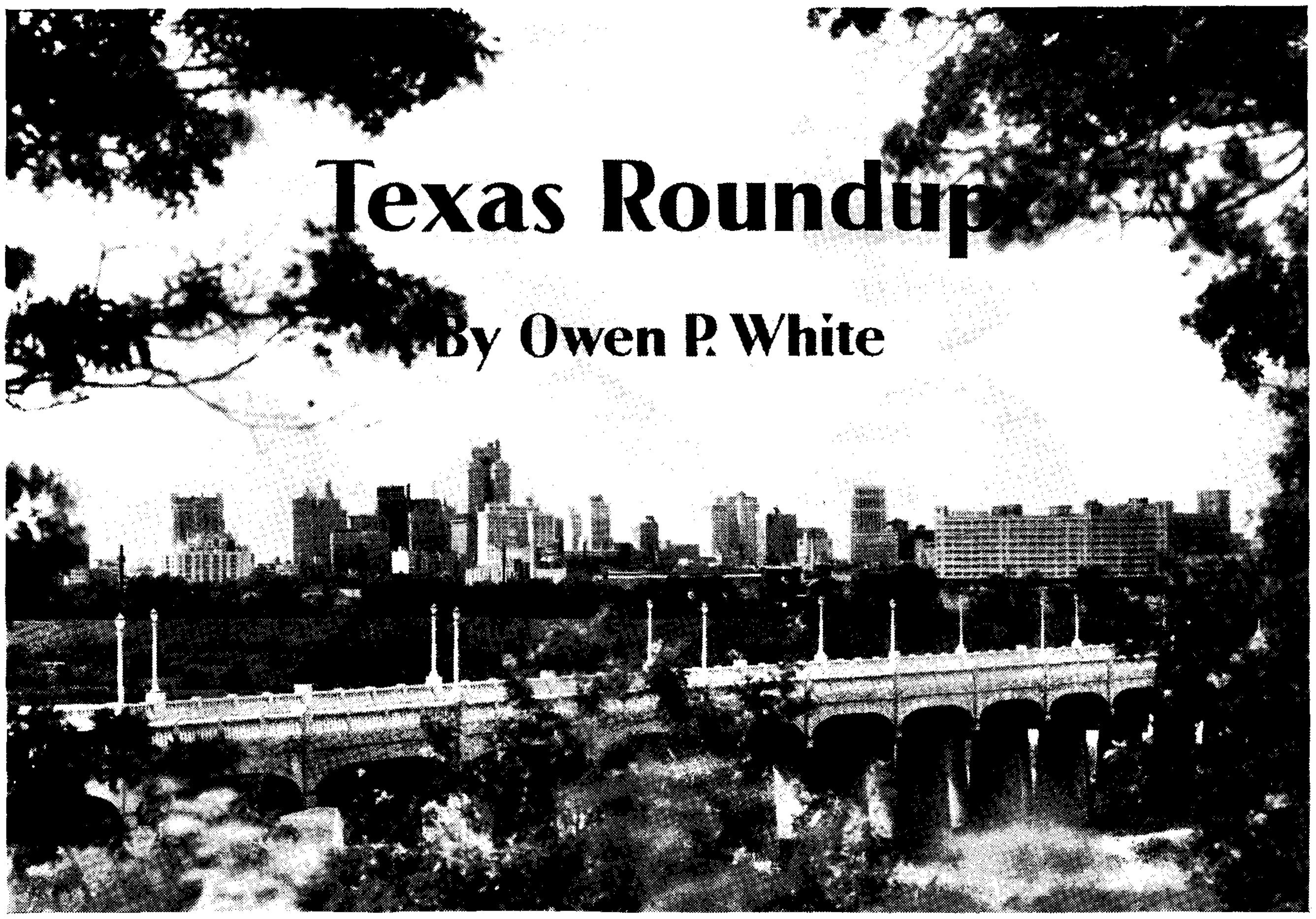
Most players would have called it all off. By 1935 he was unquestionably the hard-luck player of tennis, always threatening to deliver and never quite succeeding. When he went across with the Davis Cup team last summer his hoodoo traveled along. In the first—and critical—match of the Challenge Round against Bunny Austin, he reached a lead of 5-3 and 30-15 in the fifth set, with an easy volley and the cup in his hands. He cracked it into the net and with it our chances of winning. In doubles he was even worse, being beaten with Van Ryn by a pick-up English team.

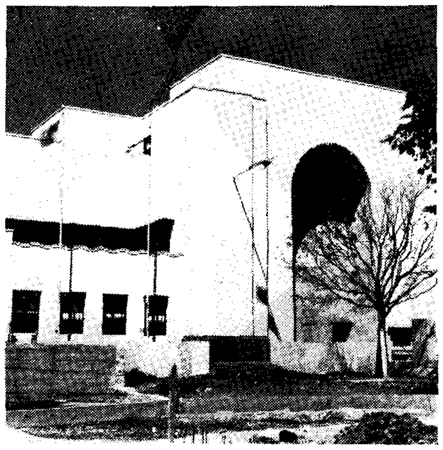
In fact, it seemed that Mr. Tilden, who has been so consistently wrong about tennis players for so many years that it just isn't funny any more, was right

(Continued on page 50)

Texas Roundup

By Owen P. White





They have a reputation, down in Texas, of doing things in a large way. The party they're throwing to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the Lone Star State is no exception. It will be the largest, gaudiest and most spectacular party you ever saw. A native son here obligingly gives you a preview

The skyline of Dallas, Texas, the site of the Texas Centennial Exposition. And (above) the Administration Building of the Exposition. Left: The Dallas Municipal Auditorium located on the Centennial Exposition grounds

BY THE time you read this you will probably have become aware that something unusual is happening in Texas. There is. Having polished its boots up, slicked its hair down, yanked the bridle clear off its liquor traffic and checked its gun, the grand old state is having a birthday party.

It's a twenty-five- or thirty-million-dollar spread and you're invited. Everybody's invited, and everybody who accepts can have a real good time if he's a mind to. It all depends on what he's looking for.

You see, it's like this: Going to Texas, either for your health, a hide-out or a holiday, always has been an adventure. It still is. Of course the old-time longhorns have about disappeared, and there are no more Comanche Indians hanging around for the cow-hands to shoot at, and the Rangers have already bumped off most of the bad men (except those who are taking the rap in the legislature), but even at that there's still a whole lot of Texas: millions and millions of acres of it—scattered around in its western mountains, or down in its southern brush country, or in its eastern pine woods, or up in its Panhandle prairies—where anybody can get almost any kind of entertainment, exciting or otherwise, that he's pining for. And, in case you decide to accept its invitation and attend its birthday party, that is exactly what Texas aims to provide you with.

In other words, what Texas plans to do for your amusement, to say nothing about filling up a lot of gaps in your education, is to show you something different from anything you ever saw before—something that's got size to it, and a soul, and background, and depth, and history, and romance, and color. And that's why, when it invites you to attend its birthday party, it wants you to understand that the Central Exposition at Dallas is just one part of the really *big show* that is being put on for your benefit all over the state.

It is a big show. I know it is because, having been born on the Rio Grande myself, having lived in the explosive old state for more years than I dare to mention and having crossed and crisscrossed it dozens and dozens of times, from the Panhandle to Brownsville, and from El Paso to the Red River Valley (where the song comes from), I feel that I am familiar with many of the things that Texas is now commemorating. And what a colossal commemoration it is!

A Trail of Glamor

Texas, as you have perhaps heard but will never truly realize until you go to trailing around in it, is a tremendous piece of territory. It is larger than any country in Europe, except Russia, while as for its sister commonwealths here at home it puts it over all of them, being bigger than all the New England states put together, with Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia thrown in.

Its size, however, is not what Texas wants to impress you with. Its bigness was an accident. But its history wasn't; neither was its development, and therefore the story that Texas is now trying to tell you, as it holds centennial celebrations of one kind or another in practically every one of its 254 counties, is as glorious and colorful a tale of battle, murder and sudden death, of sacrifice and suffering, of law-breaking and law-making, and finally of peace and progress and happiness as has ever been written.

But even as Texas tells you that tale—in whose recounting it will take the rag off the bush as far as New England is concerned by leading you back to a period more than a century prior to the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock—are you going to be able to grasp the romance of it all, and sense its significance? Perhaps you can, but not with your eyes. With his eyes alone no man has ever yet seen Texas. It takes imagination to do that, and therefore if you really want to understand the Centennial, to know why it is that even to this day it is impossible for a true Texan to live apart from his traditions and his heritage, you must allow your emotions to be your guide.

Do that now and perhaps I can show you briefly some of the high spots of the trail over which, if you accept its invitation, Texas later on will graphically lead you.

That trail had its beginning when in 1519 a Spanish explorer by the name of Piñedo, who had landed for water on Padre Island, very wisely declined to accept an invitation to come across to the mainland which a group of original Tejanos vigorously extended to him. The word *tejano* means welcome. But welcome to what? Señor Piñedo was not sure. It might be the cooking pot. So the wily Spaniard, having tarried only long enough to allow historians to scratch down the fact that Texas was discovered slightly ahead of Mexico, weighed anchor and sailed away.

The Early Texas Welcome

The next foreigners to arrive, however, had bad luck. They blew in on a gulf storm and were shipwrecked, so they were forced to accept a welcome from the Texans. It was so hearty that only two, a Spaniard, Cabeza de Vaca, and a Negro named Estefanico, survived the ceremony. This hardy pair made history. For seven years they lived on raw shellfish, and then, having nothing else to do and nowhere to go, they started out to walk across Texas. It was a large undertaking, but, with de Vaca keeping a log of their journey with cactus juice on a piece of buffalo hide, they finally made it by crossing over into what is now New Mexico, at a point just a couple of miles from the hallowed spot where, 343 years later, I was to be born. Turning now to the south and continuing his wanderings, Cabeza de Vaca at last reached the City of Mexico, where, as the state's first booster, he told the viceroy such a glowing tale of the riches of Texas that the celebrated Coronado

(Continued on page 64)

The Human Touch

A story of the men who sail out of Gloucester, with a radio accompaniment to make everything perfect

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. ALLEN

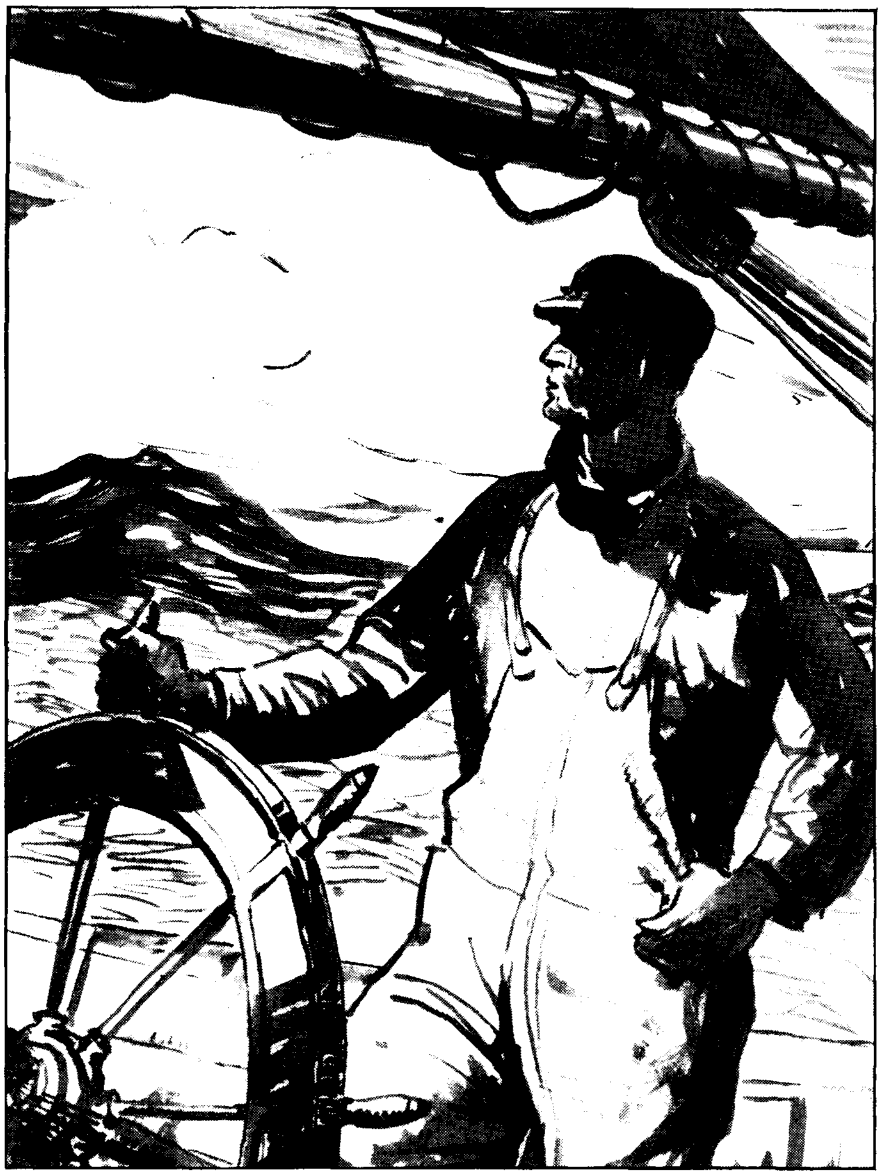
SAM PRYOR won a radio at a Beano party ashore, and being a bachelor and having no place to keep her, he brings her down aboard the vessel and asks me to take charge of her.

Nobody in the crew was ever before shipmates with a radio, and there were those among them, Lem Fowler especially, who said that such gear aboard a vessel was bad luck; to which Sam says there was always somebody against anything new coming aboard a vessel. "I mind the days and so do you," said Sam, "when a man couldn't bring a suitcase aboard a Gloucester vessel without the suitcase or him goin' over the side afore the vessel put to sea. And now it's a radio is bad luck. Huh!"

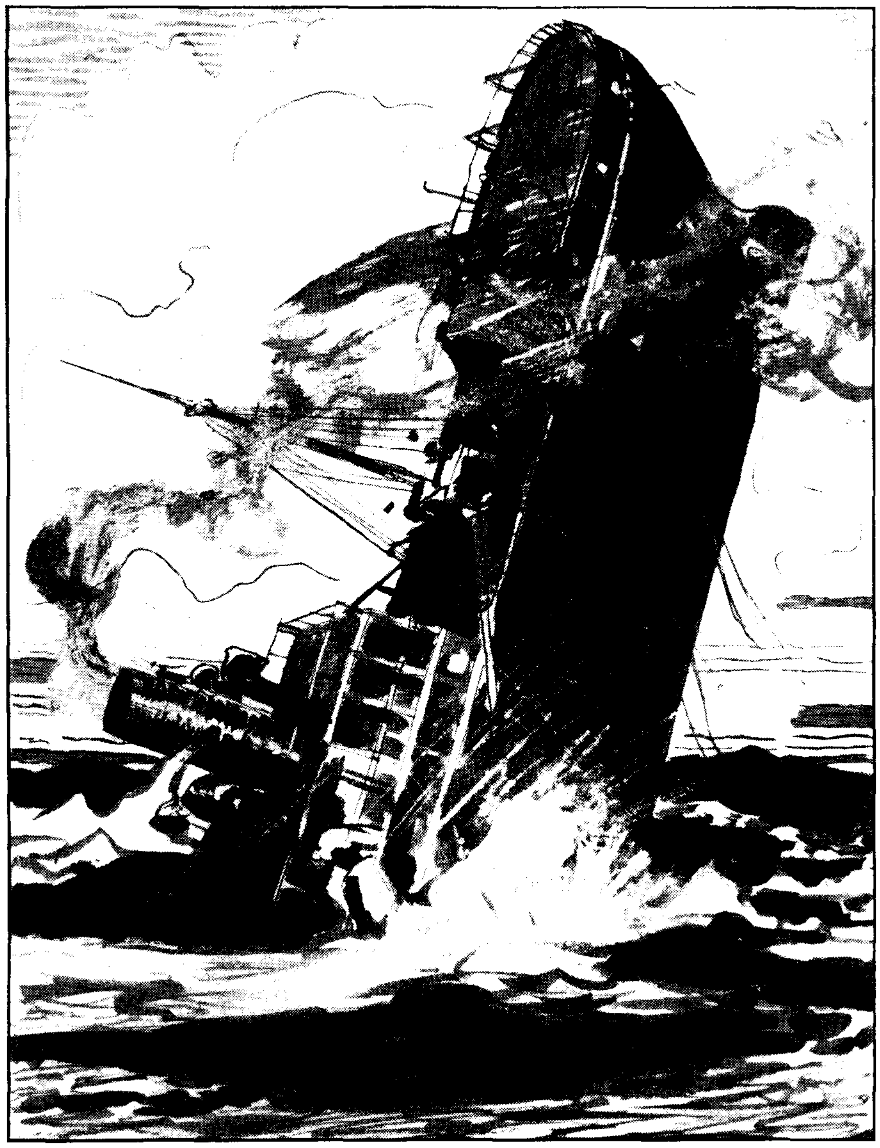
The vessel is the Cynthia, Josh Bradley master, and I'm the cook. I rig up the radio in the galley, and during the run-off to the fishing grounds, with most of the crew trying to make up for the sleep they lost ashore, I keep her quiet, but arriving on the grounds I tell the fo'c'sle gang I'm going to put her in commission and for them to stand by for a treat.

I don't yet know which station is which on the dial, but I tune in to see what I'll ketch, knowing I'll ketch something from somewheres. And I do. Right away out comes a glad voice saying: "Are we all ready? And are our windows open? Yes? Then inhale. A deep breath, remember, and hold it while I count twelve. One—two—three. . . . Exhale! And now again—inhale! A deep breath, remember. And hold it while I count sixteen. One—two—three. . . . Exhale! There! Do we not all feel better? We do of course. We do not get enough fresh air. Not enough by half. And now for our calisthenic exercises. And remember to flex the muscles vigorously."

It's a winter morning on the Grand Banks, and the for'ard gang are in sea boots and oilskins before putting out in the dories. A hard cold north wind is blowing down through the open fo'c'sle hatchway, and the remarks that some of them, especially Lem Fowler, have at Sam and me about not getting enough fresh air wouldn't look well in print.



Josh takes the wheel and rolls the Cynthia past the steamer's stern



She stands straight up and down and takes a dive to the bottom

Later that morning, the skipper is jogging the vessel in and out among the dories and I'm on deck emptying the galley garbage over the side. I hear a voice from a wind'ard dory yelling, "Hi, John! Tell Sam to be sure to flex his muscles while he's hauling in that trawl." The John is for John Houghton, who is Sam Pryor's dorymate, and a halibut trawl, in case you don't know, is the heaviest of trawling gear.

AFTER being four hours out in the dories in the winter wind the crew are back aboard the vessel. "Fresh air!" yells Lem Fowler, dropping into the fo'c'sle. "We don't get half enough fresh air out on these winter banks. Now then ev'rybody—inhale. You too, Sam, and you, Jud. Hold it now while I count twenty-seven. One—two . . ."

"I'd say it's flexin' the muscles is what we need most," says Hector Penny. By this time they are sitting in to lunch.

"How about drawin' me another cup of coffee, Jud? And don't forget, will you, boy?"

"Forget what?"

"To flex the muscles and take a deep breath while you're drawin' it."

The gang aft hear so much about flexing the muscles and drawing deep breaths that they come for'ard in a body that night to learn more about it. They sit on the lockers, and lean against the butt of the foremast or whatever else they can find to lean against, and the for'ard gang stretch out in their bunks. "How about a tune on that radio, Jud?" asks the skipper. "Or is she for the amusement of the for'ard gang only?"

Which stirs Lem Fowler to lean out of his bunk and say: "You can take her aft and keep her there for all of us, Capt'n Josh."

"For all of us?" repeats Sam Pryor. "You talk like you own her. Tune her in, Jud, and let 'em hear somethin'."

I tune in, still not knowing one station from another, but hoping for the best, and this time I hook a voice, a woman's voice, a swell voice, singing Silver Threads Among the Gold. And after her a man's voice sings Annie Laurie. They keep on singing and singing a string of old songs with not a sound from a soul of us, not even Lem Fowler. It's a cold winter's night with half a gale of wind whistling through the vessel's rigging and seas breaking across her deck, but after the first song we forget all about them till somebody comes off watch and tells us it's still windy and wet outside.

When the singing is over the skipper has a mug-up for himself and says: "There's what I call comfort for a crew o' men who been out heavin' and haulin' and rowin' in their dories all day—a cold day and a choppy sea—sittin' snug and warm below with the hatch drawn tight and songs bein' sung to 'em."

"And the songs the ones our mothers used to sing to us in the cradle," says Felix Murphy.

LEAVING the fo'c'sle that night, the after gang said that as far as they could see a radio was certainly something to be shipmates with, and any time the for'ard gang wanted to ship her aft, why let her come; which gives Sam Pryor a chance to look at Lem Fowler and say: "Where's the bad luck now?"

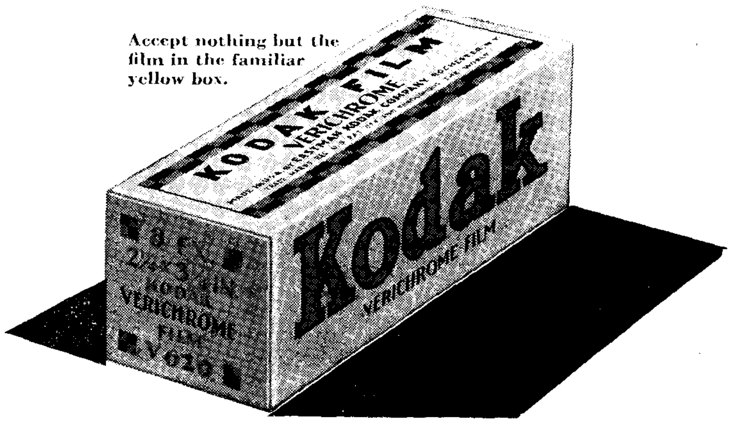
"The trip ain't over yet," says Lem.

We get a stretch of moderate weather and good fishing, which makes for a short trip. Ten nights later, and a fine

(Continued on page 38)

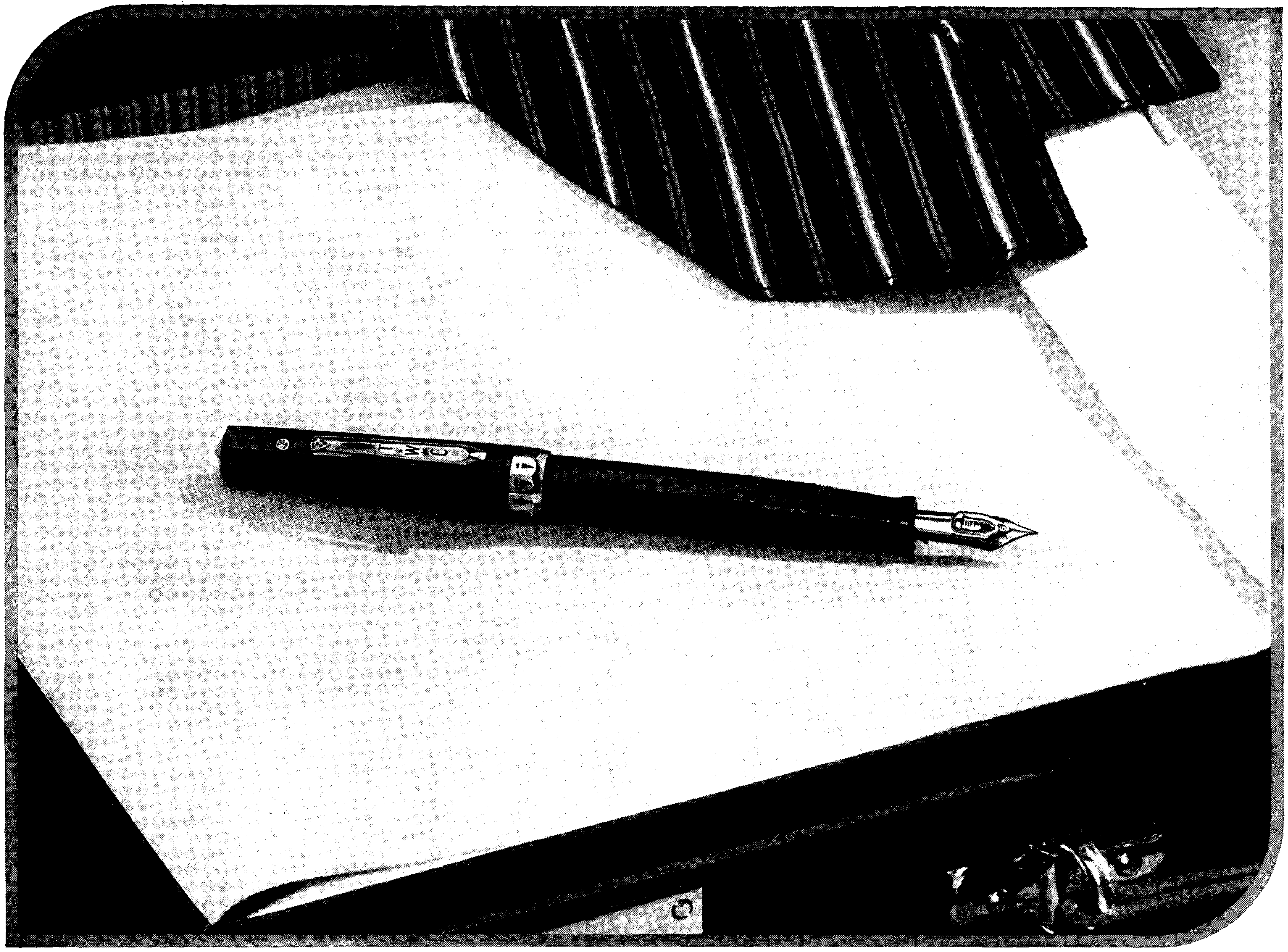
GET the family together in snapshots. Snap your good times—your vacation days, anniversaries. There'll come a time when nothing would tempt you to part with such a record. And don't take chances—*load your camera with Kodak Verichrome Film.* This double-coated film gets the picture where ordinary films fail. Your snapshots come out clearer, truer, more lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome—use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

I thought you would like to have this snapshot, Dad, taken the day we drove down to the old orchard. It sure took me back to old times. I don't believe any boy ever ate so many green apples and lived to tell it.
John



Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box.

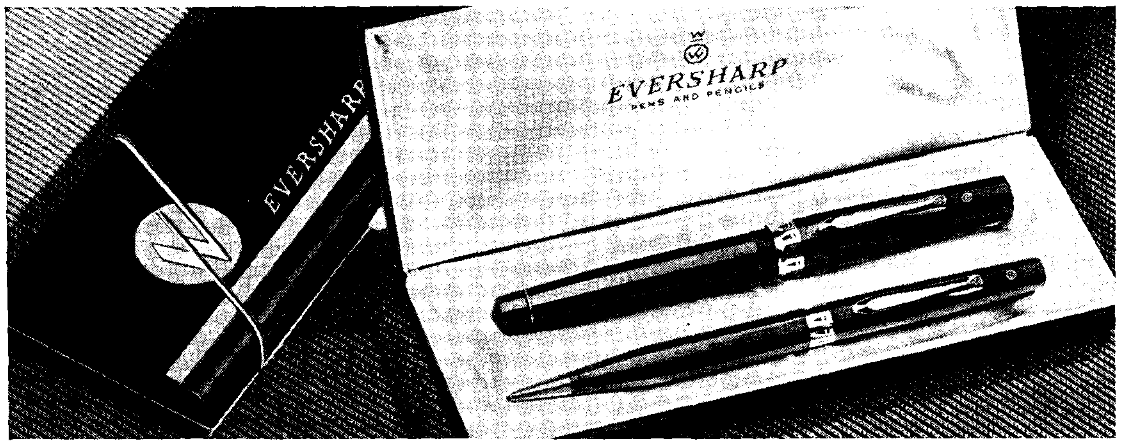
The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—
you must take Today . . . *Don't let another*
May 30th week-end pass without a picture record



INK STAINS ENDED... THE EVERSHARP PEN CAN'T LEAK!

HERE's the secret . . . When you screw on the cap of the Eversharp Pen, a little valve—the Safety Ink Shut-Off*—seals the ink in the pen barrel as completely as a cork seals up a bottle.

It will not leave an ink-stain on your fingers! It can't stain your gloves! . . . Can't spot your clothes! . . . Can't mess your purse! . . . It just doesn't know what an ink-stain is!



- Above, the new Eversharp Gold Seal Pen and Pencil, both guaranteed for life, in special gift box—ladies' size, $12.50—men's size, $15. Other matching sets (pen and pencil) $8, $11 and $13.50. Eversharp Pencils $3, $3.50 and $5. All prices slightly higher in Canada.

Gives you Tailored Writing

The Eversharp Pen has an adjustable point. You can adjust it—*tailor it*—to get the exact shade of line you like best. You fit it to YOUR individual style of writing.

> *Holds more than double the volume of ink of ordinary pens. Fills with one stroke—shows when to refill.*

This beautiful pen is now selling at stationers, jewelers, pen shops, department and drug stores. Try it. See how easy it is to adjust—to set it just the way you like a pen to write.

Buy it. And be assured that you've bought the finest pen money can buy. At $7.50 and $10 (with guarantee for life.) Other models $5. The Wahl Co., Chicago, New York, San Francisco and Toronto.

*U. S. PAT. APPLIED FOR

EVERSHARP

THE FOUNTAIN PEN WITH THE SAFETY INK SHUT-OFF

CAN'T LEAK—AND GIVES YOU TAILORED WRITING

A Little Code

Continued from page 11

ducking bean balls, undergoing bumps from basemen as he coursed around the paths or being asked out behind the stands by gentlemen who had never before even talked back to a bat boy. Every morning the Hod Ketcham column came out in the Gazette and for the rest of the day he was a marked man.

They started the last Western trip with a two-game lead. The first stop was Cleveland, where they took three out of four. Waiting in the station for the Chicago train after the last game, Hod came up to Mr. O'Hara.

"You sent off that writin' yet tonight?" asked Mr. Ketcham.

"Yes; why?"

"I just thought maybe I might add a little something to it," said Mr. Ketcham. "I just thought of something."

"It's gone," said Mr. O'Hara, "but we can send them a wire and they can tack it on at the other end. What'd you want to say?"

"I just wanted to say we was playing the White Sox tomorrow and it ought to be a cleanup," said Mr. Ketcham.

"It doesn't sound like anything they'd want to stop the presses for," said Mr. O'Hara doubtfully.

"No, sir," said Mr. Ketcham, "but I just wanted to say it. Sorta lookin' ahead like."

"Doping it out in advance like the sporting writers, eh?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Ketcham.

NEXT morning in Chicago five policemen and two plain-clothes men met the train and asked for Mr. Ketcham.

"What do you want with him?" demanded Mr. O'Hara.

"You just point out Ketcham and keep your beak out of this," said the biggest cop.

They took hold of Hod and started marching him off.

"You can't do that!" yelled Mr. O'Hara.

"One break from you and we'll throw you in the can right along with this bum," yelled back the big cop.

It was ten o'clock before Mr. O'Hara was able to get to Mr. Ketcham at the station house.

"I'll tell you what he's done," said the chief of detectives belligerently, pushing his nose in the direction of the O'Hara face. "He's just the key man in the biggest numbers ring in the country. He sits there acting dumb but he doesn't fool us a little bit. He'll come clean. . . . Don't you worry."

"What d'ye mean, numbers game?" demanded Mr. O'Hara.

"You know," said the head dick vaguely. "Numbers game."

"I don't know," said Mr. O'Hara.

"Well, they sell chances and the guy who gets the right number wins. . . . Something like that. They take the total sales figures on the stock market or the bank clearings or something."

"What's that got to do with Ketcham?"

"That Hod Ketcham column of his. . . . Smart stuff, eh? You know it, don't you?"

"Well, I—I've read it," said Mr. O'Hara, backing away a bit.

"The gamblers have been working through this Ketcham. He uses that column for a code, gets the dope ahead of time and the smart guys know what it means by reading the column."

"Say, that's wacky," began Mr. O'Hara, "why, I—"

At this point Mr. O'Hara looked around at the barred doors and decided his conversation had reached a limit.

"Listen," he said. "This is all a mistake. I'll be back here with a lawyer."

When he got to the hotel, he found Mr. McCarthy waiting for him.

"What's this?" said Mr. McCarthy in a cold, accusing voice.

The headlines read:

KETCHAM IN LOCAL JAIL

"Some sort of a gag," answered Mr. O'Hara. "Probably something the White Sox thought up. You know those guys."

"It won't be a gag when Commissioner Landis hears about it," said Mr. McCarthy. "And another thing—that junk Ketcham is writing. He's got to stop it. We're far enough ahead now and the only thing it can do is get somebody killed. I have a tip the Commissioner's going to can the next bird he hears monkeying with that Winchell stuff. You tell Ketcham that, too, when you see him."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. O'Hara.

MR. O'HARA was in a quandary. He couldn't tell the cops Ketcham was obviously innocent because O'Hara had been writing the column instead of Ketcham, because that would just mean O'Hara would be back of those bars instead of Ketcham. He couldn't tell Joe McCarthy he had written the column because there was never any O'Hara stupid enough to want truck with Judge Landis. And he couldn't let Hod stay in jail without getting into difficulties with Mr. McCarthy, who had hired Hod as a right fielder and not as an occupant of Cell 16.

He went back to the station house and talked to the head detective again.

"Ah, go on," he pleaded. "Let the guy out. You can look at him and see he's too dumb to be mixed up in anything as complicated as the numbers racket."

That was at eleven o'clock and the chief detective just looked at Mr. O'Hara and walked away. At twelve o'clock, in desperation Mr. O'Hara called Manager Dykes of the White Sox.

"Listen, Jimmy," he said. "This is Swatsy O'Hara. Hod Ketcham's down here in jail."

"That's fine," said Mr. Dykes, and hung up.

At one o'clock Mr. O'Hara came back to the station house.

"Why don't you go in and see the guy?" asked the head detective. "Maybe you can make him tell you why he did it."

"No!" cried Mr. O'Hara indignantly, and with some fear in his eye. "Never will it be said of me that I hounded an innocent man in his time of sorrow!"

He gave up and went out to the ball park. When he came into the dressing-room, he went straight up to Manager McCarthy.

"Joe, listen—" he began desperately.

"Where's Hod?" demanded Mr. McCarthy.

"He's in jail," said Mr. O'Hara.

"You're crazy," said Mr. McCarthy. "He's on his way out here with somebody from the Landis office. I thought you were with him."

"From the Landis office . . . ?" said Mr. O'Hara in a shocked voice, and sat down abruptly on a bench.

"Sure, the Landis office," said Mr. McCarthy. "You don't think we're going to let a bunch of hick cops keep one of our men in jail when we have a game to play."

It was then that the gentleman from the Landis office came in, accompanied by Hod Ketcham, who went over and started getting into his uniform as if nothing had happened.

"There's your man," said the Landis official to Mr. McCarthy. "We traced the thing down. Somebody from the Detroit Tigers, I think, just getting back at Ketcham. No harm done except for the newspaper talk. . . . By the way, we've had a tip that Mr. Ketcham's column is being done by a ghost writer, but he refuses to say anything about it. . . . None of you players happen to know anything about it, do you?"

He looked around questioningly.

"Well, no more of the Walter Winchell stuff from now on. The regular stories are all right, but none of the gossiping. Remember that. I bring you the news from Judge Landis himself. He hasn't been very pleased about it."

The Landis gentleman went out, followed almost immediately by the Yankees, who were due for fielding practice. They straggled out, leaving Mr. O'Hara sitting on the bench and Mr. Ketcham getting busy on his stockings.

"Well, I guess that washes that up," said Mr. O'Hara finally.

Mr. Ketcham said nothing.

"Doesn't it?" demanded Mr. O'Hara.

Mr. Ketcham got up and came over and spoke very softly to Mr. O'Hara.

"Five hundred and two years," he said.

"Your sentence!" cried Mr. O'Hara, springing up.

"That's the new money and the contract," said Mr. Ketcham, handing him a telegram.

"When'd you get this?" cried Mr. O'Hara.

"In jail."

"You mean he simply wired you that!"

"No, sir," said Mr. Ketcham. "I phoned him."

"Where from?"

"From jail," said Mr. Ketcham.

Mr. O'Hara sat down again and looked alternately at the telegram and at Mr. Ketcham.

"You sit there in jail," he said finally, "and get five hundred a week on a two-year contract, and all I get is a warning from Landis that if they catch me writing anything, I'll get my head knocked off. That just goes to show what a bright fellow I am. . . ."

He sat with his head down, giving the appearance of a man who would presently begin kicking himself.

"It's going to be the old stuff," said Mr. Ketcham hesitantly. "I been practicin' a little bit and I guess I can do it."

Mr. O'Hara sat up.

"Was that practicing you were doing with that telegram you sent in Cleveland?" he demanded. "That about playing Chicago tomorrow and cleaning them up?"

"Well, yes and no," said Mr. Ketcham. "It was practicin' but it was also . . . it was a little code I had."

MR. O'HARA now looked as if he might explode. "Then you *were* in with those crooks!" he shouted.

"No, sir," said Mr. Ketcham quietly. "It was just a little something I had fixed up with Sarah."

"What sort of a little something?" Mr. O'Hara was now standing threateningly over his protégé.

"Well, I needed a clean shirt, so I asked Sarah to send me one in Chicago instead of St. Louis where I first asked her."

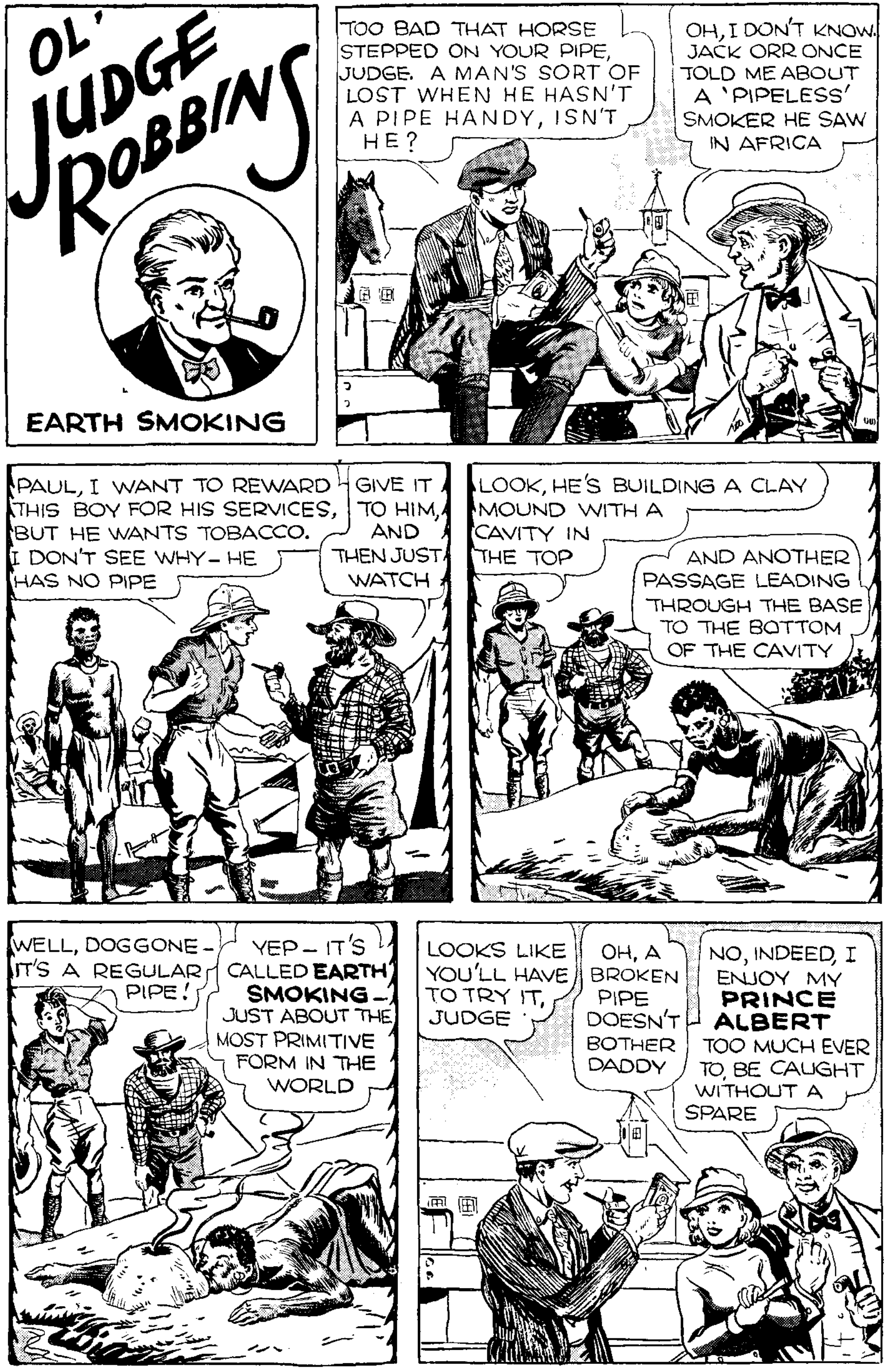
Mr. O'Hara sat down again as if he had slowly been deflated.

"Going to clean up in Chicago, eh?" he said. "And you save the price of a telegram and get your laundry in Chicago instead of St. Louis and get a raise of two hundred a week. . . . Do you mind if I go out and sit on the bench and get some fresh air?"

"No, sir; I don't mind," said Mr. Ketcham in a kindly tone.

I THINK THAT DEALER IS ON THIS STREET
I KNOW HE'S ON THIS STREET
HOW SHE KNEW
CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECT
Radios-(Cont'd)
PHILCO RADIOS
PHILCO
"WHERE TO BUY IT"
DISTRIBUTOR WAGNER RADIO CO

She uses the classified telephone book. It tells her where to buy advertised brands and it directs her to the nearest dealers for all kinds of products and services.



OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
EARTH SMOKING
TOO BAD THAT HORSE STEPPED ON YOUR PIPE, JUDGE. A MAN'S SORT OF LOST WHEN HE HASN'T A PIPE HANDY, ISN'T HE?
OH, I DON'T KNOW. JACK ORR ONCE TOLD ME ABOUT A 'PIPELESS' SMOKER HE SAW IN AFRICA
PAUL, I WANT TO REWARD THIS BOY FOR HIS SERVICES, BUT HE WANTS TOBACCO. I DON'T SEE WHY - HE HAS NO PIPE
GIVE IT TO HIM, AND THEN JUST WATCH
LOOK, HE'S BUILDING A CLAY MOUND WITH A CAVITY IN THE TOP
AND ANOTHER PASSAGE LEADING THROUGH THE BASE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE CAVITY
WELL, DOGGONE - IT'S A REGULAR PIPE!
YEP - IT'S CALLED EARTH SMOKING - JUST ABOUT THE MOST PRIMITIVE FORM IN THE WORLD
LOOKS LIKE YOU'LL HAVE TO TRY IT, JUDGE
OH, A BROKEN PIPE DOESN'T BOTHER DADDY
NO, INDEED, I ENJOY MY PRINCE ALBERT TOO MUCH EVER TO BE CAUGHT WITHOUT A SPARE

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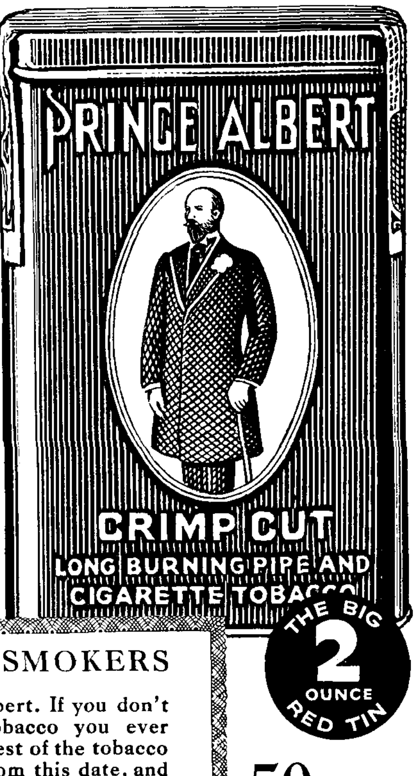
P. A.'s FORECAST: COOLER SMOKING

Pipe temperature goes 'way down—pipe pleasure goes 'way up...when Prince Albert is in the bowl. P. A. is "crimp cut." It burns slower, cakes evener, and stays cooler...right down to the last draw. It's smoking tobacco at its best. Choice tobacco—mild, mellow, fragrant tobacco—that does not bite the tongue. Meet this princely tobacco, gentlemen, and get on the joy road for good! Prince Albert is mild and tasty "makin's" for roll-your-own cigarettes too.



PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

OUR OFFER TO PIPE SMOKERS
"You must be pleased"
Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*)
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

The Golden Spoon

Continued from page 9

I may say that goes double for me."

"I want to get away from it all," said Tip hollowly.

"I'm coming to that," said his father. "Now that I have finished working your way through college, I assume I am expected to hire you next fall as a reward. Not that I anticipate you'll be much help to the T. D. Barron Mining Company, but I think it will be cheaper to pay you a salary than to support you in the idleness to which you are accustomed. In the interim, therefore, I suggest that you devote this summer to familiarizing yourself with some of our properties out West."

Tip shrugged. "The farther the better."

"Would Alaska be far enough?" T. D. Barron inquired acidly. "Our Caribou Mines near Fairbanks have been falling a little behind lately. Of course, I'm not asking you to start at the bottom of the ladder like I did. When I was your age, I went up to Alaska with nothing but a pickaxe and a pair of husky hands—" A faint shuffling warned him that his audience had heard this part of his speech before. "I'll give you a note of introduction to Slade, who is the superintendent of our Fairbanks operations, and he'll fix you up with a job driving a truck, or with some office work," he added sarcastically, "if the other proves too rigorous for you."

Tip started to protest, and thought better of it. No use sticking out your neck and making the summer any tougher than it had to be. False pride never got you anywhere.

"There's one final thing I wish to warn you about," his father had concluded, hoisting his stomach onto the edge of his mahogany desk and waggling a forefinger under Tip's nose. "In Alaska, a man is generally held responsible for himself. If there are to be any more women—"

"Women!" Tip had laughed grimly.

His lip curled slightly in retrospect as he recalled his father's parting admonition. There was not much danger of his succumbing again to feminine charms. In his present state, he was convinced, the most talented seductress in the Golden North would not get to first base. He felt terrible. His head ached, and his mouth tasted as though somebody had slept in it all night. Furthermore, he wished that whoever was standing near him and talking would go away. He had sneaked all the way out here to the bow of the boat to take a sun bath in peace, and now people had to come around and talk. To make it worse, they were talking about food. They were not even satisfied with that. They persisted in joggling his shoulder.

TIP removed his handkerchief, and sat bolt upright. He blinked indignantly at a girl with brown hair and a trim white sports suit who was standing before him. She was not an unattractive girl, and under other circumstances he might have conceded that her figure, molded into revealing curves by the steady pressure of the wind, was worthy of closer consideration. At the moment, he wished merely that she would go away. He squinted in an effort to discover whom she was talking to.

"Because, I mean, if you're hungry—"

He concluded, with a slight shudder, that she was talking to him.

"How long has it been since you've eaten anything?" she asked.

"Days," said Tip emphatically.

She nodded. "I knew it. I'm so sorry. I've got some fruit in my cabin, and I can find some sandwiches—"

"Really," he began hurriedly, "I couldn't think of bothering you—"

"Don't be silly," she said. "I know how it is on these boats. I had a friend who stowed away a couple of years ago, and he nearly starved. I'll only be a minute," she announced briskly. "You wait right here."

Tip watched her hurry down the deck. With a smothered oath, he clambered hurriedly into his trousers, stole a cautious glance in the direction she had disappeared, and strode back irritably to the privacy of his cabin.

HE FELT a little better that evening. By midnight, in fact, he was able to struggle into a dinner coat and make his way aft to the salon, where a ship's dance was in desultory progress. A four-piece orchestra in striped coats and monkey hats played with the same air of forced cheerfulness that they would employ if the ship were sinking, and several couples slunk dispiritedly like shadows along the sides of the room. Tip leaned against the door, keeping his chin erect by balancing it on the stiff front of his shirt, and surveyed the prospects with a jaundiced eye. A nice-looking girl in a cornflower-blue evening gown was dancing with one of the junior officers. He moved forward and touched the uniformed arm.

"If I may have the pleasure—" he began.

He saw her face blanch, and she gripped his arm tight as they moved across the floor. She glanced back at the officer, and whispered to him hoarsely: "What are you doing here?"

"Where?" asked Tip, a little confused.

"You shouldn't have risked it," the girl said under her breath, her lips very close to his ear. "They'll spot you sure."

Tip tried to recall some of the things he had done in Seattle. "Have they discovered the body?" he mumbled vaguely.

"Don't be silly," she said into his ear. "They make trouble on these boats if they find you in the first-class. That time my friend stowed away—"

"Of course!" he ejaculated. The orchestra had paused for a brief intermission, while the leader took his saxophone apart and emptied it, but he still held her in his arms and stared at her in amazed recognition. He could not understand, now, how he had failed this afternoon to note the very appealing lift of her head, her firm chin, her gray-brown eyes and the elusive pucker between her eyes. They were sharp with excitement at the moment, and her fingers felt cold against his wrist. She was staring over his shoulder. He began to apologize tardily. "Sorry I couldn't wait," he invented, "but I—you see, the chief steward was coming—"

"He's coming now," she interrupted tragically. Her grip on his wrist tightened, and he felt her tremble. "Don't say anything. Let me talk," she ordered.

The chief steward, wearied by his routine social responsibilities, bowed to Tip with perfunctory courtesy. "I believe this is the first time we've seen you on deck, Mr.—"

"Please, dear," said the girl quickly to Tip. "I'm afraid I'm feeling a little faint. Would you—perhaps some air—"

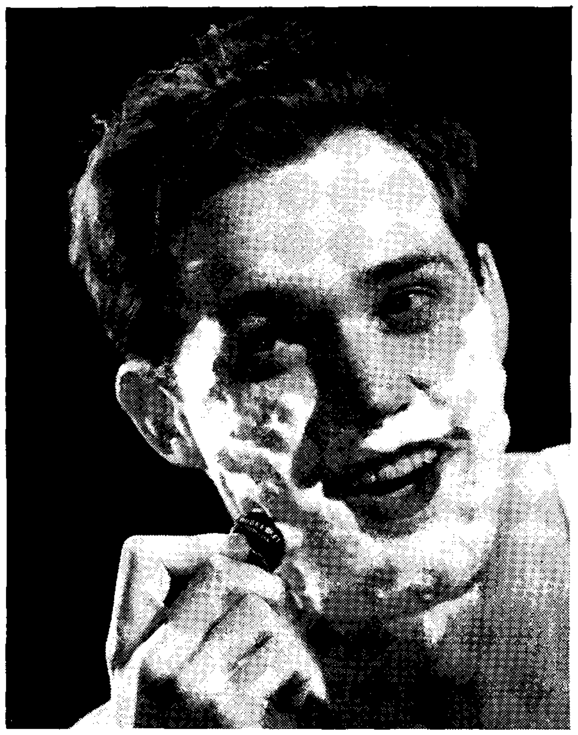
She collapsed against him heavily. Tip, equal to the emergency, thrust an arm beneath her and hoisted her aloft. He bore her past the astonished steward toward the deck.

"Where to?" he inquired in a stage whisper.

"My cabin's 211," she replied. Her head was bobbing up and down limply

(Continued on page 28)

3 *reasons* - why Ingram's gives you THE WORLD'S *COOLEST* SHAVE



1st. WILTS
every whisker to the skin-line

2nd. SMOOTHS
the skin so the razor glides

3rd. COOLS
the face, prevents after-sting

Sharp blade. Rich lather. Maybe you think that's enough for a clean shave—but it takes something more to make shaves cool . . . stingless. So into each tube and jar of Ingram's Shaving Cream go three special ingredients.

Every day, this is what they do to give you the world's *coolest* shave—

1st, they wilt whiskers softer—so your razor cuts clean without tug or pull.

2nd, smooth the skin — preventing nicks by drawing tiny wrinkles tighter.

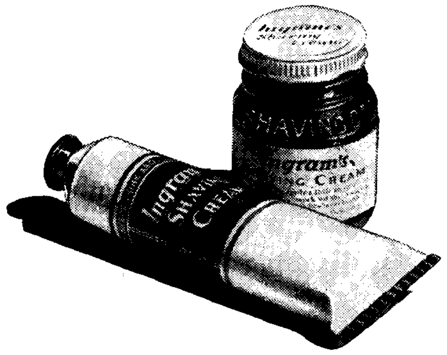
3rd, cool your face while you shave, and keep it cool when you've finished.

No sting or burn. No taut, dry feeling. And no lotion needed. Ingram's lather gives you face-comfort from the moment it touches your skin . . . a bracing coolness that lingers long after the shave is over.

If you are a "bluebeard," you'll like the cleaner shaves Ingram's gives you. If you have a "go easy" skin, Ingram's will protect it. And either way, you're sure to appreciate Ingram's economy. For this shaving cream is *concentrated.* It goes further. Three months of cool, carefree shaving in every tube and jar.

Ask your druggist for Ingram's, or try before you buy. Mail the coupon and we'll stake you to 10 cool shaves at no cost.

Tube or Jar—both COOL



TRY THE WORLD'S COOLEST SHAVE *free*

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., DEPT. B-56,
636 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

I'm ready for proof that Ingram's shaves are the world's coolest. Send trial tube.

Name ____________________

Street ____________________

City ____________________ State __________

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

COULD HARDLY WALK
AFTER HORSEBACK RIDE

BUT GOOD OLD ABSORBINE JR. QUIETED THOSE PROTESTING MUSCLES

AFTER his first horseback ride in ten years, O. J.,* a Cleveland broker, was so stiff and sore he could hardly get out of bed next morning.

Every muscle, he says, protested against the unaccustomed exercise and he discovered many new muscles he never even knew he had.

A wise friend, hearing of O. J.'s predicament, recommended Absorbine Jr., and that night the sore muscles were treated to a thorough rub with this marvelous liniment. "Next day," the letter says, "I was fit as ever."

You don't have to ride horses to reap benefits from Absorbine Jr. For aches or sprains—for bumps, cuts and bruises it is certainly a friend in time of need.

It's famous too for killing the fungi that cause Athlete's Foot. Speed in dousing on cooling, soothing Absorbine Jr. is your protection against this serious disorder. It's thrifty to use Absorbine Jr. because it takes so little to bring relief. Get a bottle today at your druggist's, $1.25. For free sample, fill out and mail coupon below.

*Based on actual letter from our files

W. F. YOUNG, INC.
357 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.
Gentlemen: I should like personally to test Absorbine Jr. Kindly send a free sample to

Name__________
Address__________
City__________
(Print name and address)

ABSORBINE JR.
Relieves sore muscles, bruises, muscular aches, sprains, Athlete's Foot

The Golden Spoon

Continued from page 26

on his shoulder, and her hair brushed his cheek. "You can set me down any time," she added when they were out of sight.

"I wouldn't want to risk it," said Tip definitely, holding her tight in his arms as he strode down the deck. "There may be spies." He found her cabin, kicked open the door, and released her reluctantly. She slid to the floor and turned the key in the door. "Alone at last!" he announced dramatically.

THERE was a knock on the door. "Are you all right, Miss Kenison?" asked the steward's voice.

"Thank you," she said, catching her breath with a gasp. "I'm feeling much better." They watched the steward's shadow move slowly past the lattice of the window. "You see?" she whispered. "You couldn't possibly leave here now."

"Of course not," nodded Tip solemnly. He offered her a cigarette.

"There's nobody sleeping in that upper bunk tonight," she said.

"Now, listen," Tip objected, "I couldn't put you out—"

"You won't put me out," she said casually. "I sleep in the lower one."

"But how do you know—I mean, you're not even sure whether it would be—I mean, who I am," he concluded lamely.

"We don't look at things that way up here," she replied very frankly. "I guess you're not used to Alaska. We trust people. My father had a shack right beside the main trail to Dawson City in '99. He had a tomato can half filled with gold dust, and it stood on the window sill all summer while he was away. A thousand men must have passed that shack, but nobody touched it."

He took a long drag on his cigarette. "I'm sorry," he said.

"We might as well get acquainted," she smiled. "My name's Mary Kenison. I teach school outside, in Seattle, but summers I always come home. I was born in Fairbanks—"

"That's where my—" he began before he thought. "I mean, I'd thought of looking for a job there at Caribou Mine." He saw her frown.

"IF YOU want to work for Barron," she said briefly, and then turned the conversation with a shrug: "Where did you get the evening clothes? I meant to ask you."

"Borrowed them from a steward," he said glibly. He led the conversation back casually to the point that had puzzled him. "Who is this Barron you seem to have such a grudge against?"

"It isn't really old T. D. himself," she said. "I've never even met him. It's just what Barron stands for—the cold-blooded things he does—the way he works a man, like a claim, and takes out what gold there is, and then abandons him to—" She ground out her cigarette. "It doesn't matter. I might be able to help you get a job at Caribou if you want one, Mr.—"

"Name's Smith," said Tip hurriedly. "Call me Tip."

"Tip," Mary nodded. "A friend of mine works there—Colt Tierney," she explained. "We're sort of engaged. He'll introduce you to Slade. Slade's the boss."

"That would be nice," said Tip without enthusiasm.

"I think Burt Slade will be very glad to do a favor for Colt right now," she added curiously; but she did not volunteer to explain further, and he was forced to let the question on his lips linger unspoken. "Have you ever worked around a mining camp?"

He shook his head.

"What do you do, then?" she asked.

"Oh, this and that," he said, trying to think what he did. "I can drive a car, and . . ." He knew that sounded inadequate. He could play football, and dance pretty well, and play a fair game of tennis. He ran his mind over long futile summers of tennis, and swimming on the beach at Newport, and stewards serving tall drinks under striped parasols on the beach. "Nothing much, I guess," he said honestly.

"Colt will find you something," she said. "He may get Slade to give you a job driving points. It's hard work, but it pays pretty well."

"I don't care how hard it is," said Tip.

"I like that," she said. "I like your coming up here this way, on your own, looking for a job."

"Do you?" he said slowly.

"It takes something," Mary smiled. "I admire anybody who can stand on his own feet, and work for what he wants, and get it. You see so many of them nowadays who are content to have things handed to them without working. People like that are usually soft. . . . I guess I haven't much use for a person who is born with a gold spoon in his mouth, have you?"

"No," he said, "I guess I haven't either."

"I like anybody who's on his own," she repeated, her eyes very serious for a moment. "That's why I wanted to help you tonight." Mary rose and held out her hand. "It's late, Tip. I think I'd like to get some sleep."

Tip took her hand. Her brown eyes were level, and she was looking at him steadily. He drew her toward him, and then, to his own surprise, he released her.

"Thanks," he said quietly.

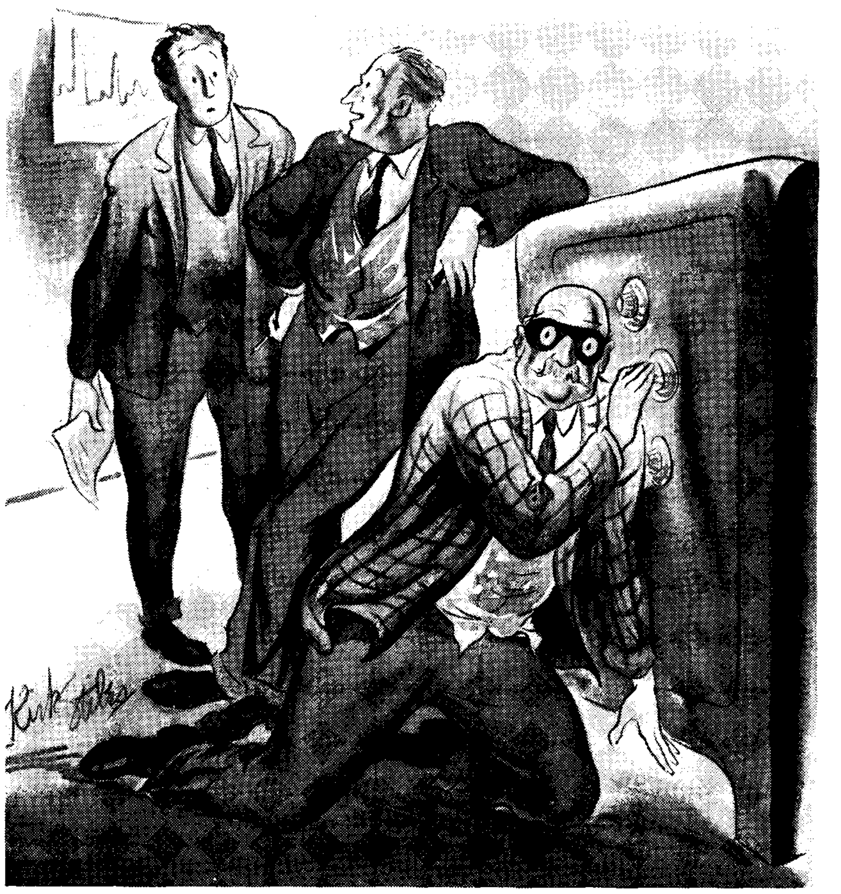
He lay for a long time in the upper bunk, his fingers laced behind his head and one leg crossed over the other, grinning up into the darkness. He was wondering what would happen if some twenty-first century invention could suddenly project this whole scene, intact, onto the flat glass top of his father's mahogany desk. He drowsed into slumber speculating pleasantly just what his father would say.

CARIBOU was the largest and lowermost of three placer-mining camps operated on Caribou Creek by the Barron Mining Company. It was located in a broad valley where color-bearing gravels were overlain by a mantle of evil-smelling and frozen muck, anywhere from ten to a hundred feet in depth, beneath which the narrow pay streak wound erratically along one side of the present creek bed.

Somehow Tip had always thought that gold mining would be adventurous; but this dreary wasteland of crumbling ridges and valleys, carved into fantastic shapes by the hydraulic giants, was a far cry from his father's oft-boasted pickaxe and pair of husky hands.

Colt Tierney had accompanied him in the field that first day to instruct him in the art of driving points. The pipes came in ten-foot sections, and were set in equilateral triangles, sixteen feet to a side, extending roughly over a square mile of ground. Each point terminated in a single-edged drill bit, with a small hole on either side through which the water could be passed from the feeder pipes that crisscrossed the field. To the top of each point was attached a fifteen-pound clamp with a long hickory crossbar, and on this clamp rested a twenty-two-pound steel sleeve hammer. By lifting this hammer and crashing it down at intervals, then rhythmically twisting the point by means of the wooden crossbar, the point-driver could work the steel pipe down inch by inch toward bedrock. After the points were set to the required depth, they were left

(Continued on page 31)

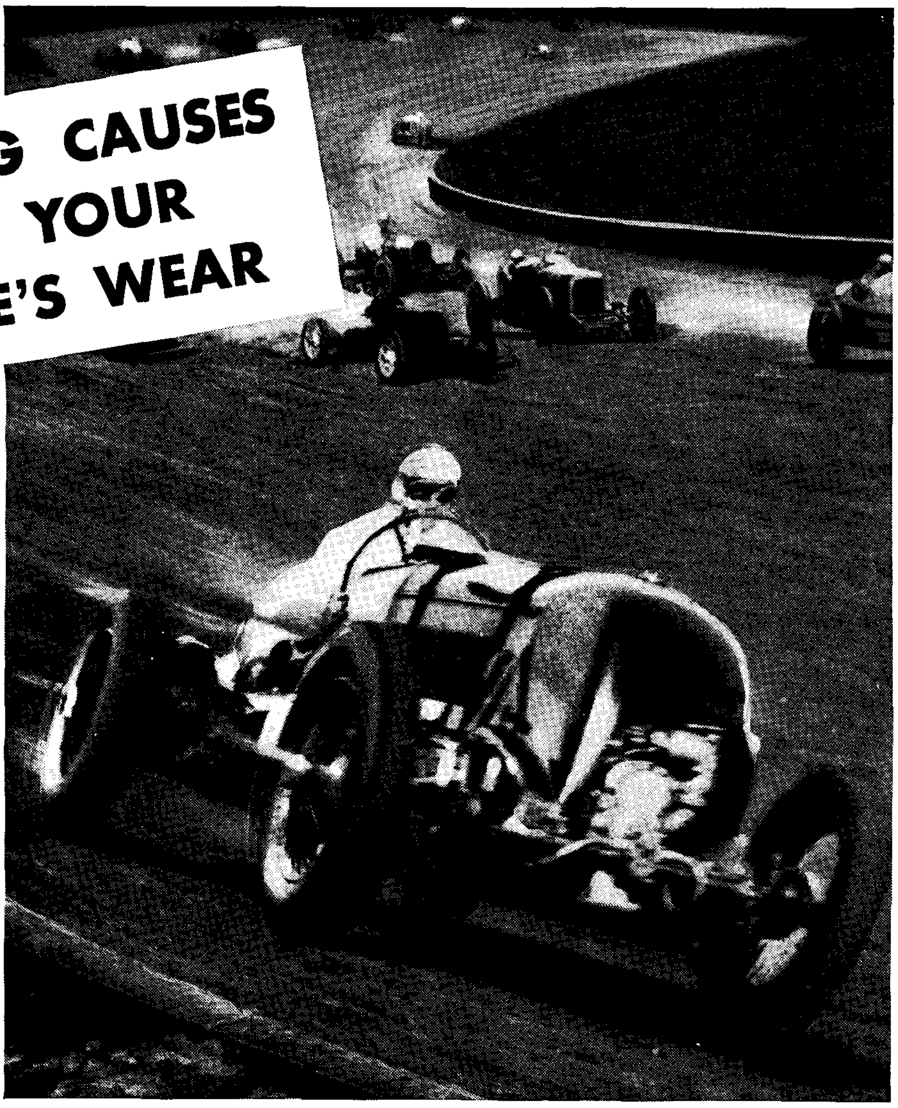


"A. J. always does it that way . . . for a thrill"

KIRK STILES

STARTING CAUSES
¾ OF YOUR
ENGINE'S WEAR

THE INSTANT YOU STEP ON THE STARTER—over 100 metal parts inside your motor start moving. Unless your oil flows quickly—instantly—to all these vital spots, the parts run "dry" of oil and serious wear results!



IT IS EASY TO MAKE A "TOUGH" OIL merely for high speeds and high heat—or a FAST-FLOWING oil merely for quick starting. The problem has been to combine BOTH of these important qualities in the same oil.

One Start can cause more engine wear *than a 2-mile-a-minute Grind*

This new Fast-Flowing Oil reduces strain of today's "Stop-and-Go" driving

THE average driver starts his engine 3500 times a year!

The "strain" of starting is far greater than a few years ago. Pistons travel up and down in cylinders twice as fast . . . separated from the cylinders by only 1/2000 of an inch.

The *starting* period, engineers say, can cause approximately *three-fourths* of engine wear. To meet this new driving problem, Shell has developed a new oil at a cost of over $3,000,000. The new Golden Shell Oil is FAST-FLOWING, yet TOUGH.

It flows instantly in starting—even on the coldest days. Yet holds its body under intense motor heat and resists break-down into sludge and carbon!

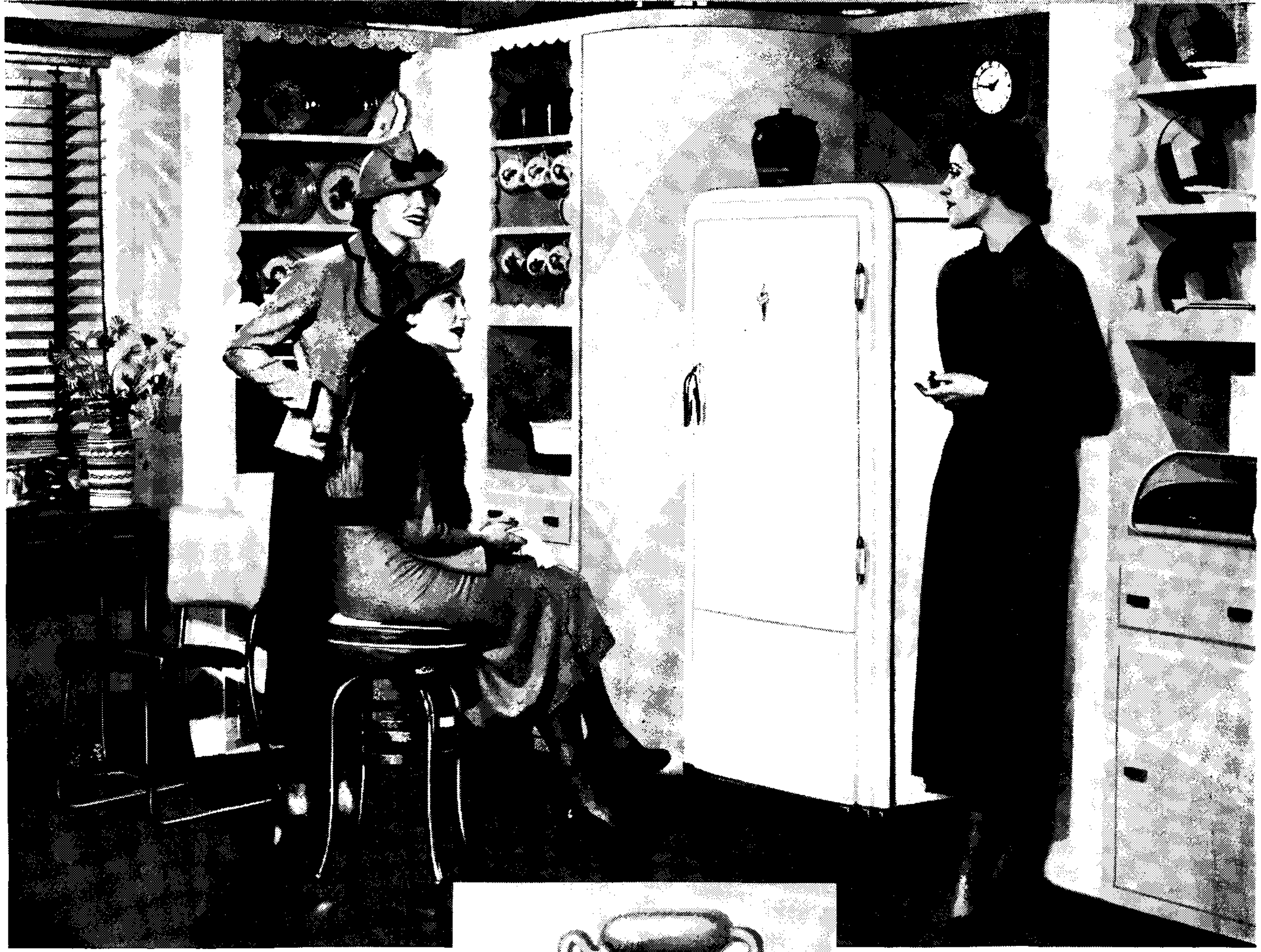
It is possible for the recommended grade of Golden Shell Motor Oil to:

1. Add a year to the life of your engine!
2. SAVE you up to 50% of your yearly engine repairs. (Many repairs can cost from $10 to $100.)
3. SAVE you a gallon of gasoline in every tankful. (The "drag" of an oil that is too heavy can waste over 5% of your power.)

The new Golden Shell Motor Oil is now on sale at over 30,000 neighborly Shell stations from Coast to Coast!

THE NEW Golden Shell MOTOR OIL

THE *Silence* OF ELECTROLUX SAYS "HERE'S THE REFRIGERATOR THAT'S REALLY DIFFERENT!"



It operates upon a basically different principle—without noise—without moving, wearing parts—giving constant cold for only a few pennies a day

ALL REFRIGERATORS differ in little ways . . . but your own ears will tell you that Electrolux differs basically from *all* the others. It's silent—and behind this silence is the reason for every one of Electrolux's exclusive advantages, a miraculously simple operating method.

SIMPLER FREEZING METHOD

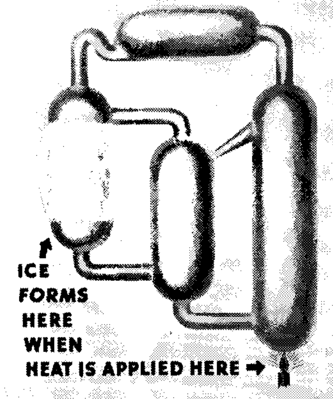
There are no moving parts in Electrolux, and no need for them. A tiny gas flame does all the work without force or friction, circulating a simple refrigerant which, by being alternately cooled and heated, produces constant cold. And this simple, efficient method is continuous! Naturally, you can expect greater satisfaction from such a refrigerator—lower running cost, fuller food protection, and longer years of service.

PAYS FOR ITSELF

In actual dollars and cents, this means a real saving to you—enough money saved over a period of years to pay for your Electrolux. Thus you can have the pleasure of silent, efficient refrigeration at less than the cost of "getting along" with an old-type refrigerator. This explains why, during the past few years, the demand for Electrolux has assumed the proportions of a nation-wide trend.

PROMPT, WILLING SERVICE

Be ready for the hot summer days ahead. See the new models on display at your gas company's or local dealer's showroom. You can believe your gas company when they say Electrolux offers you more—for no industry is more conscientious in its recommendations or more thorough in its service. (Electrolux also operates on bottled gas.)



THE MIRACLE OF THE FLAME THAT FREEZES—This simplified diagram shows why Electrolux needs no moving parts. Parts that do not move cannot wear. But its real "magic" is in the way it saves you money, every day. It operates so economically that many owners tell us that it actually saves enough to pay for itself!

FOR FARM HOMES IT RUNS ON KEROSENE

The new kerosene-operated Electrolux is identical in every important way with the gas refrigerator that is serving finest city homes and apartments. Even though you may live far beyond the gas mains and electric lines, you can now enjoy the luxury and economy of perfect refrigeration. Write for further information. Servel, Inc., Electrolux Refrigerator Sales Div., Evansville, Ind.

New Air-Cooled ELECTROLUX
THE SERVEL *Gas Refrigerator*

SAVES MONEY THREE WAYS

Electrolux saves money on running cost. And, because it operates continuously, giving constant protection, it saves on food bills. In addition, it gives you a *third* important saving . . . the saving on depreciation that only a refrigerator with no moving parts can offer.

ENDORSED BY THE GREAT AMERICAN GAS INDUSTRY

The Golden Spoon

Continued from page 28

with the water running through them continuously for thirty or forty days, until the gravel was thoroughly loosened; once thawed, it would remain so indefinitely even though the dredge might not get to work it for a year or more.

Tip had clumped silently behind Colt in a monstrous pair of rubber hip-boots, balancing his heavy tools and making his way uncertainly along a fourteen-inch pipeline which Colt walked as easily as though it were a city pavement. They plodded through the sticky mud of the cut, and Colt motioned him to set down the tools. "This is your line," he explained. "Open your gate here in the feeder pipe, let the water into the header pipe, and then shut off the valves. Now screw your first point into the sleeve of the gooseneck." He showed how to tighten the connection with his Stillson wrench, twisted the coupling into place with one hand and opened the cross-head valve with the other. The water streamed through the twin holes at the bit end of the point. "When your water is flowing, jam the bit end into the ground where you see the nearest wooden stake. Is that clear?"

"It looks easy," said Tip dubiously.

"It is," said Colt, "but the average dumb cheechako makes a mess of it at first." He pressed downward with one hand and swung the nose of the point with the other, working it lower and lower through the thawed surface. "Keep twisting this till you reach the depth of thaw."

"What happens then?" asked Tip.

"Then you start using the tools," said Colt over his shoulder, "unless you've given up already and quit."

TIP watched him in silence as he twisted the pipe with expert hands, occasionally lifting it and slamming it down again. Colt's face was noncommittal, with no sign in it of any friendly feeling. This antagonism of Colt's puzzled him. Colt was short and thickset, with a magnificent body. His hair was pale yellow, almost white against the dark tan of his skin, and his eyes were gray and hard as slate. His face was sullen, and he seemed to harbor a perpetual grudge against the world.

"What makes you think I'll quit?" asked Tip.

"You look like it, that's all," said Colt frankly. "I only spoke to Slade about you because Mary Kenison asked me to. He hired you because he wants to do me favors."

Tip was more and more puzzled by Slade's deferential attitude toward Colt. He treated the youngster with a curious fawning courtesy, pausing now and then in the field to chat with him, calling him by his first name, offering him cigarettes. One afternoon, toward the end of his first week on the thawing detail, Tip overheard them in conversation. "Because we're right up to the edge of it now, Colt," Slade was saying. "I just wondered if you'd changed your mind."

"I haven't quite decided yet, Burt," said Colt.

"I been in touch with Mr. Barron again," said Slade, "and I got him to promise twenty. That's the very best I can get, Colt. You know how Barron is."

"I know," said Colt.

"It's now or never, Colt. We either start through it tomorrow, or we go around. You know what happens if we go around. Everybody loses that way. I got the papers all ready, Colt. You might as well sign."

Colt made patterns in the mud with the sole of his boot. "Sure," he said at last, "I might as well." He picked up his tools and followed Slade toward the office.

It was man-killing work, driving the points. At nights, after work, Tip would hop a truck into town and see Mary. He saw her often, at her little home near the college; and he found a curious exhilaration in her quiet voice and long, thoughtful silences. They seemed to be able to talk without words, and her opinions of things and people were sensible and almost stubbornly honest. Heretofore, by some tacit agreement, they had never mentioned Colt; but the conversation he had overheard on the point field between Colt and Slade was still on his mind, and one night he repeated it to Mary. "I'm sorry he signed," she said thoughtfully, when he was through.

"What's it all about?"

"Colt owns a narrow strip of the paystreak, right in the center of the valley. It was his father's old claim. Barron has been trying to buy it."

"You can't blame Barron for that," said Tip.

"He wouldn't offer a fair price. He just waited. He knew in time he could force Colt to sell it. He could threaten to run his operations around Colt's claim, if he had to, and cut it off, and leave it isolated out there under a heap of trailings. Nobody else could ever afford to work it, after that. Colt had to give in. And now I'm afraid—" She did not finish.

"I didn't know T. D. Barron did things like that," said Tip slowly.

Colt knew that he was seeing Mary regularly, and his antagonism toward Tip deepened. He was spiteful, and took out his resentment in petty hazings. He only mentioned Mary openly once: "You been seeing a lot of Mary Kenison, I hear."

"That's right," said Tip pleasantly. "I'm seeing her tonight."

"I wouldn't," said Colt, planting himself in Tip's path. His big chest muscles swelled, but he did not move. He stood glaring sullenly at Tip, his upper arms flexing. Then they both heard Slade's cold voice behind them: "Come on, Tierney. Get going."

Tip turned in amazement. Slade's attitude toward Colt had changed abruptly in the past few days, since the papers had been signed. Colt looked at Slade for a long moment, and then walked back to his point line in silence. There was a little frown on his face. He was beginning to understand.

MARY drove him back to the camp that evening, in the unreal brightness of the Alaskan summer night. Every detail of the landscape was as clear as day, but it had no color; and the rolling fields of alfalfa, and the red silos and barns, and the dark spruce forests in the distance were a flat monotone of gray and silver-white and black, like a photograph.

Mary spun the wheel easily with the finger tips of one hand, and they took the left fork toward Caribou Creek. She had yanked off her knitted hat, and her hair was loose in the wind and eddied like brown smoke about her face. She turned her head once or twice to glance at Tip, staring moodily ahead. "You've been so quiet all evening, Tip."

"I've been thinking," he said. "I guess I've changed a lot."

"You haven't changed so much," she said. "You've just got around to finding out about yourself a little more. You're the same."

"Look here," he said. He held out his hands, hard with calluses now, the grease

(Continued on page 32)

"Makes Old Cars look like New"
"SIMONIZ" KLEENER
LACQUERS DUCO
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IMPROVED SIMONIZ KLEENER ...WORKS FASTER AND EASIER

Get Simoniz and the new, improved Simoniz Kleener. Try them on your car. Then you, like millions of other motorists, will agree these products are the greatest ever developed for making and keeping cars beautiful! First, clean the finish with Simoniz Kleener. Off comes dirt and dullness . . . quickly, easily. Presto! Your car sparkles like new again! Next, apply Simoniz. It's easy to put on, but hard to wear off. This perfect protection for all finishes makes them last, and gives cars life-long beauty. So, always insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener for your car!

Always Simoniz a new car! If you do, you can keep it looking new for years, easily. And remember, every car and every type of finish needs Simoniz . . . must have it...to stay beautiful.

MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

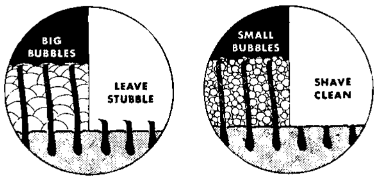
PILOT Gets COAST TO COAST shave!

NON-STOP FLIGHT FROM NEW YORK TO LOS ANGELES

GIVE HER ALL SHE'S GOT, AL . . . WE'VE GOT TO SHAVE BEFORE THAT RECEPTION TONIGHT.
NOT ME!

SAY YOUR FACE IS SMOOTH . . . WHAT'S THE SECRET?
I USED COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM THIS MORNING—BOY! THOSE SMALL BUBBLES GIVE SKIN-LINE SHAVES THAT LAST! COMFORTABLE, TOO!

BUBBLE PICTURES SHOW WHY!



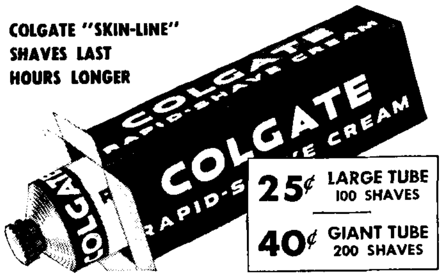
MOST LATHERS are made of bubbles too big to get to the *base* of the beard! Air pockets keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. So the beard is only *half*-wilted.

COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shaves last longer.

NEW YORK—AFTER THE TRIP BACK

YOU'RE SURE RIGHT, AL . . . I SHAVED WITH COLGATE'S IN LOS ANGELES THIS MORNING . . . MY SKIN FEELS SWELL AND IT'S STILL SMOOTH AS SILK!

COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES LAST HOURS LONGER



25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES

40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

(*Continued from page 31*)

ground deep into the cracks. They were a working man's hands. "And I feel different, too. Sure I've changed. I even think differently."

The car bumped in silence over the uneven graveled road down to the mining camp.

"Do you remember that night on the boat?" he asked. "I mean, how you said you liked my being on my own, up here."

She nodded.

"Supposing I hadn't come up here to work. Supposing I had all the money in the world, and everything I wanted, and a whole mouthful of gold spoons—"

"Then probably we'd never have known each other at all."

"But supposing we did," he persisted. "Supposing right now I had a million dollars, and I asked you to marry me—"

She shook her head.

"Wouldn't that make a difference to you?"

"Do you think it would?"

"I used to think so," he said at last, "but I guess I don't any more."

She smiled at him. "Tip, I know you a lot better than you think I do."

"Are you sure?" he asked miserably.

"If I didn't," she said very deliberately, halting the car on the hard-packed dirt in front of the camp, "if I ever found out I was mistaken about you—if it turned out you were different than I thought you were—I'd never want to see you again. That's how sure I am."

He was holding both her hands tight, as though he were afraid she would leave him at any moment and fade away into the night and disappear. His throat was dry, and it hurt. All the things he wanted to say to her rushed to his lips, but he did not say any of them. Her face was turned up to him, and he put his arm around her and pulled her toward him. She did not resist. He leaned over her and kissed her. Her hand moved up his back slowly to his shoulder, and he felt her arm tighten around him, as he kissed her again.

HE STOOD for a moment with his back to the car, as it shifted into gear and drove away, and then walked slowly across the yard toward the bunkhouse. The door of the bunkhouse was open. Colt Tierney was standing in the door.

"I was watching you," he said.

"So what?"

Colt hit him abruptly on the jaw. He spun backward, lost his balance, and collapsed heavily onto a pile of muddy boots on the floor. He rubbed his face along the boots, and pulled it off the floor. The other men in the bunks looked on without much interest. They watched Tip work himself blindly to his knees, and lurch to his feet.

Colt hit him in the mouth as he rose. He pitched backward again, and banged his head sharply on the edge of a bunk. The occupant of the bunk did not move. Tip slid down onto the floor and lay still, one arm flung out, his head half under the bunk. The door of the bunkhouse was suddenly filled with the big figure of Burt Slade, outlined against the light.

"All right, Tierney," said Slade. "Get your things."

"What's the idea?" asked Colt.

"You heard me," said Slade. "You've made enough trouble around here."

"Now?"

"Right now," said Slade. "Come over to the front office and get your envelope. I'll have it ready."

"Okay, Slade," said Colt briefly, and went into the next room.

Tip lifted himself with his elbows and felt his lips. They were puffed and sticky, and he knew his mouth was bleeding. His head spun, and big lights went past his eyes in endless rotation. He rocked to his feet, and tried to steady himself. The men ignored him. They were muttering in low voices. "It's a dirty trick. Slade just used the fight for an excuse."

"He's been waiting for an excuse," said one of them, "ever since he got him to sign over his claim."

Tip leaned over the washbasin and began to wash the blood from his face.

"That's the way Barron does," another man grumbled, and swore.

"*I believe it ain't all Barron*," said old Charlie. Charlie was the veteran dredge operator, and the other men looked up to him a little.

"Slade?" asked one of the men after a moment.

Charlie nodded. "I bet old man Barron don't know anything about Tierney's claim. I bet there's a lot going on here Barron gets the blame for that he don't even know about at all."

Tip was mopping his bruised face gingerly with the towel. He stared over the folds of the towel at Charlie.

"Slade promised the kid twenty per cent of the daily take," said Charlie. "I run that dredge, and I know how much we clear. And I know the figure he gives the kid each night ain't the same figure I got, not by a damn' sight."

"What the hell, Charlie," said another man. "You can't do anything about it."

"I wish Barron could look over some of these figures of mine for the past year," said Charlie, drawing on his pipe. "I wish he could compare them sometime with what Slade turns in."

"Barron's back East. The hell with Barron. It's his lookout."

"I was thinking of young Tierney," said Charlie, knocking out his pipe.

The door of the bunkhouse closed. One of the men looked up. "Who was that went out?"

"That was the cheechako Tierney busted in the mouth," someone replied. "Too bad Slade had to break it up. It was just getting good."

Tip was walking slowly across the yard toward Slade's office. He reached in the pocket of his trousers, and took out the crumpled letter of introduction that his father had written. He was repeating to himself: "If I ever found out I was mistaken about you—if it turned out you were different than I thought you were—" He shut his jaw tight, and pushed open the door of Slade's office.

Colt was standing in front of Slade's desk. They both turned as he entered.

"Slade," said Tip. "I hear you haven't been giving Tierney the right percentage on his claim."

Slade's mouth dropped open in incredulous anger.

"What's more, I don't think Mr. Barron knew anything about the deal you made with Tierney. I think he'd have given Tierney a fair price if he knew. I'm not sure, because I haven't checked with him yet. I want to compare your books first with some other figures around here—"

"Who do you think you are?" burst out Slade.

He opened out the letter of introduction and handed it to Slade.

"I'm leaving for Juneau by plane tomorrow, and I'm catching the Aleutian back to Seattle. That means it will be nearly a week before I see my father in Boston. That gives you plenty of time, Slade. You can stay here till the investigation, or you can get out now. It's up to you."

Colt Tierney had turned and walked to the door. Tip stepped after him.

"How about it, Colt?" he offered. "Do you want to finish that fight?"

Colt's lip curled contemptuously. "With a Barron?" he asked.

TIP took the regular plane next day for Juneau. He had a few days to spend there, until the steamer arrived from Seward on its return trip; and he busied himself with the books and papers he had brought, preparing a report for his father. He tried to keep busy. He did not want to think. He wanted to stop wondering, at unpredictable moments what Mary would be doing now, what she would say, what she would think. "If it ever turned out I was mistaken about you—"

Suddenly he knew that he was not going back to the States until he had seen her again; he was suddenly angry with himself and with her. He had not done anything to be ashamed of. It was not his fault if his father was T. D. Barron. For that matter, she had been unfair to his father. They had all blamed his father for something Slade had done. Mary had no right to refuse to see him. To be sure, Tip reflected, he had pretended to her that he was somebody he was not; but he had not presumed on his deception, and he had played it out honestly. He had worked as hard as though he had been actually on his own. If he had been a hero in a story, he might have been content to go away in noble silence, but he was not a storybook hero, and he loved Mary, and he was damned if he would lose her to anyone else in the world.

He was pacing up and down the hotel room, scowling at the walls. The steamer would not be getting into Juneau until tonight. He still had a little time. He shoveled his papers into a brief case, and grimly strode downstairs to the lobby.

"I want a reservation on the plane back to Fairbanks," he said, his voice unsteady with anger.

HIS anger had spent itself by the time the plane reached Fairbanks five hours later and he hesitated uncertainly before he went to Mary's house. Instead, he sought out Colt Tierney. Colt stared at him. "I thought you were taking the Aleutian."

"I came back here to see Mary," said Tip frankly.

"But she's on the boat," Colt interrupted. "She took the train out of here the same day you left, and she was going aboard the Aleutian at Seward. She was going to join you."

"She—" Tip controlled his voice. "You didn't tell her who I was?"

"Sure I did," said Colt. "And it didn't seem to be any particular surprise to her, either. She acted like she'd known it quite a while."

"Then she wasn't mistaken about me," said Tip under his breath.

"She said you probably didn't realize that a gold spoon usually has its owner's *initials engraved on the handle. I don't* know what she meant by that."

"I do," said Tip slowly.

"Well," said Colt, "you better get going if you want to catch that boat."

Tip held out his hand. "Don't take this the wrong way, Colt. The outfit needs somebody to fill Slade's job. And I just want you to know that spot is open to you if—if you'd be willing—"

"Thanks, Barron," said Colt and shook his hand.

Tip raced across the street to the Army Signal Corps office in the City Hall Building. "I want to send a wireless to the Aleutian," he said. "It's somewhere between Seward and Juneau now. I want it delivered right away."

The officer behind the window handed him a telegraph blank.

"Stay where you are," Tip scribbled. "Am flying back to Juneau at once. If I miss ship there, will board it at Wrangell or Ketchikan. Stop. Don't leave. Stop. Stay there. Will be along as fast as I can. Stop. Please wait for me. Stop. Love. Stop. Love. Tip."

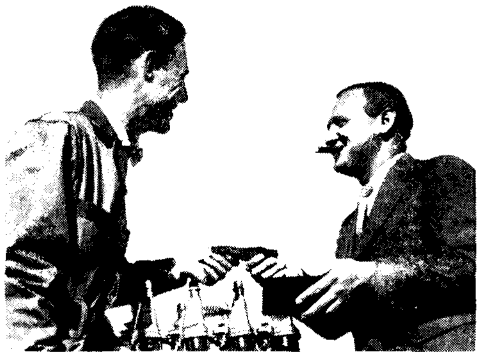
"You got two 'loves' here," said the officer, counting the words.

"Thanks," said Tip. "Make it three."

The answer came a couple of hours later, while he was trying to charter a plane.

"Will be waiting right here in the bow," it said. "Bring sandwiches. Love. Mary."

CLEAN OIL



LASTS LONGER AND CUTS YOUR REPAIR BILLS

Start Saving Today—Drain and Refill with Summer Mobiloil

Mobiloil
"AF"
Lubricate for SAFETY WEEK
MAY 23 to 30

NATIONAL "LUBRICATE FOR SAFETY" WEEK—May 23 to 30. Mobiloil dealers from coast to coast have joined the national drive to end costly failure of car parts due to faulty lubrication. Ask *your* dealer to check your gears and entire chassis. You're safer in a properly lubricated car!

SAVE MONEY in running your car this summer. And protect your investment with this simple safety insurance. Use Mobiloil!—the famous motor oil made by Socony-Vacuum's Clearosol Process.

This method of refining takes out carbon-forming, sludge-producing elements found in oil. It removes the weak parts that break down and cause excessive consumption, gum and carbon.

Mobiloil is clean. It's tough, pure lubricant. That's why it resists heat—lasts longer. And why it gives your engine better protection than ever before, no matter what type of bearings it might have nor how high the operating temperatures might become.

Millions of motorists all over the country are proving Mobiloil economy. They're seeing exactly what Mobiloil does on the road in actual day-by-day use. And many report savings as high as 50% in oil consumption, and no engine repair bills.

Right now especially, with harder summer driving, you need the greater protection Mobiloil gives your engine. Get it—today! Drive in where you see the Mobiloil Sign or the Sign of the Flying Red Horse. Fill up with Mobiloil—America's favorite motor oil.

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.

1936
GARGOYLE
Mobiloil
Mobiloil
LUBRICATION
CHART
SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY

SOCONY-VACUUM

GARGOYLE Mobiloil

See the 1936 Mobiloil chart for correct grade for your car

The Cook Gets the Last Word

Convenience and beauty are the high spots of modern kitchen planning. To show you how this simple common sense can be applied to greatest advantage, Collier's has had two kitchen plans made for Collier's house. Each embodies the latest in efficient kitchen planning. The choice is up to you

By Betty Thornley Stuart

ILLUSTRATED BY ROLF KLEP

THE kitchen, last to be considered among the rooms of Collier's house, we think easily the most important. A kitchenless house would be a mere hotel suite. A house with a kitchen that doesn't function satisfactorily too often puts the whole family off key. But a house like this, with a kitchen that works like a charm, looks like a dream and draws admiration like a magnet, is the secret of keeping your husband contented, your children healthy, your maid happy and yourself the most popular hostess on the street.

Collier's gives you two plans for this 1936 kitchen. The latest principles of efficiency engineering have been incorporated in both. But one provides a separate laundry and the time-honored pantry, while the other includes both these service units along with the kitchen in a single room. Families that have the laundry done at home will like the first. Those that send the heavy wash out will appreciate the second.

Both plans do away with the necessity for step-counting—that fetish of an era when so many kitchens were still large and barnlike, and kitchen machines such as ranges and refrigerators weren't always designed to collaborate on saving space and effort. The modern kitchen, with or without laundry facilities, provides an area so small and units fitting into each other so beautifully that extra steps are automatically reduced to fractions of a foot—which may interest the mathematician but not the housewife. This leaves us free to concentrate on maximum convenience at each working spot and beauty over all.

Note first that working surfaces all around the room are kept as level as possible—less danger of breakage, less chance of fatigue from lifting and lowering. Note that there is a work surface beside each main unit—no running around the refrigerator to put down a utensil just taken from the range. A place for grocery delivery is convenient to the back door. Another for service comes as close as possible to the door into the dining-room. The sink has double drainboards and the position of honor under the window. The refrigerator opens the right way, so you don't have to reach around a large white obstruction. The door of the oven opens down. Each unit used in the complicated process of getting and clearing away a meal has adequate light, by day and by night. So far we've been dealing with general principles, on which there is agreement among experts. If your kitchen, present or planned, transgresses at any of these points, so much the worse for its reputation as an up-to-date exhibit. But now we come to choosing the specific units—where we have to figure in personal preferences and habits of work, local conditions of climate and service, to say nothing of the siren song of the local advertising man, who honestly thinks that his particular make of range, refrigerator, sink, cabinet, table or chair is the only possible buy.

Let's start with the range. And here the first thing to settle is whether we prefer electricity, gas, coal or power from one of those private plants that country dwellers substitute for the usual public utilities. This should depend not only on which is cheapest in the district, but on which gets the best servicing, the most tempting yet reliable financing—and provides the kind of cooking operation we like best.

This last consideration brings in the prejudice angle, which shouldn't be given the weight usually assigned to it by women. It's very unwise to say, in this day and age, "Oh, but electricity is slow," or "A gas range heats up the kitchen," "Coal is messy," "Private plants are too expensive." When the range makers dug themselves in for the depression, their research departments worked overtime. So the only way to understand what the market offers is to shop like mad, with eyes open and preconceived opinions parked. You'll see electric ranges with speed-plus, gas ranges with ovens thoroughly insulated, coal ranges that run on eight pounds a day inserted with no more dust than you make in powdering your nose, and special power plants you can buy outright for not so much more than your previous monthly cooking-fuel bills for a large and hearty family. Oven heat control has become both accurate and automatic, no matter what your source of power. The cleaning problem has been worked over so that dust catchers and grease-repositories are reduced to a minimum. Space has been saved in so many ingenious ways that today's range is a miracle of much in little.

And now for the refrigerator—which one must choose carefully. What we want is safe food protection, adequate storage space, fast and flexible freezing, low operating cost and a guarantee we can trust. Each of these points should be checked, because only a refrigerator that offers all of them is a safe buy. In addition there are convenient features like the door that can be opened by pedal or lever while both hands are full, and automatic lights inside that are worthy additions. But the "bargain" that unduly stresses freezing-speed for our desserts may just possibly do it at the expense of the constant temperature we need for keeping our foods. The one that gives us extra containers, trick shelves and other attractive gadgets might happen to take the cost of these out of economical operation. The best way of being sure that we're getting a thoroughly dependable article is to look not only at the refrigerator itself but at the experience and the financial standing of the company that makes it—plus the reputation for prompt and courteous servicing held by their representative in our district.

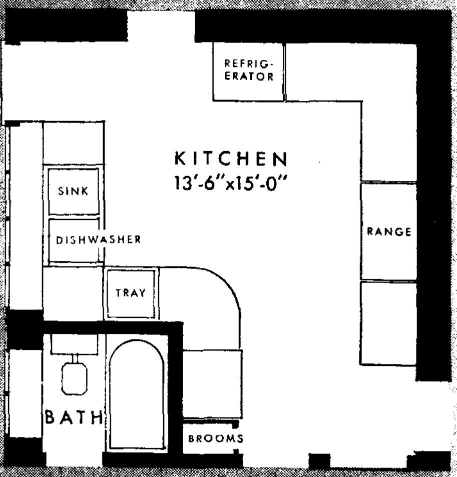
Kitchens That Fit Your Working Habits

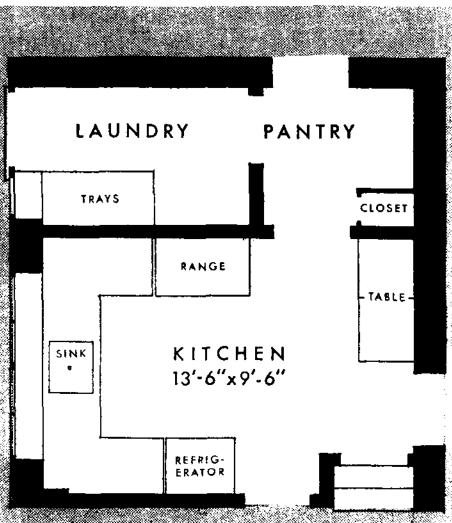
And now—how about that sink? The required factor, as noted before, is double drainboards. But whether these are of monel metal or stainless steel to match the sink itself, or made of linoleum composition to flank a sink of other material, is up to the purchaser. Each is modern practice. You must also decide whether you want an electric dishwasher—a sanitary precaution, especially in homes where there are children whose health is to be protected from the possible carelessness of a maid in a hurry to get to the movies.

Having chosen range, refrigerator and sink, and planned for work surfaces beside each, we come to the question of extra tables, compact seating furniture and pet conveniences which we've found handy in the past or coveted in other people's kitchens. Some women wouldn't keep house without a small movable table on rubber wheels. Some want a fixed wall-table that folds. Some stick for a table that can be used for the children's meals, or for the whole family on the maid's night out. An ironing board that swings up to the wall seems good to some of us for hurried pressing, and a drying rack that hoists ceilingward is grand for dishtowels and occasional laundry. Such additions to regulation kitchen equipment should be planned for from the start, since the larger units may necessitate rearrangement of those existing in Collier's sketch—even to the extent of locating the sink elsewhere than under the window, so that the kitchen-dining table may be placed here for

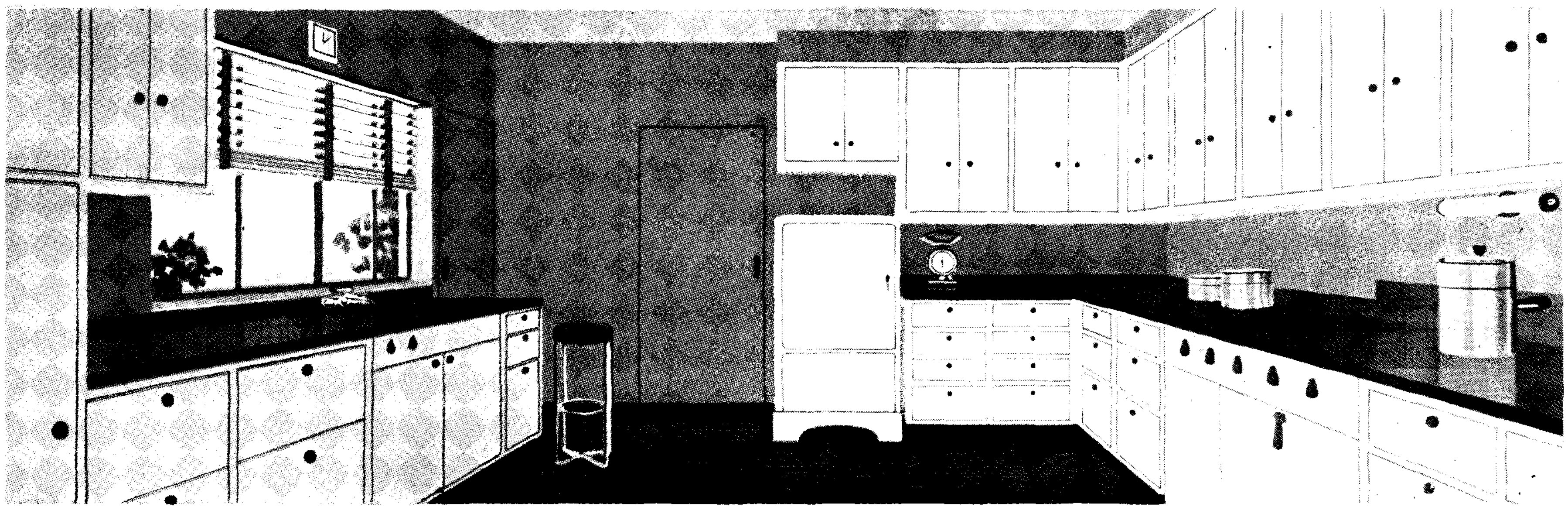
(*Continued on page* 54)

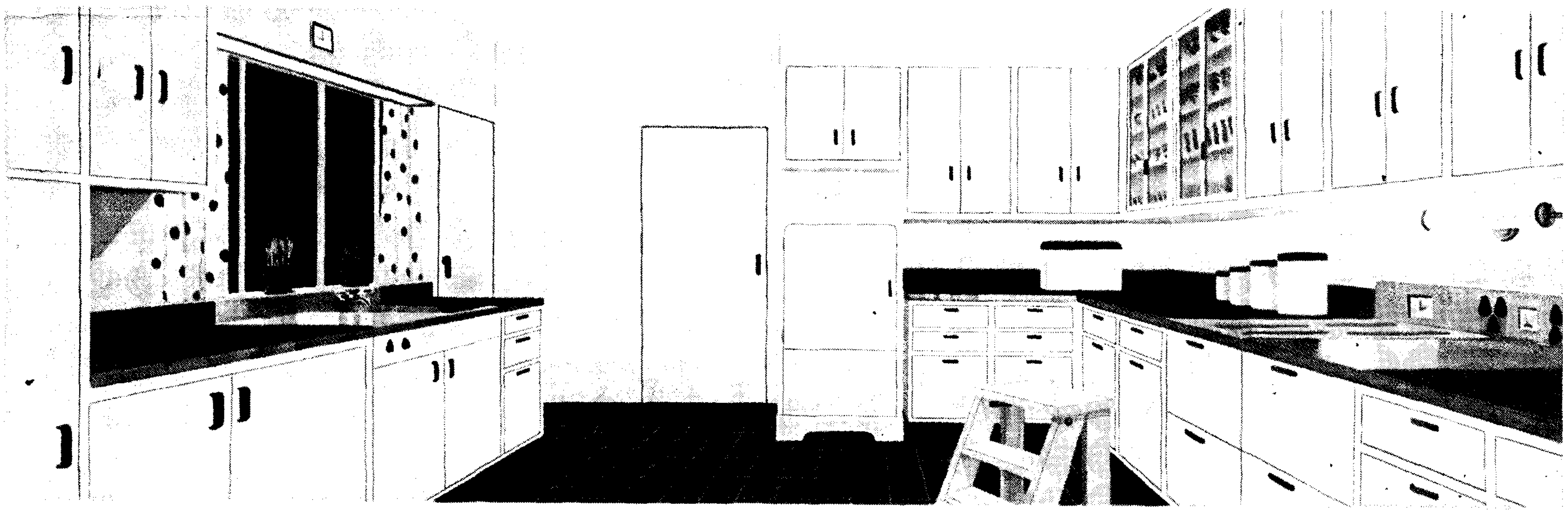
Below: Layout and on the opposite page two color schemes for Collier's kitchen, which is kitchen and pantry in one, with space for washing machine, tub and work-surface for occasional laundry. The range is in the center at the right, with plenty of work space on either side. Plenty of space by the sink under the window and beside the refrigerator for food storage. In the second color sketch linoleum replaces metal for all work surfaces. Glass doors on some of the cabinets show off the beauty of glass and china. On the window sill a pot of chives and another of your favorite herb stand ready for your salad shears

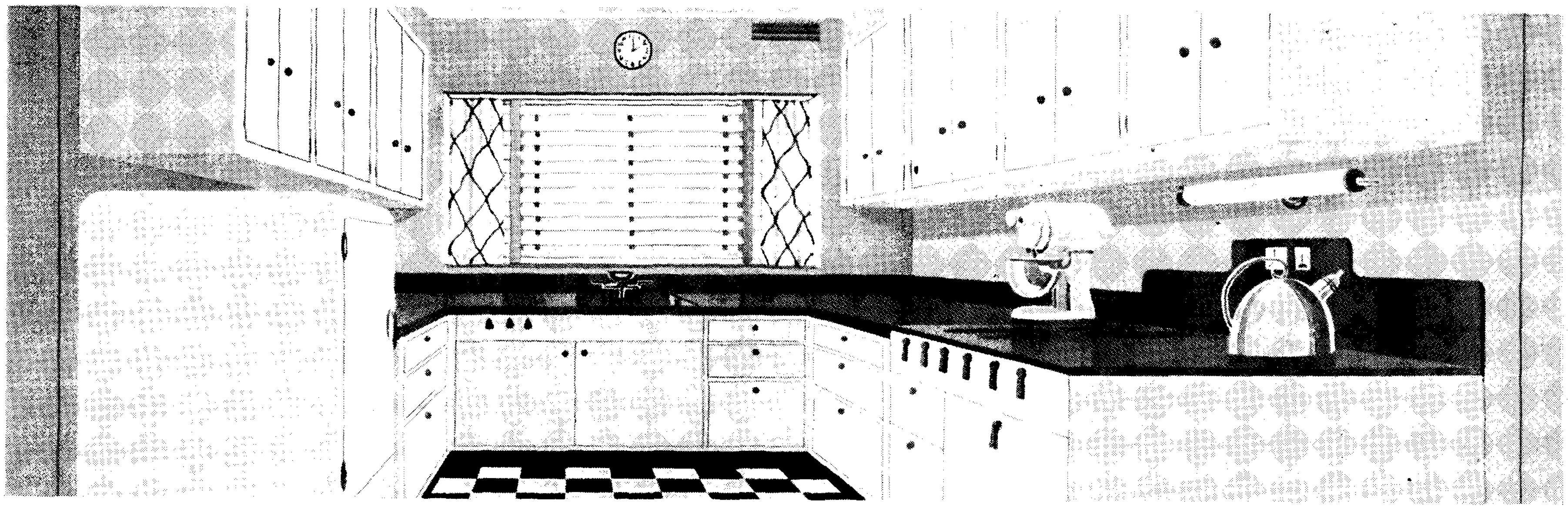


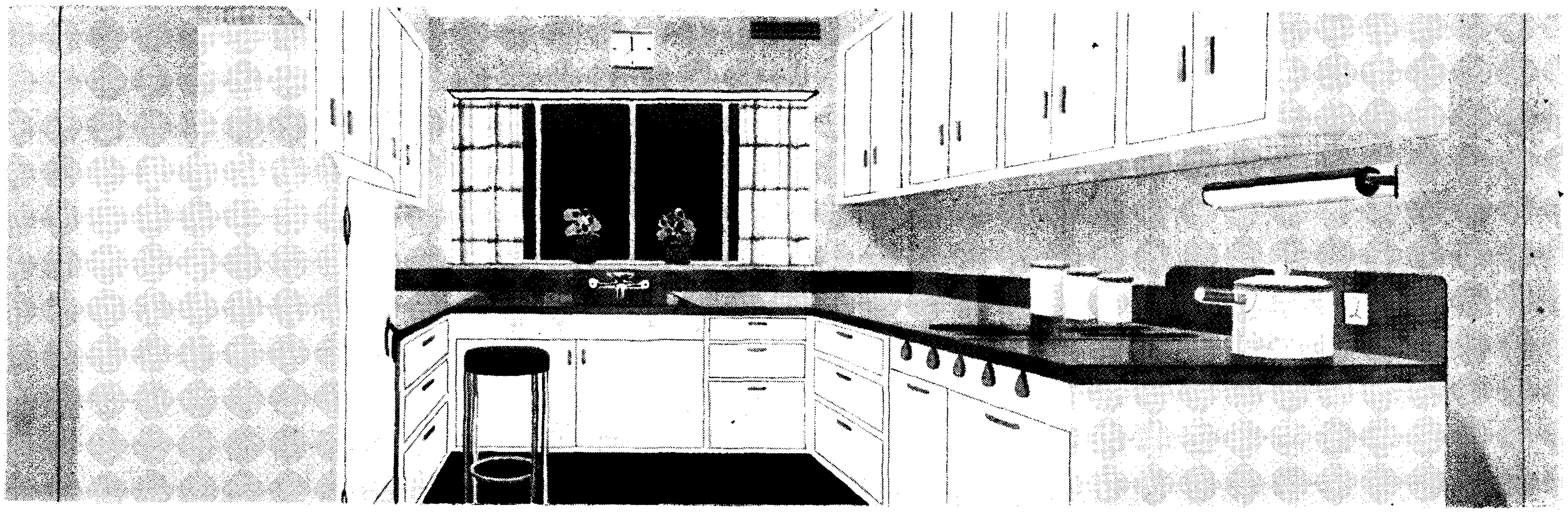


Above: The space devoted to kitchen, maid's room and bath has been rearranged to allow for separate laundry and pantry. Entrances to maid's room, basement and front hallway are in the corner between refrigerator and table. The sink is under the window, the range at your right, with generous work surface between. The refrigerator door opens this way to make the inside accessible from the work surface beside it. Notice that the cabinet handles are lower than center, for easy reaching. And there is plenty of cabinet and drawer space all round, to be filled with what you need most at each work center









Other leading low price when you comp

The truth is, you will find the four leading low priced cars very close together in *price,* when you compare the figures for the model you want.

But when you begin to check up on other things that count, you'll find an amazing difference between Terraplane and "Car A", "Car B" and "Car C".

Cold Figures Give the Proof

Fifty-two seconds, spent in reading the list of boiled-down facts at the right, will tell you enough of these differences to prove how well it will pay you to learn *all* about Terraplane. At any one of several thousand Terraplane showrooms, you'll quickly discover the other reasons for Terraplane's big success.

You will need only one look to see that the "figures don't lie" about the bigness that makes other low priced cars seem small . . . and to recognize the style that lifts Terraplane far out of its price class.

One trip, even just around the block, will show you many other differences . . . in smoothness, comfort, lively power and ease of control.

You will be riding in a body really *all* of steel, with seamless roof of solid steel . . . *and Terraplane is the only one of the leading four that has it!*

Try Terraplane's exclusive Duo-Automatic Hydraulic Brakes—patent applied for—finest hydraulics, with a separate safety braking system that takes hold automatically from the same brake pedal if ever needed. Plus a *third* braking system from the easy handling parking brake.

Enjoy the big car "feel" that you miss in other low priced cars. Note the level rear floor . . . no "hump" to trip you. Learn what it means to have all the advantages of independent springing *and a sturdy front axle* . . . with Terraplane's exclusive Radial Safety Control—patent applied for.

Proved Economy and Long Life

Ask Terraplane owners about low operating costs that save them money every mile. Economy such as Terraplane proved in the 352-mile Los Angeles-Yosemite Economy Run . . . averaging 23.95 *official*

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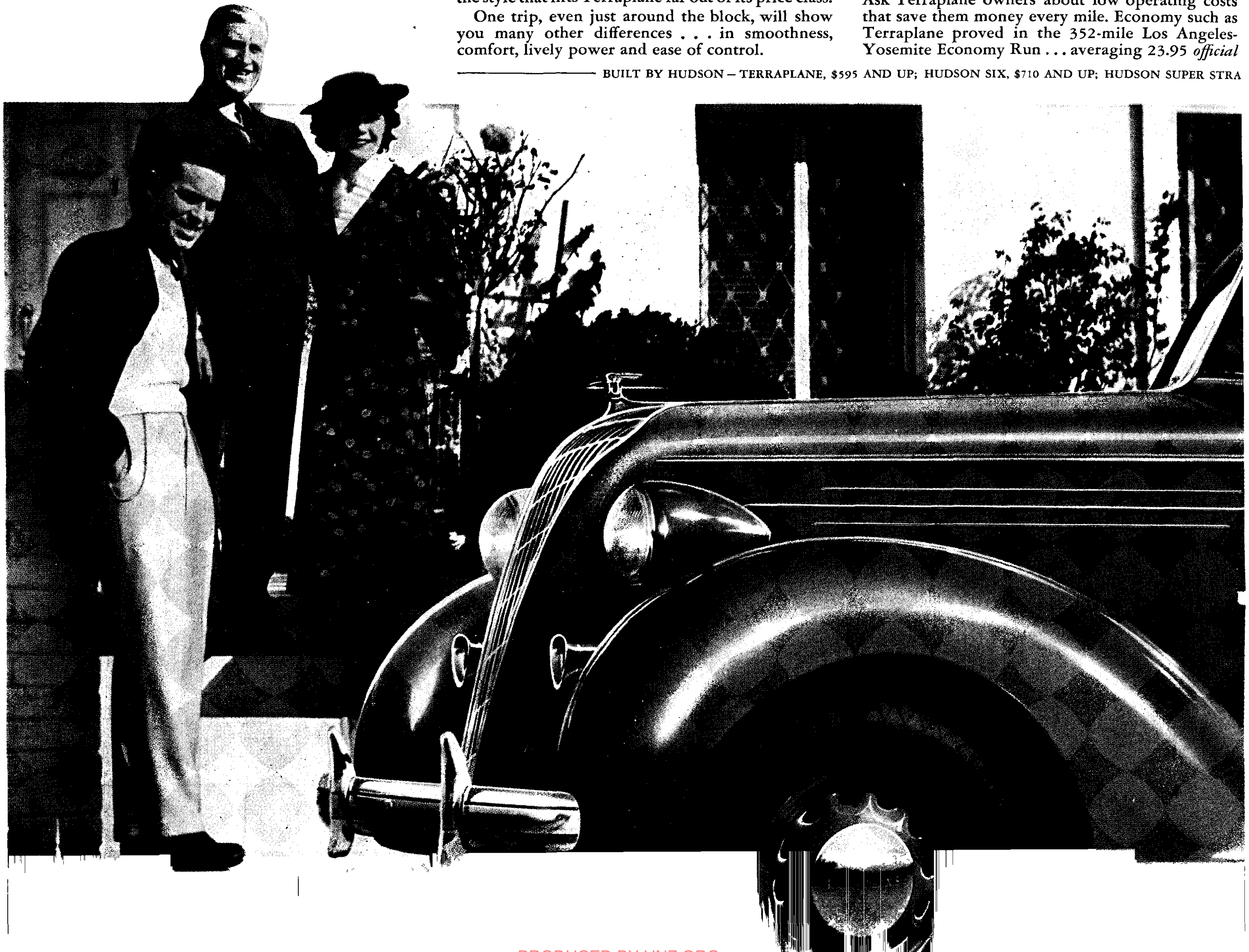
"I'll say we got a lot more for our money!"



cars are *small* cars . . .
·e with **TERRAPLANE**

niles per gallon with three passengers and baggage . . . no "coasting" allowed. And owner records howing total mileages of 125,000, 150,000 miles ınd more . . . backed by the 95,000 miles already raveled by the first Terraplane of 1936 production n a continuous endurance run.

Discover the *big* difference in what you *get* for vhat you *pay* . . . in a Terraplane. Any owner will ell you it's true; any dealer will prove it to you in . few minutes.

IUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Detroit, Michigan
Hudson Motors of Canada, Ltd., Tilbury, Ontario

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88 or 100 H. P.—115-inch wheelbase

$595

and up for De Luxe Models, f. o. b. Detroit. Standard group of accessories extra.

;AVE . . . with the new HUDSON-C. I. T. 6% Time Payment Plan . . . very low monthly payments

HT, $760 AND UP, F. O. B. DETROIT

See what you *get* for what you *pay* in the four leading low priced cars!

—*—

Terraplane gives you

Greatest Over-all Length (195 inches) . . . 5 to 12¼ inches more than the others.

Longest Wheelbase (full 115 inches) . . . up to 3 inches more than the others.

Most Inside Room (145 cubic feet) . . . 24 to 27 cubic feet more than the others.

Widest Rear Seat (47½ inches) . . . more leg room, elbow room and shoulder room than the others.

Most Usable Floor Space . . . with level rear floor—*no bump*—and, in Terraplanes with Electric Hand, a front floor, *clear* of gear and brake levers.

Biggest Battery (17-plate, 105 ampere hours) . . . a capacity of 9 to 19 more ampere hours than the others.

Biggest Baggage Compartment . . . and the only rear-opening baggage and tire compartment at *no extra cost* in any low priced car. Spare tire lies flat inside.

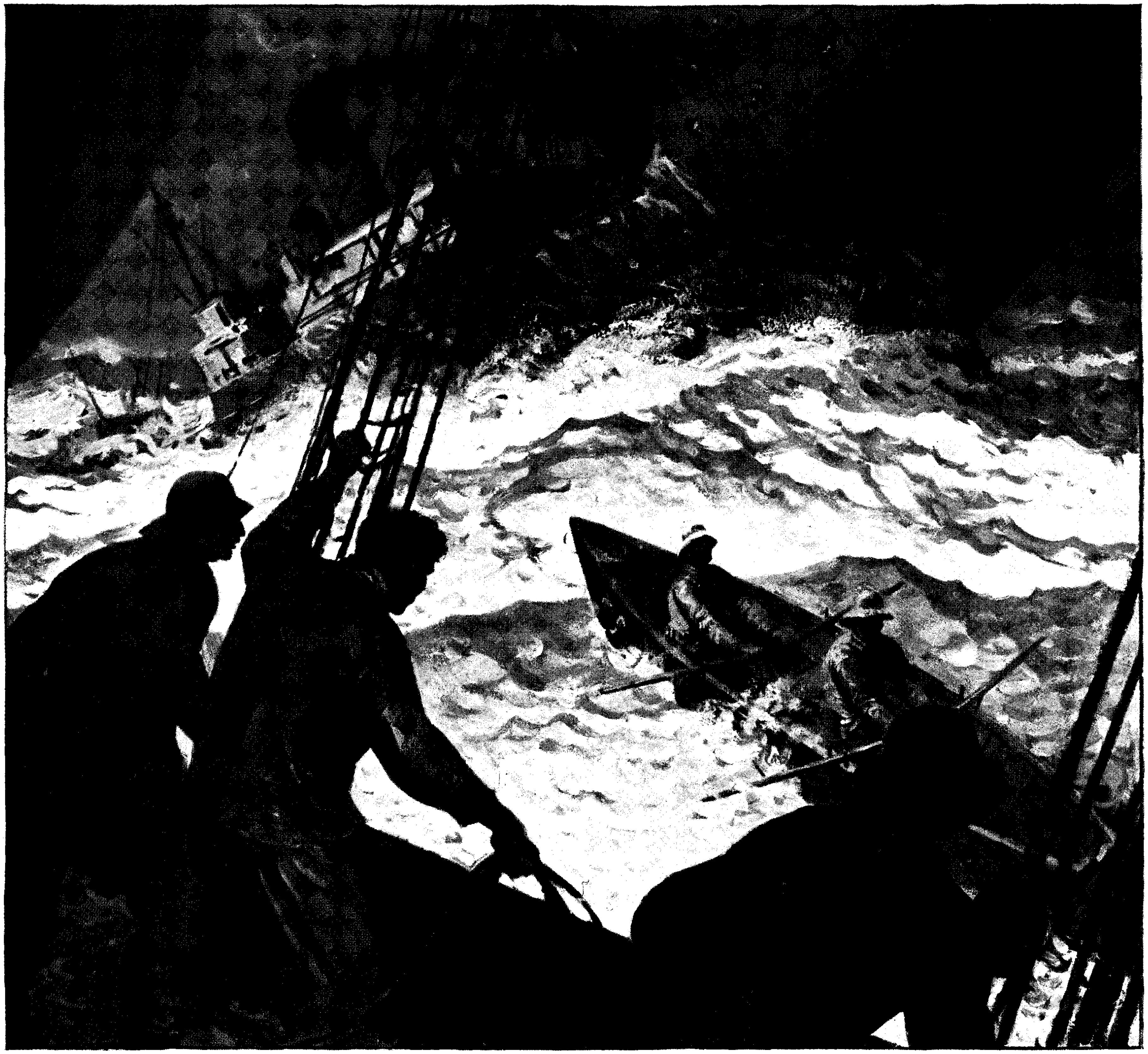
Roomiest Package Locker . . . more room for parcels, maps, etc., than any of the others.

Widest Range of Vision . . . because of Terraplane's deeper "V-type" windshield; and the *widest* rear and rear-quarter windows.

Largest Gas Tank (16½ gals.) . . . 1½ to 2½ gallons more capacity than the others.

Deepest Frame . . . 1¼ to 1½ inches more frame depth than any of the others.

Most Power (88 or 100 h. p.) . . . 3 to 9 more horsepower than the others; with *smoothness* no other low priced car approaches.



They start rowing away, just as if it's no more than one time out of the hundreds they're leaving to heave and haul their trawls

The Human Touch

Continued from page 22

night, we're headed back to the west'ard, and the cabin gang are cluttering up the fo'c'sle again. There's a call for the radio, and I tune in and hook a news broadcast of what's happening in Manchukuo.

"Where's Manchukuo?" says Lem Fowler, and John Houghton, who has a boy and a girl in high school, and is always busting to talk about them, says: "It's part of China and only my last trip *in my oldest boy was sayin' somethin'* ought to be done about them Japs grabbin' off slices o' China."

"Oh, I dunno," says Sam Pryor. "Why not let 'em? They're progressive."

"Progressive? Who? The Japs?" says John. "Why, the Chinese were civilized and had up-to-date inventions thousands o' years before the Japs knew enough to wear pants to keep themselves warm. Why, only a hundred years or so ago, our country sent a man-o'-war to Japan to wake 'em up to what's goin' on in the world around 'em."

"But they did wake up and get under way, didn't they?" says Sam. "And they're under way now, while China's hove-to like a vessel that's afeared to carry her sail in a breeze o' wind. Be*sides, when three or four or five hundred* million people stand by and let another nation come in and lick 'em up—why, they oughta be licked."

"Oughta be licked? Because they don't go in for big armies and navies and grabbin' off what belongs to other people? That ain't right."

"Maybe not, but that's what's been goin' on for a long time in the world and China better wake up to it. But what can y' expect of people who drown their girl babies?"

"What? Who says that?"

"I read it my last time ashore in a newspaper."

"You read it? And you believe ev'rything you read, hah? You read, ain't you, and you've seen it in the movies too, *ain't you, where Gloucester wives come* down to the wharf ev'ry time a vessel sets out on a fishin' trip, weepin' and wailin' for fear their men'll all be lost. Lies—ain't they?"

"Sure," says Sam, "about Gloucester's wives, which, thank the Lord, I ain't got any, but I'm not so sure the Chinese ain't got the right idea, drownin' their girl babies afore they can grow up into wimmin."

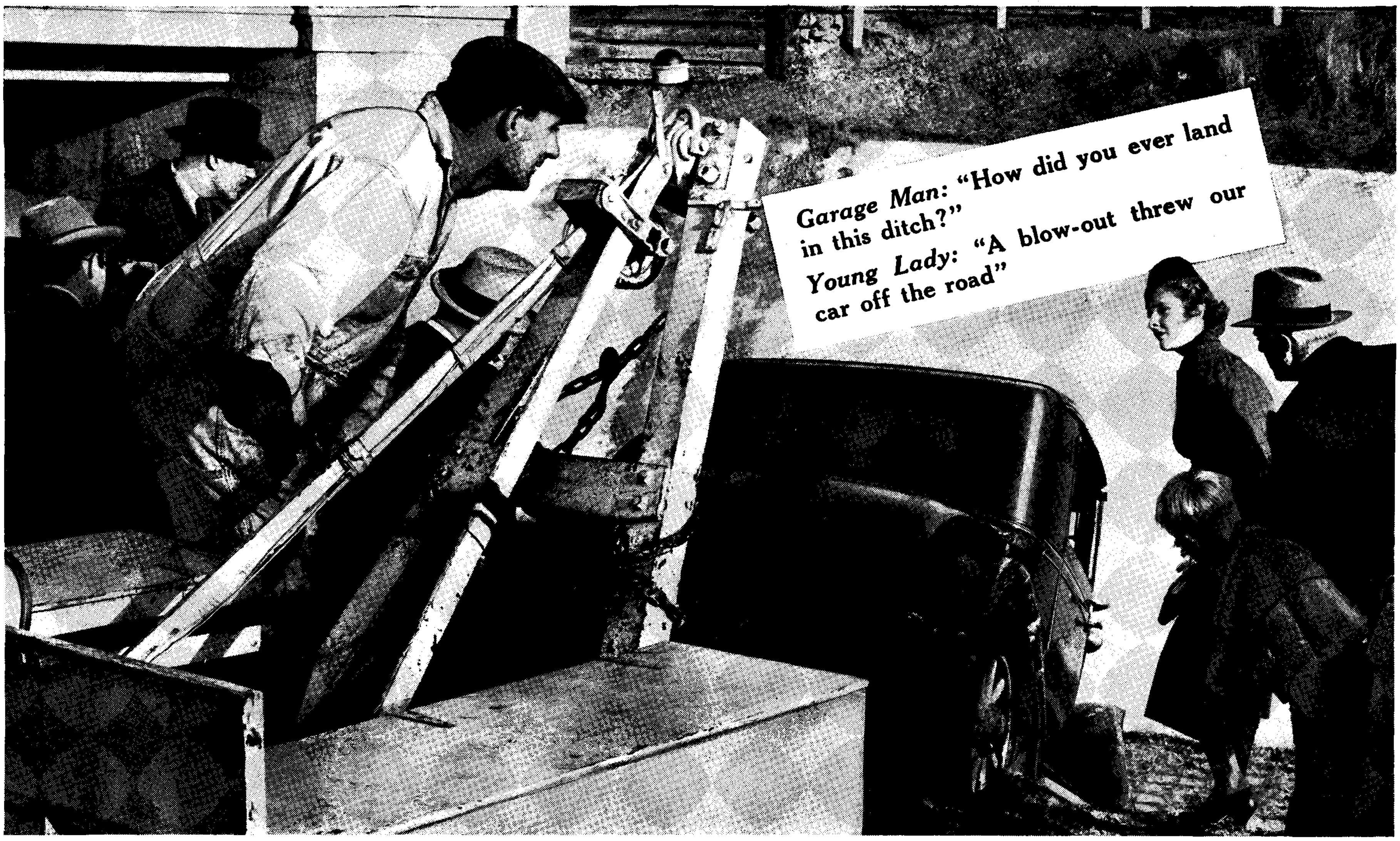
That's too much for John, who has four growing daughters at home. He has been stretched out, taking it easy, but now he comes feet first out of his bunk, pushing two of the cabin gang off the lockers before him.

"You say that, Sam Pryor?" And he starts in at Sam, and Sam comes back at him. The radio is drowned out while they argue, and only their being called to go on watch gives any of the rest of us a chance to hear ourselves talk at all. They go up the deck ladder arguing, and during the first of the watch we can *hear them through the open hatchway*— John from his lookout post at the wind'ard fore rigging and Sam from the wheel of the vessel.

Coming together to swap posts in the middle of the watch one of them must have said something pretty rough to the other, because there's no more arguing, and coming off watch they're not speaking to each other. They turn in and turn out in the morning still not speaking to each other, and all next day they don't speak to each other, which was

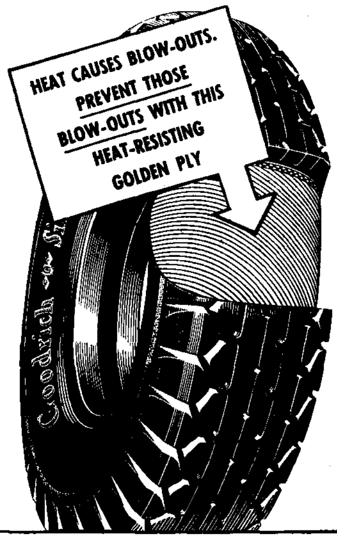
(**Continued on page** 40)

SAFETY FIRST!



Garage Man: "How did you ever land in this ditch?"
Young Lady: "A blow-out threw our car off the road"

Here's the only way to get Golden Ply Blow-out Protection



ARE your tires safe? Are you sure that they are providing you and your family with the kind of protection you need against today's high-speed blow-outs?

Don't wait until *after* you have a blow-out to switch to Goodrich Safety Silvertowns. "Putting off until tomorrow" the purchase of safe tires can easily be an open invitation to a serious accident—or worse.

What causes blow-outs

Today's speeds of 40—50—60 miles an hour generate terrific heat *inside* the tire. Rubber and fabric begin to separate. A blister forms and grows bigger and BIGGER. No one can tell when it will burst. That's the worst part of it—you get no warning until BANG! A blow-out. And you need more than driving skill to keep off the "accident list."

In order to give motorists real blow-out protection, Goodrich engineers knew they had to build a tire that would resist heat. So they made countless experiments in the industry's largest research laboratories. They performed gruelling tests on the world's fastest track. Finally, Goodrich produced the Life-Saver Golden Ply, a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords scientifically treated to resist heat. By resisting internal tire heat this Golden Ply keeps rubber and fabric from separating. It keeps blisters from forming. And when you prevent the blister you prevent the high-speed blow-out.

Silvertowns also have a specially designed tread that works like your windshield wiper. At the first sign of a skid the big center ribs *sweep* away water giving the double outer row of husky Silvertown cleats a drier surface to grip. Which means you'll stop *quicker, straighter, safer* on wet slippery roads.

No extra cost

With Silvertowns on your car you'll not only enjoy greater safety and greater riding comfort, but you'll also get months of extra trouble-free mileage. Remember, Goodrich Safety Silvertowns *cost no more than other standard tires!* It pays to play safe. Put Silvertowns on your car now.

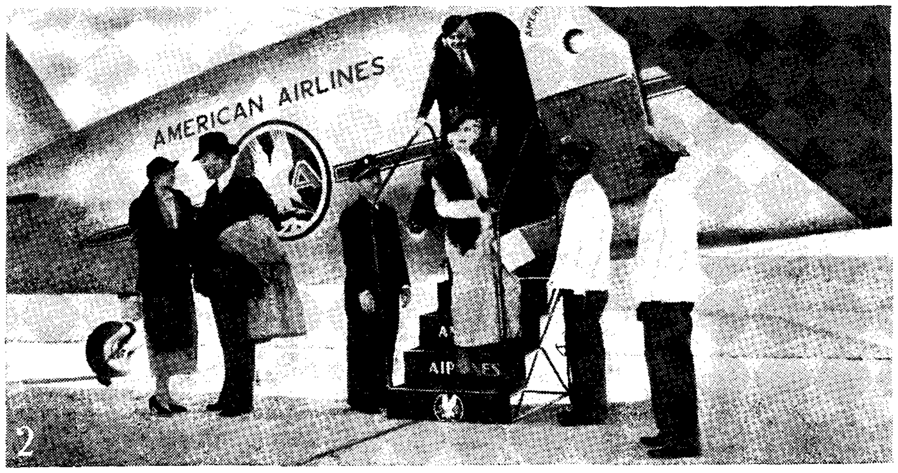
FREE! A million more motorists pledged to safe driving is the Goodrich goal for 1936. Cooperate with us. Join the Silvertown Safety League at your Goodrich dealer. He'll get for you—free—a handsome emblem to protect you if your tail light fails.

The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

1

Movie Pilot Eddie Nugent, now playing in "Dancing Feet", lands Stewardess Barbara Pepper in a scene from a Republic Picture which was filmed on . . .

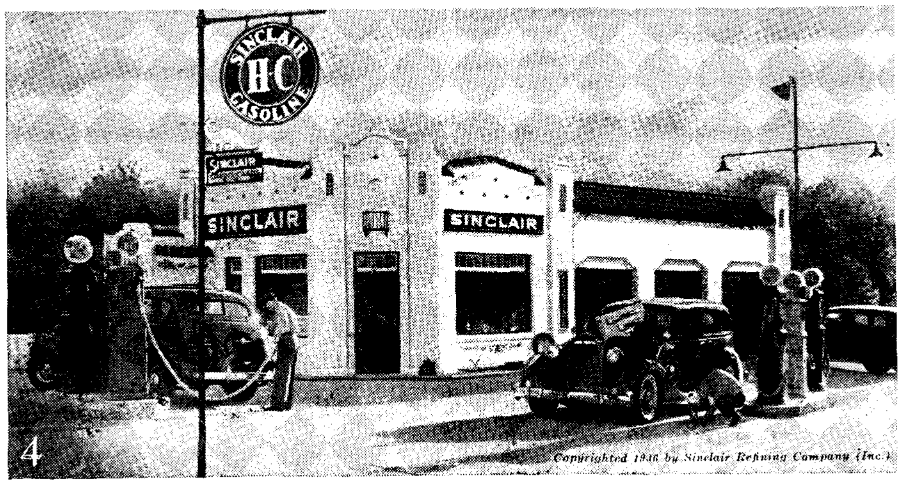


2

. . an American Airlines plane. American Airlines is the country's largest air-transport company and relies on . . .

3

. . Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil exclusively for its great fleet of planes. This is the same motor oil sold . . .



4

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. . by your neighborhood Sinclair dealer. To get dependable, low-cost operation for your car ask him for Sinclair Pennsylvania or Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil. You will find these two famous oils at stations displaying the red and green Sinclair H-C Gasoline sign.

The Human Touch

Continued from page 38

worse, they being the kind of men they were, than if they'd come to blows.

I'm for keeping the radio quiet for the rest of the passage home, but the next night the cabin gang came for'ard early again, and Captain Josh is among them and he's feeling pretty fine.

"Let this breeze hold," he says, "and we'll be easy into the Boston fish pier in the mornin' after next. How about somethin' out of the radio, Jud, to sort o' celebrate the occasion?"

I tune in and hook a news broadcast. We get a few items of no special interest, and then comes a silence from the announcer, followed by the word of an S O S from a Japanese steamer.

"A Jap steamer? Huh!" says John Houghton.

"Shh-h," put in Josh, "till we get her position."

We don't get her position—that is, not exactly. All we get is that she was fifteen hours out of Boston on a west half south course, that she had been in a collision during the fog and that her boiler room is flooded.

The Cynthia keeps her lee rail rolled under all that night. Next morning, Sam Pryor and John Houghton come off watch, first Sam and then John. Sam comes into the galley. He has a mug of coffee and says: "Looks like a steamer hove-to ahead of us, Jud."

John waits for Sam to get out of the galley, and he has a mug-up, and then, as if Sam hadn't spoken at all, he says: "There's a steamer ahead of us, Jud, and she's in distress."

Then we go on deck.

It's late February with flurries of snow coming and going in the air, and plenty of loose water sloshing around the vessel's deck. Half a mile or so ahead is a steamer, a freighter by her look, and of perhaps six thousand tons. Seas are breaking up over her wind'ard rail, smashing high up against her superstructure, rolling like beach surf across her well-deck and over the lee rail.

She has two masts with radio gear stretched between them, and her crew are perched in the rigging of the aftermast. We count 23 men in the rigging.

The Cynthia heaves to abreast of and to wind'ard of the steamer.

"The dang Jap—why couldn't she picked out somewhere's else to wreck herself?" growls Captain Josh. "Tain't only they're grabbin' off China, as John says. It's their bringin' cargoes o' frozen halibut over here and ruinin' our markets, halibut that ain't got the quality of our'n." Then he sort of moans and goes on: "But acourse we got to try an' get 'em off some way, though just how is more'n I can see right now."

LEM FOWLER, who is always quick to offer advice, speaks up then: "How about lowering a dory with a line to her and lettin' her drift down on to the side of the steamer?"

"Solomon's wives," says Josh, "how's a dory goin' to drift to the steamer agin the wind and tide?"

"Don't let her have to drift," says Sam Pryor. "Let a couple o' men go in her."

"What! Two men o' my crew in a dory today? In that sea? And wind most to blow the paint off the vessel? No, no, Sam. I'm master of this vessel but that don't give me no right to order men to go to their deaths mebbe."

"No orderin', Capt'n John," says Sam. "Volunteers."

"And I ain't callin' for volunteers—not to go in any dory on a day like this, Sammie."

"You won't have to call for 'em," says Sam. "There's men standin' by to man that dory right now. Here's one!" Sam taps his chest, and he looks at Hector Penny and Felix Murphy, and they nod their heads. Lem Fowler and two or three more nod at Sam. Captain Josh looks from one to the other more worried than surprised, knowing his crew for the kind of men they are.

He's still shaking his head when Sam hurried on to say: "Acourse, Capt'n Josh, I got to be one of the two men to go in that dory."

"Why you more than anybody else?" asks Josh.

"Because I spoke first. It's time we stopped talkin' and went to work takin' off them Japs, Capt'n Josh. We'll use my dory."

"You're right, Sammie, it is time," said Josh, and motions the man at the wheel to fill away under the steamer's stern. Then: "Who you pickin' to go with you in the dory, Sam?"

JOHN HOUGHTON has been in the rear of the crew glowering at the back of Sam's head. Now he pushes to the front calling out as he comes: "Luff a bit, Capt'n Josh, luff! Nobody's pickin' the second man to go in that dory, unless it's me. Sam's dory is my dory too, and blow high or blow low there's no man aboard this vessel, or any other vessel sailin' out o' Gloucester, is takin' my place in my dory."

"Capt'n Josh," busts in Sam, without even looking at John: "I'm leavin' no widder and a deck load o' children if anything happens to me."

"That's right, Sammie, you ain't," says Josh, "nor ain't likely to be with your notions o' wimmin. What about you leavin' a widder, John?"

"She's no widder yet, Capt'n Josh, and widder or no widder, I'm goin' in that dory."

"But think o' the dory load o' children you got to home—eight or nine, is it?"

"How many ain't the question, Capt'n Josh. And don't worry I ain't thinkin' of 'em. I'm thinkin' of 'em, and there's nobody goin' to be askin' some day was it their father let somebody go in his place in his own dory that time his vessel took a crew o' men off a sinkin' steamer."

"Capt'n Josh," puts in Sam. "We better start—"

"You're right, Sammie, you're right," says Josh, and he takes the wheel of the Cynthia, rolls her past the steamer's stern and luffs her to as near to loo'ard of the steamer as he dares in that sea and tide.

"Hist the wind'ard dory to the rail," he sings out then, and Hector and John at one halyard, and Felix Murphy and Sam at the other, hoist her to the rail.

"Lower away the dory," calls out Josh.

The dory is lowered over the side, and she's tossed high and low, above the vessel's rail and then down into the hollows, down to somewhere near the vessel's keel.

"You're to go in the dory, Sam," sings out Josh, and Sam watches his chance and by and by drops safe into the dory, and takes his place on the after thwart.

"You now, John," calls out Josh; and John watches his chance and he drops safe in and takes his place on the for'ard thwart. They pull the thole pins into place, out oars, and with never a word or a look at each other they start rowing away from the vessel, just as if it's no more than one more time out of the hundreds of times they're leaving to heave and haul their trawls.

A dory is a great little boat in rough

(Continued on page 42)

PONTIAC PRESENTS

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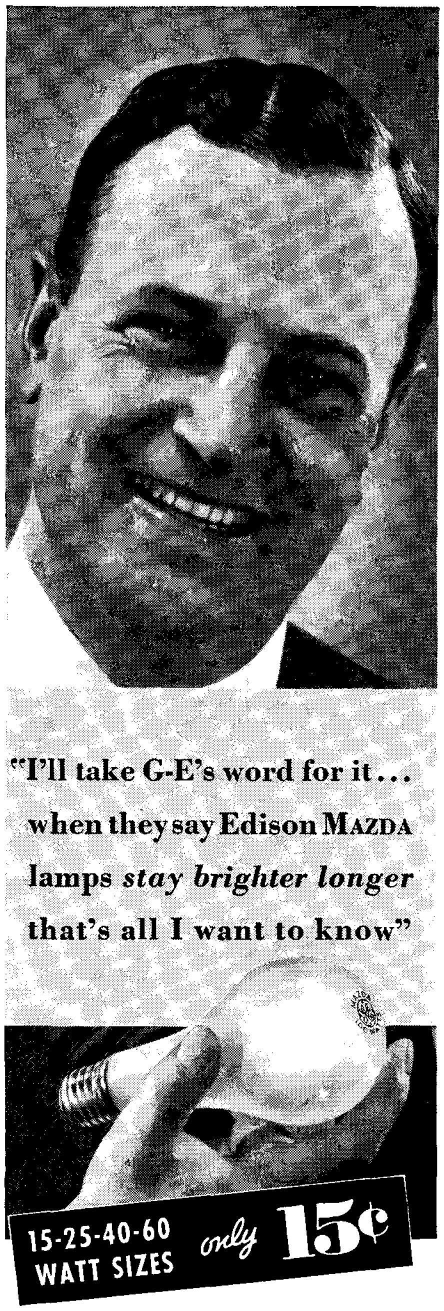
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EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL Ⓖ ELECTRIC

The Human Touch

Continued from page 40

water when properly handled—she has to be to hold men safe on the winter banks—but even so, it called for skillful dorymen and powerful oarsmen to drive that dory against that wind and tide to that steamer that day; but John and Sam drove her.

They crossed the stretch of white water to the steamer's side at her after rigging, which was where her superstructure offered protection to the crew from the seas breaking over her lee rail. John hove the dory's long painter to the steamer, where a man reached out and caught it and made it fast. That allowed the dory to tail out before the tide, bow on, from the steamer's side. Sam then stood up and yelled: "Anybody understand English?" A man raised his hand.

"Good!" hollered Sam. "You fuhlas will have to jump overboard one at a time and with a line around you so you can be hauled back aboard if you ain't grabbed and hauled into the dory afore you're swept out o' reach by the tide. And you might take notice, if y' ain't already, there's a hell of a tide runnin' here. Get busy now and drive her!" The Cynthia being down the wind we can hear Sam plainly.

THE first man who jumped was fat like a wrestler, but Sam and John got him into the dory. That first one helped Sam and John haul in the next one. They have life vests on them, which helps a lot. When there's six of them in the dory, Sam holds up his hand to signal he has a full load, and then, still with no words passing between them, he and John take their places on the thwarts and head the dory back to the Cynthia. Their job coming back is mostly to see that the dory don't capsize. The strong wind and sea is behind her, and back she comes like something on a roller-coaster. Getting near to the Cynthia, Sam and John back on the oars, and hold the dory from crashing against the Cynthia's side while we heave line to the dory and haul the Japs aboard.

The first Jap over the rail spoke pretty good English. "You have no oil to smooth the rough ocean?" he says to Josh.

"No," says Josh, "we ain't."

"No? And no—no—" he taps his life vest—"no this?"

"No," says Josh. "We ain't got oil and we ain't got life vests. We're Gloucestermen and not a dang passenger steamer. Take this man below, somebody, afore he tells me how I ought to be sailin' the vessel."

The rescued men are white with the cold, and our fuhlas stow them in bunks, and I hustle back to the galley and make tea—gallons of tea—which I pour into them all they can hold. They've had nothing to eat since the night before.

"What do them Japs mostly eat?" says Josh to me. I tell him fish—fish and rice.

"Give 'em all the fish they want. We got fish to spare." But I go back to the galley and start cutting up my roast of beef to make a hot stew. Fish is good eating some ways, but it's away in the wake of a hot beef stew for thawing out people who are most froze.

John and Sam drive back to the steamer. I had seen men caught out in dories in a sea as rough as what they faced that day, but I never saw men put out from a vessel on a day like it. If I had to bet on it I'd bet that John and Sam would never get all those men off that steamer that day without losing some of them or themselves; but they were masterly men in a dory. And being mad with each other probably only keyed them up to show each other what they could do when the going was real tough. They made four dory trips that day. It took them three hours but they landed every Jap safe aboard the Cynthia. And none too soon. While we're hauling the last of them aboard the vessel the steamer's fo'c's'le head is settling under water.

About half an hour before this the snow flurries had passed on and the gang on deck sight smoke on the westerly horizon. It turns out to be from a coast-guard destroyer, and she comes along in time to see the steamer's bow dip under, and her stern go into the air. Deeper under goes the bow, higher in the air goes her stern, and then she stands straight up and down and takes a dive to the bottom.

The destroyer ranges under our lee quarter and what we guess to be her commander hails us through a megaphone: "We were in Boston when we got that steamer's S O S. We hurried out but couldn't find her in the fog. What became of her crew?"

"Got 'em aboard here," says Josh, "ev'ry last dang one of 'em."

"Good! How'd you manage it?"

"How'd y' s'pose? Took 'em off in a dory acourse."

"A dory out in a day like this? That's wonderful work! Wonderful! I'll send word of the rescue by radio. The newspapers will be interested. What's your name, Captain?"

"Joshua Bradley. But I didn't go in the dory. 'Twas Sam Pryor and John Houghton manned the dory. And two dang good dorymen too."

"I can easily believe it, Captain—a day like this. Sam Pryor and John Houghton."

"Right. And don't overlook the vessel while you're 'bout it. She's the Cynthia out o' Gloucester, and a smart handlin' able vessel."

"She looks it," said the officer. "Where you bound now, Captain?"

"To the Boston market with fifty thousand fine fat halibut and fifteen thousand mixed fish—cod and haddock mostly."

"And some Japs?" smiles the officer.

"Acourse the Japs—twenty-three of them," said Josh.

"Twenty-three of her crew. Good! We'll stand by you till you land them in Boston."

The wind is now dead ahead. Josh studies the heavens, makes a face, takes off his sou'wester and rubs his forehead like a troubled man, which he is, with the thought of that good next day's market being lost. By and by he hails the destroyer's bridge.

THE destroyer officer raised his hand. "Mebbe you noticed the wind is hauled ahead?" hailed Josh.

"I did. What about it?"

"It's hauled ahead and promisin' to stay ahead, which means a hard beat and a slow passage to Boston for the Cynthy."

"That's right. Well?"

"Well, a fishin' vessel is acourse a grand place for healthy men but not for sick men."

"You have sick men aboard?"

"Just the same as sick. Them Japs was exposed to the elements for eight and ten hours in the riggin' o' that steamer with seas breakin' over 'em, and ice makin' in the cold winter wind, and—"

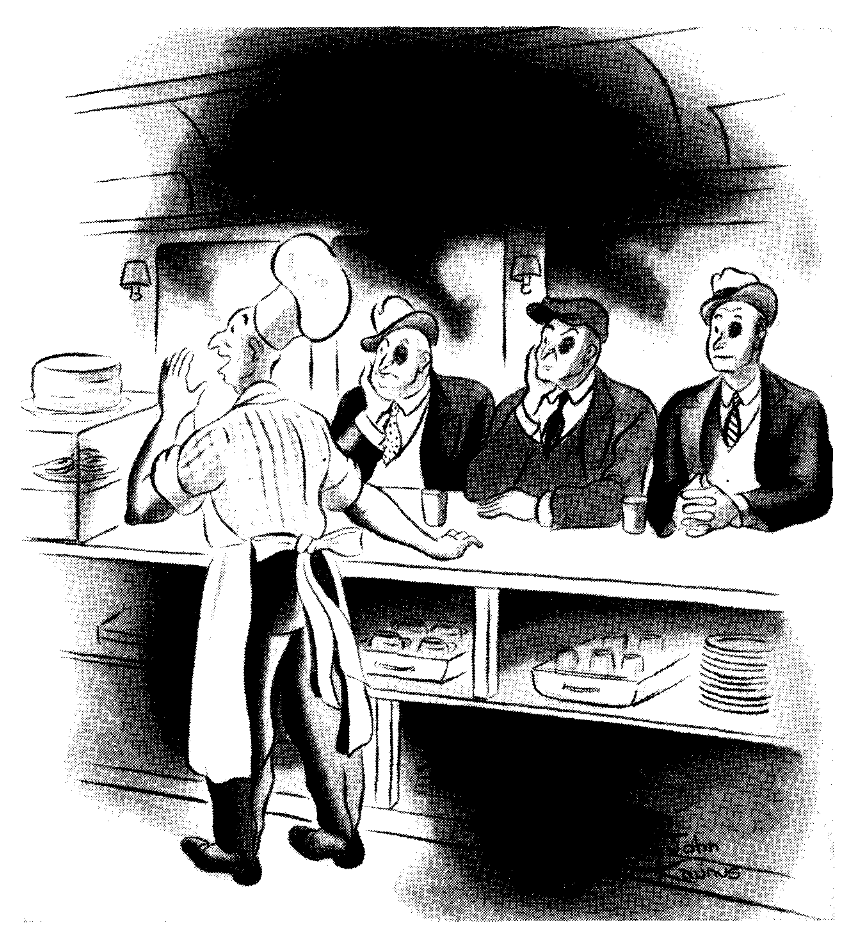
"I get you. But how can I help?"

"I was thinkin' they oughta be got to Boston quicker than my vessel c'n take 'em in a hard beat to wind'ard."

"I see what you mean, but how can it be done? It's out of the question to transfer them to my ship in this sea."

"Acourse. And I wouldn't allow it, their lives bein' in my keepin' now, Japs though they be and a crime the way they're grabbin' off China and sellin' their inferior frozen halibut at ruinous

(Continued on page 45)



"Three beefsteak sandwiches—no bread!" JOHN KAUNUS

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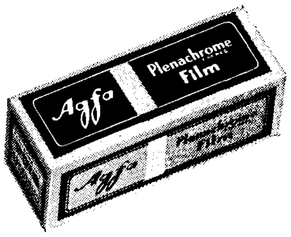

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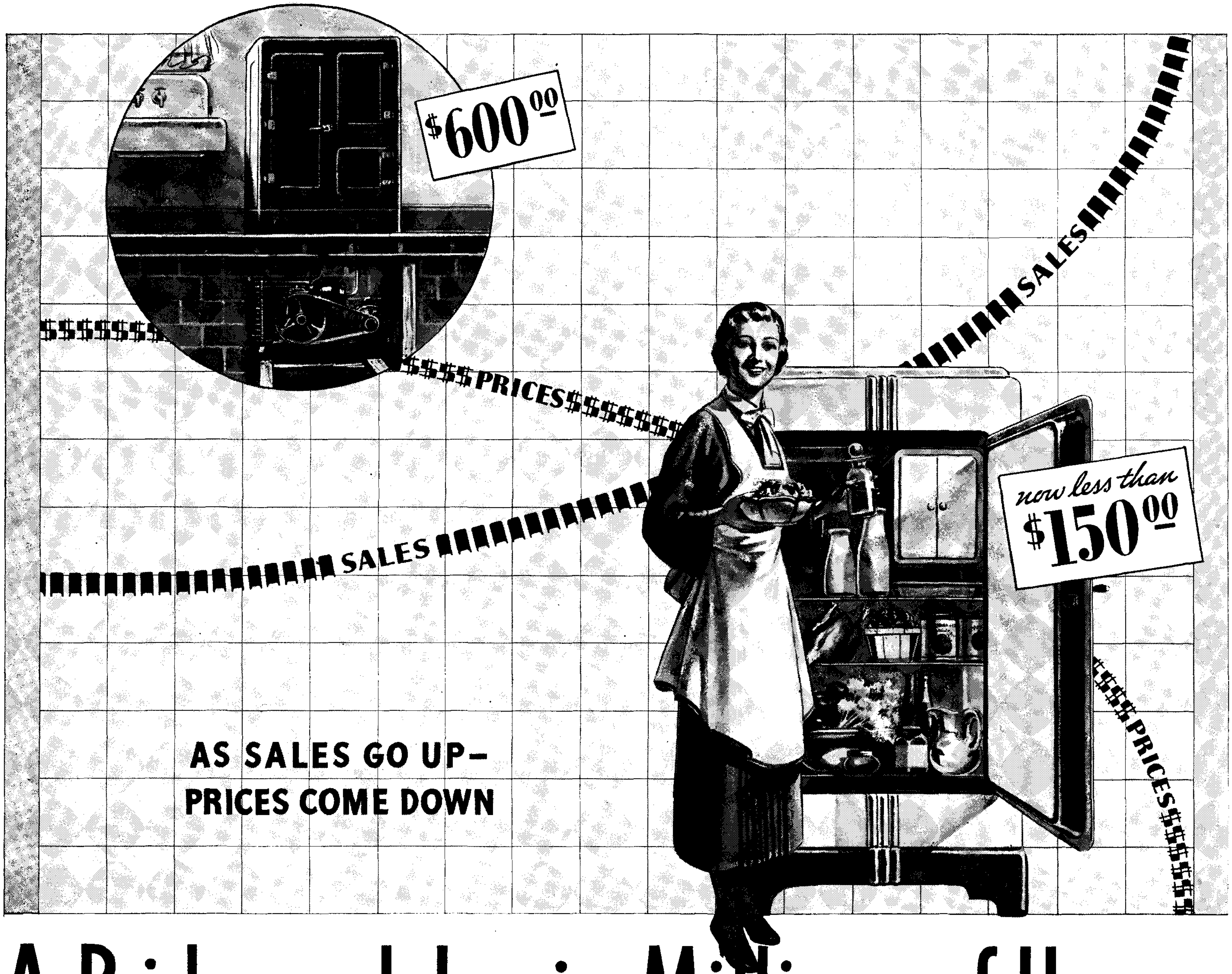

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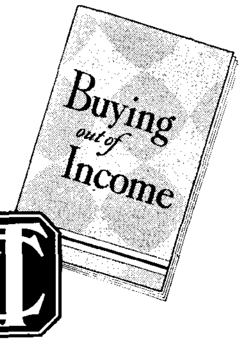

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WIDENS THE SCOPE OF BUSINESS

The Human Touch

Continued from page 42

prices in our markets. They're human bein's for all that."

"Yes, yes, but what can I do to help?"

"Take the Cynthy in tow. You got tens o' thousands o' horse power aboard your ship, enough power, I callate, to tow the Cynthy about's fast as she'd sail afore a strong fair breeze o' wind, so why not you be towin' us and not havin' all them sufferin' Japs delayed aboard a vessel that's got no doctor nor no hospital beds nor no medical supplies, less it be a couple o' quarts of Epsom salts, which ain't at all what they need most."

"I get you now, Captain. Sure I'll tow you. Stand by to take our hawser."

We take the hawser. Sam Pryor comes below, and he's smiling for the first time in two days. "Old Josh," says Sam, "may be easy hookin' for designin' wimmin ashore, specially if they're widders, but let him get out to sea and he cert'nly knows how to suit his baitin' to the fishin' in hand. Here's that gover'ment ship walkin' us along all o' twelve knots for the Boston market. A wise old sea gull is what he is."

NEXT morning we're going up Boston Harbor. The Japs have been fed, our fellows 've had breakfast, and everybody's feeling good unless perhaps it's Sam and John sitting on lockers for'ard with not a word out of them.

Hector Penny comes off watch. "That destroyer skipper," says Hector, "just hailed back to tell Josh that he's got a radio message saying the Japanese Consul is on the fish pier waiting to receive the captain of the Cynthia and the rescued steamer crew."

"And what did Josh say to that?" I asked.

"He hailed back to ask if there's any radio message about the market price of halibut. And for you, Sam, and for you, John, the destroyer skipper says there'll probably be medals."

"If there is," I says, "that'll be the first time any Gloucester dory men ever got medals for riskin' their lives. What would you do with a medal, John?"

"If I get one?" says John. "I'll turn it over to my oldest boy. He'll prob'ly pin it on his coat and tell ev'rybody how I got it."

"And you, Sam? What'd you do with yours?" I ask.

"Not havin' any children," says Sam, and stops.

John looks sidewise at Sam when he said that, and if he had the same thought I did, it was that he and Sam had had many a talk about families and children when they were out by themselves in their dory.

"Not havin' any children," says Sam again.

"And not likely to have," says Lem Fowler.

"And not likely to have—right," says Sam, grinning at Lem, "I s'pose I could pin it on my oilskin coat and wear it haulin' trawls in the dory."

Lem Fowler looks like he's going to make another wisecrack, but John gives him a hard look and he don't. And then Sam waits and says: "If I had a home and a dory load of children waitin' for me mebbe I'd never gone in that dory yesterday."

"Oh, yes you would, Sam," busts out John. "And as for China, maybe she is a bit backward in a lot o' ways. And maybe Japan is more progressive."

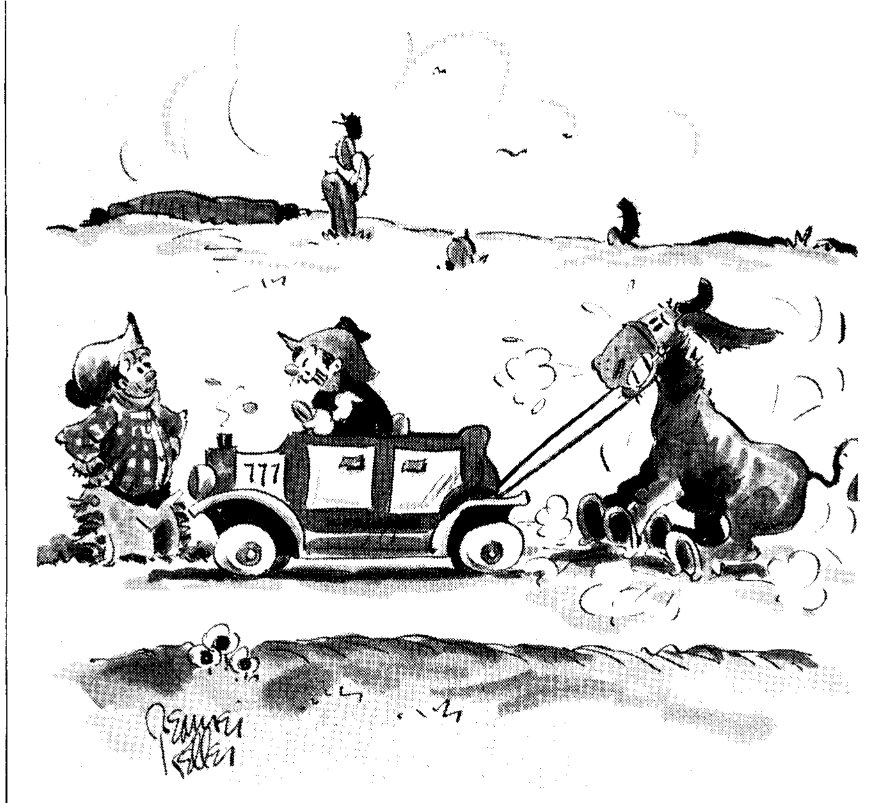
Sam swings around and looks at John and their quarrel ends right there. "Forget Japan," says Sam. "I'm fightin' no more of her battles."

Everybody is happy, and Hector Penny says: "How about a little somethin' from the radio, Jud?" And I tune in, and out pops a glad voice saying: "And now, for our calisthenic drill. And remember, class, to flex the muscles vigorously."

And this time nobody was sore, not even Hector when he said: "I'd like to have that catfish alongside me hoistin' fish out the hold today. I'll bet he'd flex his muscles tryin' to hold his end up."

A minute later came the word that Captain Josh had got a radio message about the price. "A dang good price," we could hear Josh saying to somebody up on deck. "It'll be a record trip for the winter."

"Hear that?" says Sam to Lem. "Bad luck! Huh!" Which shut up Lem.



"He comes in handy when I'm goin' down hill. My brakes are bad"

KRAMER KELLER

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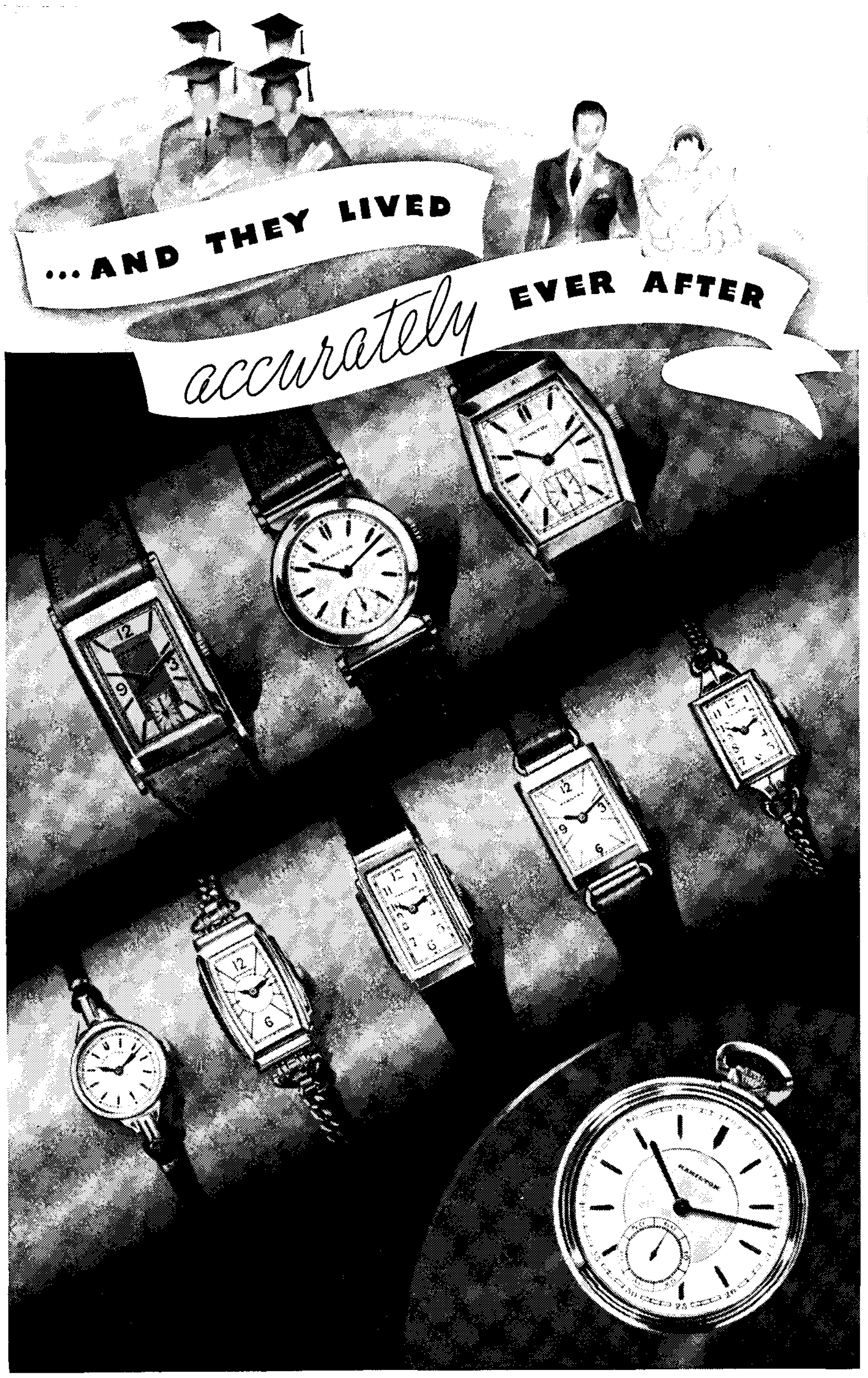

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Hamilton

The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

Cross Purposes

Continued from page 13

"That's just too bad!" said Enid hotly. "We're all well and happy, and people like us. That's how I *want* things to be. I'm sorry for the girl who marries *you*, Dick!"

"That girl doesn't exist," he thought. "I've never met a girl I wanted to marry. I'd hate domestic life like hell." He forgot Enid, and thought of Bonnie. "That's what I like," he thought. "To go to really first-class places, with a gorgeous girl like that. But I can't afford it. I'm not going to be a fool."

He remembered Bonnie, sitting across the table from him, so beautiful, so cool, so unapproachable; he remembered that glance of hers. And, compared with her, everyone else seemed insipid and tiresome; he didn't want to see any of the people he knew, didn't want to visit any of his friends. He wanted to take Bonnie to the opera.

HE TRIED to put that dangerous idea out of his mind. But on Wednesday evening, in his one-room apartment near the East River, he rang Bonnie up. She was at home.

"They're giving Madame Butterfly on Friday," he said. "If that interests you—"

"Friday . . . ?" she said. "Let's see . . . Yes, thanks."

He said nothing about dinner, he called for her later, and she came down in a gray chiffon dress, and an ermine wrap borrowed for the occasion.

"You're wonderful!" he said, in that way she hated.

"He *looks* just about perfect," she thought. "Like the sort of boy I've always wanted to meet. Like a scientist, or an explorer. . . . But he isn't. . . . He's just a show-off. He likes to be seen with a girl who's good-looking and well-dressed. That's all."

He sat beside her, impeccable, correct; when the curtain fell, they went into the lobby for a smoke.

"Do you like Manon?" he asked.

"I don't know," she answered, suddenly rebellious. "I've only been to the opera once before in my life. I don't really know a darn' thing about music." She looked straight at him, and she was glad to see that he was a little disconcerted.

"I'm not a highbrow," she said. "And I'm not a society girl."

"Then, what are you?" he asked with a smile.

"You'll have to find that out for yourself," she said.

He could have asked questions then; he could have asked what she really did like, where she came from, what she thought about things. She would have answered him honestly and readily. But he didn't ask.

"Let's have supper," he said, after the final curtain.

"No, thanks. I've got to pose at nine tomorrow, and I need my sleep."

They went up the aisle, slowly, in the crowd, plenty of pretty girls so dressed, so groomed that they were beautiful; plenty of immaculate, distinguished men.

"I *hate* all this sort of thing!" she cried to herself. "I'd rather be at the movies back home, where you *know* people. Where people talk to you. . . ."

"What made you look so angry?" he asked, when they were in a taxi.

She almost felt like telling him.

"I'm homesick—and yet I don't want to go home. I won't go home. I've got what I thought I wanted—and I'm not happy. I'm *not* happy. . . ."

But while she was silent, with these words at the tip of her tongue, he laid his hand over hers. Just as many other men had done, in just the same way.

"Do you mind, not?" she asked, politely. "Much as I appreciate your lavish hospitality—I'd rather be let alone."

He took his hand away immediately. Glancing at him sidewise, she saw a dull flush on his dark face. He didn't like that.

"I'm glad," she thought. "He was getting ready to begin a little love-making without bothering to find out anything about me. . . . Without *caring* anything about me. . . ."

She wished that her heart would not beat so fast, with anger, with a sort of pain.

"May I come up for a moment?" he asked when they reached the hotel.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I'm afraid it's too late."

She could see that he didn't like that, either.

"I—thanks for coming with me," he said stiffly. "Is it the last time?"

She gave him a slow enigmatic smile.

"I don't know," she said, "I haven't made up my mind about you yet."

"I have—about you," he said.

Their eyes met steadily.

"Well, what's the verdict?" she asked.

"I think—you're the most beautiful girl in the world—" he said.

"Good night!" she said, and left him.

She cried, alone in her room.

"That's all there is to it!" she told herself, with a sob. "Just my looks—and my clothes. All right! Perhaps that's all anyone ever *will* like about me. Well, I don't want that! It's not good enough. I hate him. . . ."

DONALDSON put on a dressing-gown, and sat down to smoke. He was in no mood for sleep.

"Of course, it doesn't matter," he told himself. "I've only met her twice. I couldn't possibly care much about a girl I don't know anything about. . . . Darned unpleasant ideas she has. . . ! When I just touched her hand. . . . 'Much as I appreciate your lavish hospitality—' "

He still smarted under that implication.

"I wanted to talk to her," he thought. "And when I asked if I could come up, she chose to think it was an insult."

It rankled unbearably. He smoked one cigarette after another until his throat was dry, and the air in the room blue and thick. Then he pulled up the shades and opened the windows; it had begun to rain very quietly; the street below him was black and glistening and almost deserted.

"I tried to show her . . ." he thought. "When I took her out, I did every darn' thing I knew for her. I went to see her the moment she asked me. I've never said anything, or done anything to make her act like that. I liked her the first time I saw her. I was attracted by her."

He pulled the shade down over the open window, and the rain pattered gently against it.

"I'm sorry . . ." he said to himself. "I thought I was going—to like her."

He was so sorry that even when he awoke in the morning that sense of regret was there.

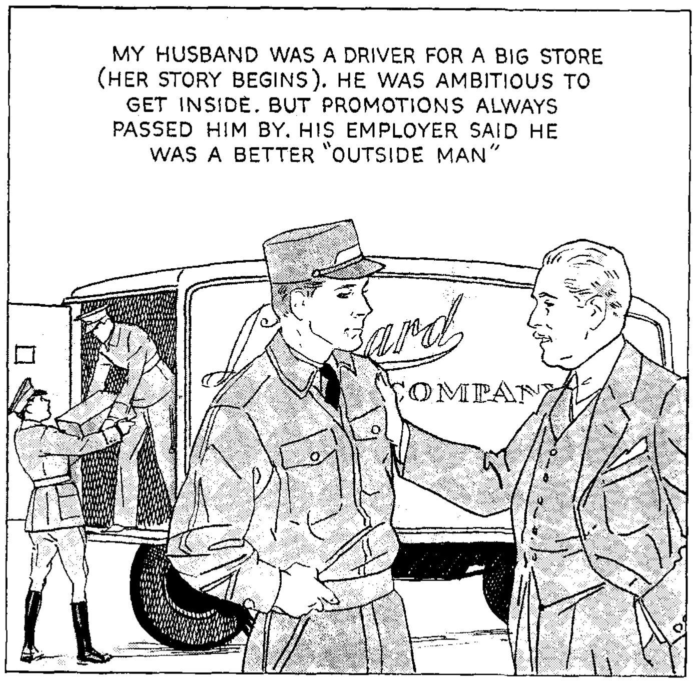
It was almost a sense of loss, it was almost as if he missed Bonnie, as if they had had all sorts of plans which were now ruined. He would never take Bonnie to a first-night, now; they would never dance together.

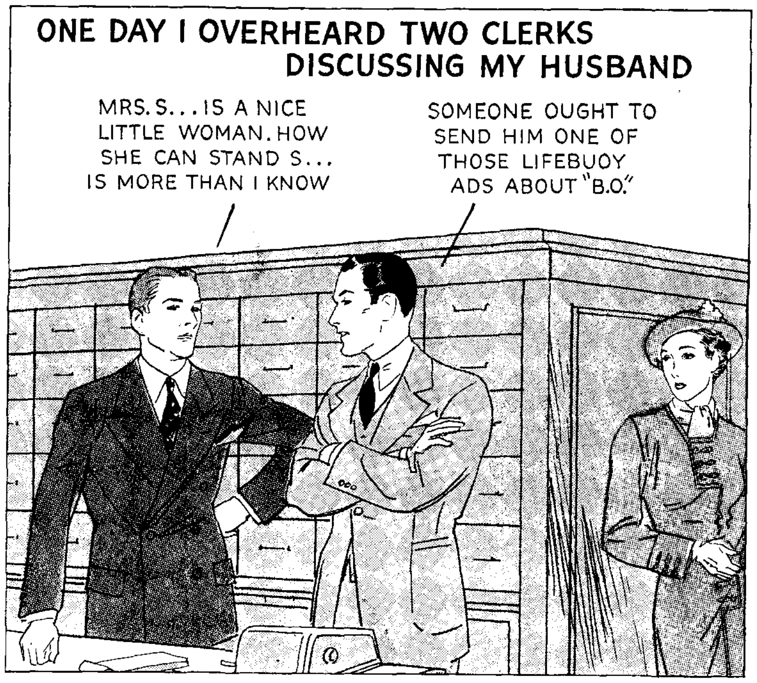
He took another girl out to dinner that night. A girl he had known for a year or so, and liked. She was very pretty, very well-dressed, she was much

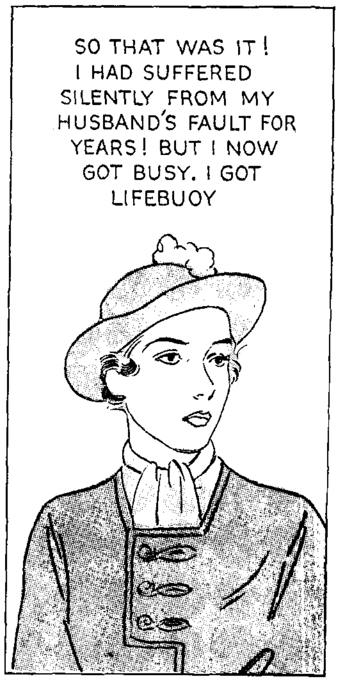
(Continued on page 48)

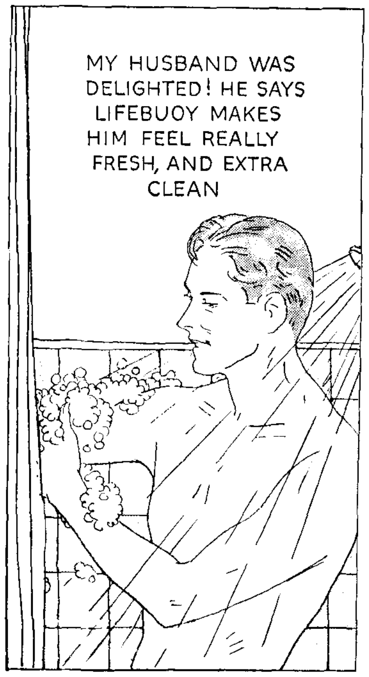
MY HUSBAND OWES HIS PROMOTION TO ME!

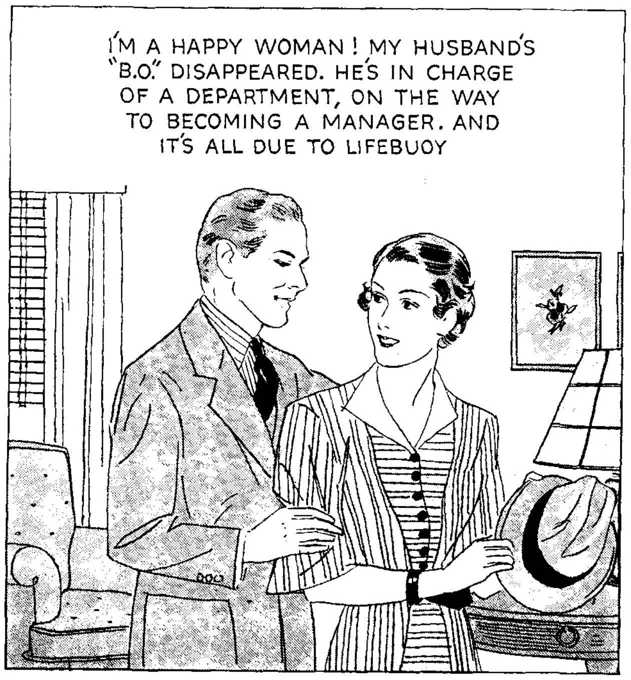
The true B.O. experience of a wife who suffered silently until...

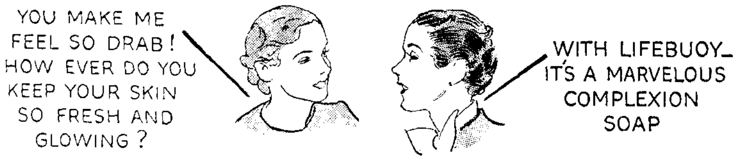

MY HUSBAND WAS A DRIVER FOR A BIG STORE (HER STORY BEGINS). HE WAS AMBITIOUS TO GET INSIDE. BUT PROMOTIONS ALWAYS PASSED HIM BY. HIS EMPLOYER SAID HE WAS A BETTER "OUTSIDE MAN"
COMPANY


ONE DAY I OVERHEARD TWO CLERKS DISCUSSING MY HUSBAND
MRS. S... IS A NICE LITTLE WOMAN. HOW SHE CAN STAND S... IS MORE THAN I KNOW
SOMEONE OUGHT TO SEND HIM ONE OF THOSE LIFEBUOY ADS ABOUT "B.O."


SO THAT WAS IT! I HAD SUFFERED SILENTLY FROM MY HUSBAND'S FAULT FOR YEARS! BUT I NOW GOT BUSY. I GOT LIFEBUOY


MY HUSBAND WAS DELIGHTED! HE SAYS LIFEBUOY MAKES HIM FEEL REALLY FRESH, AND EXTRA CLEAN


I'M A HAPPY WOMAN! MY HUSBAND'S "B.O." DISAPPEARED. HE'S IN CHARGE OF A DEPARTMENT, ON THE WAY TO BECOMING A MANAGER. AND IT'S ALL DUE TO LIFEBUOY

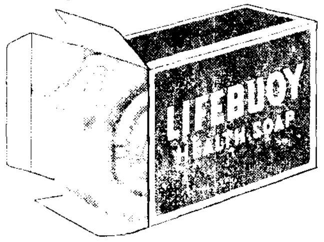

YOU MAKE ME FEEL SO DRAB! HOW EVER DO YOU KEEP YOUR SKIN SO FRESH AND GLOWING?
WITH LIFEBUOY—IT'S A MARVELOUS COMPLEXION SOAP

LOOK in your mirror—now! Has *your* skin that freshness women envy, men adore? If it has, use Lifebuoy to guard it! If it's tired-looking, dull, Lifebuoy will revive it! The creamy lather *gently* removes clogging dirt, makes skin glow! "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women prove it's more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

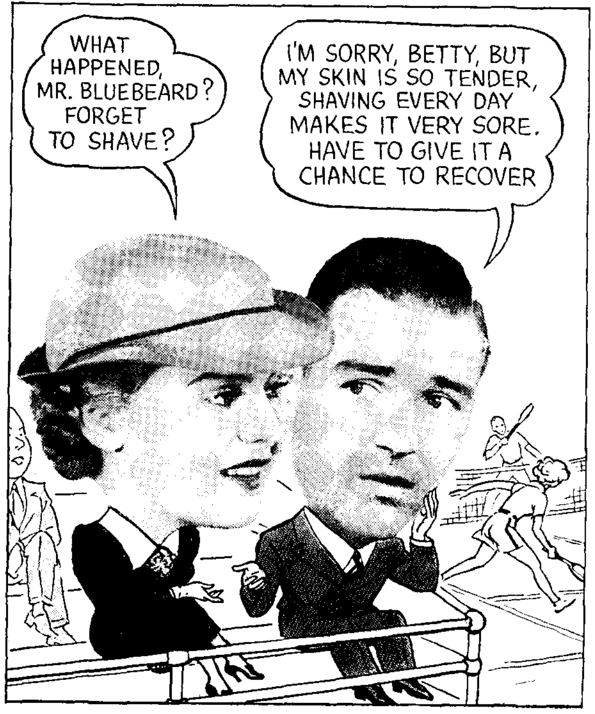
"B.O." is no respecter of persons!

Thousands of letters prove that *no one* can be sure just *when* he's offending. Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy! Its rich lather searches more deeply, keeps you *fresh!* Its clean scent rinses away.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau


LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

ENOUGH FOR 120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG RED TUBE


WHAT HAPPENED, MR. BLUEBEARD? FORGET TO SHAVE?
I'M SORRY, BETTY, BUT MY SKIN IS SO TENDER, SHAVING EVERY DAY MAKES IT VERY SORE. HAVE TO GIVE IT A CHANCE TO RECOVER

SHAVING USED TO BOTHER MY DAD THAT WAY. BUT NOT SINCE HE'S USING LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM. SAYS IT'S EASIER ON TENDER SKIN BECAUSE IT'S LOTS MILDER THAN OTHER LEADING SHAVING SOAPS
REALLY? I'LL TRY IT. THANKS FOR TELLING ME

SWELL! NO MORE SORE FACE FROM SHAVING. LIFEBUOY'S SO MILD AND SOOTHING! ITS LATHER STAYS WET, TOO, SOFTENS MY BEARD LIKE NOBODY'S BUSINESS

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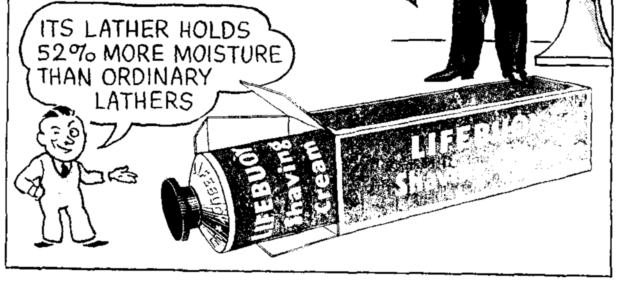
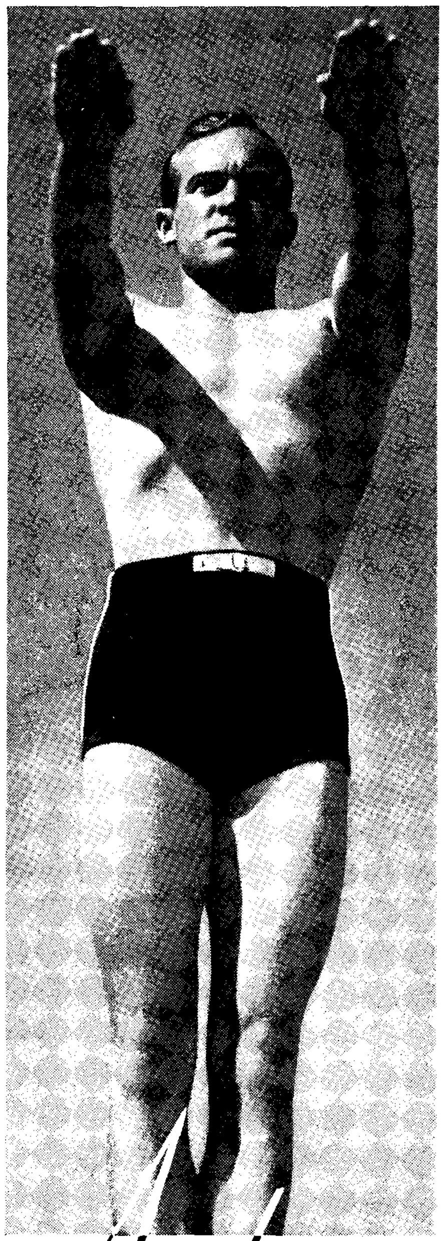

ITS LATHER HOLDS 52% MORE MOISTURE THAN ORDINARY LATHERS
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream



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CALIFORNIA

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● Californians, athletic, sun-loving, first asked for brief trunks. Jantzen gave them the Half-Hitch. Watch their beaches, and your own, this summer. Here are the Trunks of the Year! It is well to remember that only in the Half-Hitch and other Jantzen trunks will you find the shaped Lastex Sunaka Support that assures perfection of fit, day-long comfort and smooth front appearance.

The Half-Hitch $2.95
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Cross Purposes

Continued from page 46

more amusing than Bonnie. She deliberately tried to be amusing; he took her to a hotel considerably more moderate than Labranche's, and she liked it, and said so. She enjoyed herself, and was gay and happy, not cool and superior, like Bonnie.

Yet, he missed Bonnie every minute. Nobody else would do.

"Well," he said to himself, when he got home, "shall I go ahead, and make a damn' fool of myself? Run after Bonnie? Keep on asking her out—when she's never, never even halfway decent or polite to me?"

Once more, he thought. He would ask her out to dinner once more, and perhaps that would cure him. It wasn't his nature to make a fool of himself about a girl who didn't like him, a girl without kindness or gentleness or gayety. He would ask her once more—but he would wait until Monday.

And he would have waited until Monday. But on Saturday morning, he got a note from her. It began without any salutation.

"Do you want to come to a party tonight? I don't know what it will be like, and I won't be responsible. Unless I hear from you, I'll stop for you at nine.

BONNIE."

In a moment, he was elated, triumphant. It was she who had taken the first step. But when he thought it over, he was not pleased any more.

"She doesn't know what the party will be like, and she doesn't want to take anyone she cares about," he thought. "I'm not going."

He reached for the telephone to ring her up and refuse the invitation. But he didn't make the call. Once more. . . .

There must, he thought, be some reason why she wanted to stop for him; perhaps she would be coming in somebody's car. Anyhow, he was all ready in his dinner jacket at nine o'clock. And she didn't come. At half past nine, she hadn't come.

Very well. He was not going to ring her up to see if she were delayed, or not coming at all. He would wait until a quarter to ten, and then he was going out.

QUARTER to ten. . . . He put on his hat and overcoat, and he did go out. Heaven knew where. When he stepped out of the elevator, he saw Bonnie in the lobby, standing near the switchboard, an unfamiliar Bonnie in a polo coat and a rough-and-ready sort of hat. Not cool and superior either; she looked dismayed.

"Oh!" she said, when she saw Donaldson. "Your apartment didn't answer. Were you going to wait down here?"

"To tell you the truth," said Donaldson, "I'd given you up. I thought you'd probably forgotten all about the date."

"I see. You weren't going to wait . . ."

"I did wait three quarters of an hour."

"I suppose you've made another date now. Well. . . ! I'll see you again—perhaps—"

She was walking away, with her hands in her coat pockets. The low-heeled shoes she wore made her look littler; in that rough coat and careless hat she seemed somehow pathetic.

"Hold on!" he said. "You invited me to a party—"

"You wouldn't like it," she said. "It's going to be rough."

"Well, if you think I'm too sensitive—" he said, with a stiff smile.

"You won't like it," she repeated. "And it honestly wasn't necessary to get all dressed up. I wrote you—"

"I'm not 'all dressed up,'" said Donaldson. "And you didn't say anything in your note about not dressing."

"You must have overlooked it," said she. "I *know* I said, 'Don't bother to dress.'"

"My mistake . . ." said Donaldson.

But he knew it wasn't his mistake. She was utterly unreasonable, imperious, hostile.

"I wish I'd been gone when she got here," he thought.

BONNIE had met Elise in Joe Kennedy's studio, where they had posed together; two debutantes, they were supposed to be, both in riding clothes, and both consulting wrist watches of a particular make. Elise was beautiful, mild, sad, very young, lovely. Bonnie had been startled to hear that she was getting a divorce from her second husband.

Tonight's party was to celebrate the divorce, and both the ex-husbands would be present. Bonnie had intended to tell Donaldson that; she had thought he would be amused. But now, she had no wish to tell him anything.

"He simply isn't any *fun*," she said to herself as she rode uptown. "He's just conceited, and pompous. If I told him about Elise, he'd be shocked."

Her own disappointment surprised and angered her; she resented caring this much. What if she had thought that she and Donaldson would go to this amazing party in a spirit of gay adventure? She had been stupid, that was all; she had forgotten what he was really like.

They drove to the house in the East Eighties in absolute silence. Bonnie parked the car, which she had borrowed from Katherine Reid, the debutante model who had lent her the ermine wrap, and locked it. They went into the house, and up in the elevator. A colored maid opened the door of the apartment; from the hall Bonnie could see a long drawing-room, furnished in chromium and white leather, the air thick with smoke, a crowd of people; she could hear that familiar note in the babel of voices. The drinking was evidently well under way, a girl was screaming with laughter, a man was singing, someone struck violent chords on the piano, there was a sound of breaking glass.

"D'you want to go in?" Donaldson asked briefly.

"Why not?" said Bonnie. "But if it's too rough for you . . . ?"

"Come on!"

"It's just New York," she said. "I've been to many of these things. And of course there're never any real New Yorkers—"

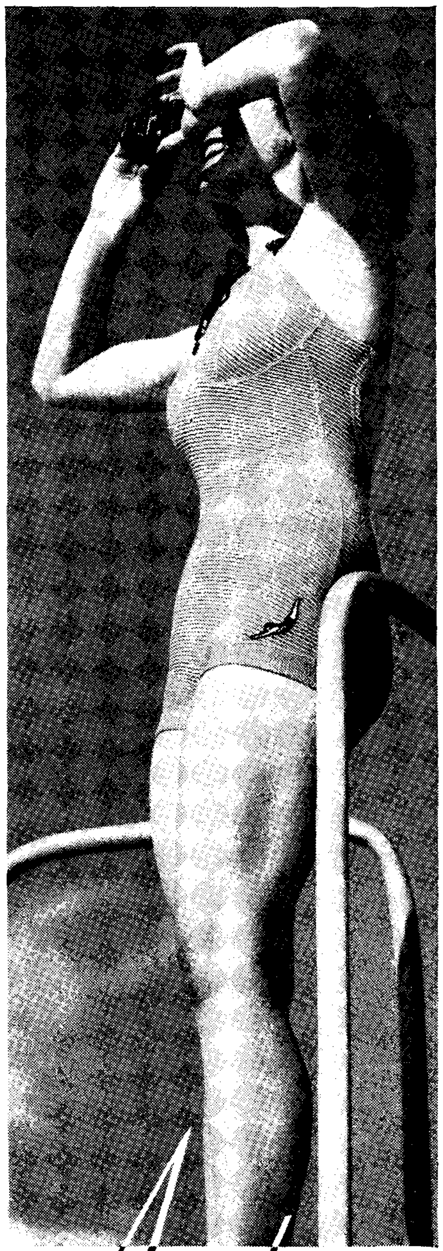
"That's one of those things . . ." said Donaldson. "One of those darn' fool cracks people make. What do you suppose *happens* to all the thousands of people who are born in New York? I was, myself. Everybody doesn't come from Kansas or Ohio—"

"I know that," she said. "Because I'm from Minnesota, myself. And I'm sorry to say I'm not ashamed of it. I'm not impressed by your being a New Yorker . . ." She wanted to stop, but the queerest sort of rage filled her. "Ever since we first met," she went on, "you've been trying to impress me. Showing off—asking me to the opera—"

He stood there, hat in hand, so high and mighty, with his white muffler, and his open overcoat showing his correct dinner jacket. . . .

"I tried to take you to places I thought you'd like," he said, stiffly.

"You never even tried to find out what I liked. You've never shown one single bit of interest in me."



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"Why do you suppose I asked you to go out, at all?"

"Because you think I'm 'gorgeous'!" she cried.

"Sorry," he said.

He didn't try to deny it.

"I'd honestly advise you to go home," she said. "You won't like this. They're not your sort of people—you wouldn't have a good time."

"I'll come back later. Whatever time you say—and see you home."

"Thanks, but there are plenty of boys I know here. . . ."

"All right!" said Donaldson.

WHEN he left that house, Donaldson had no intention of going home. Only when he tried to think of some place to go, there was nothing. He walked the two miles or so back to his apartment, and by the time he had reached there, he had made up his mind.

"The whole thing's washed up," he said to himself. "I'm cured. 'Gorgeous' is just what she is. And I'm off gorgeous girls for life. She simply wants to make a slave of me—a fool of me. . . . Wants me to be at her beck and call. . . . She asked me to that party. She was nearly an hour late. Then when we got there, she told me to go home."

Wasn't there another girl somewhere? A girl with that air of cool pride that so attracted him, who would be gentle and kind, and courteous and generous?

"Probably not," he thought. "Probably it's just a darn' fool, *young* idea of mine. I'll get over it."

Only he was sorry. So sorry that Bonnie wasn't the girl. He remembered her in that rough coat and careless little hat, and a passionate rage filled him.

"If she'd *ever* been decent to me—even once," he thought. "But she doesn't like me. All right! I'm not that kind of fool. Not the kind to run after a girl when she doesn't like me."

A girl he had gone around with quite a lot, last year, had led him into buying brass down in the Village. She had bought so much of it, and he had for no very good reason bought two candlesticks, a bowl, and a tray. He set them out on a table now, and sat down in his shirt sleeves to clean them. He was surprised to hear the doorbell ring; he glanced at his watch and saw that it was after eleven.

It was Bonnie, and she was crying. "Dick!" she said. "What shall I *do?*"

"Why, Bonnie? What's the matter?"

"It's Paul, a boy I knew at the party. I saw that he was getting terribly tight, and I told him I'd drive him home. And now he's passed out. In Katherine's car."

"I'll drive him home, Bonnie. Sit down here, and wait."

"But I don't know where he *lives!*" she cried, with a sob, "I don't know what to do with him! I hate him! It's disgusting and hateful—"

"You don't want to be too hard on him, Bonnie," said Donaldson, "Maybe he didn't realize he was taking too much."

"Well, he *ought* to realize! *You* wouldn't do that. You wouldn't put a girl in such a hateful, humiliating, ridiculous position! I don't know what to do with him!"

"I'll look after him, Bonnie."

"I knew you would . . ." she said unsteadily. "I knew you'd never let anyone down."

"That's a darn' nice thing to say."

She smiled at him through her tears. And there wasn't the least shadow of misunderstanding between them. He knew exactly what she was like. Just a kid. A sweet kid, with a line.

And she had turned to him, because she trusted him above everyone else. He was the nicest boy. . . .

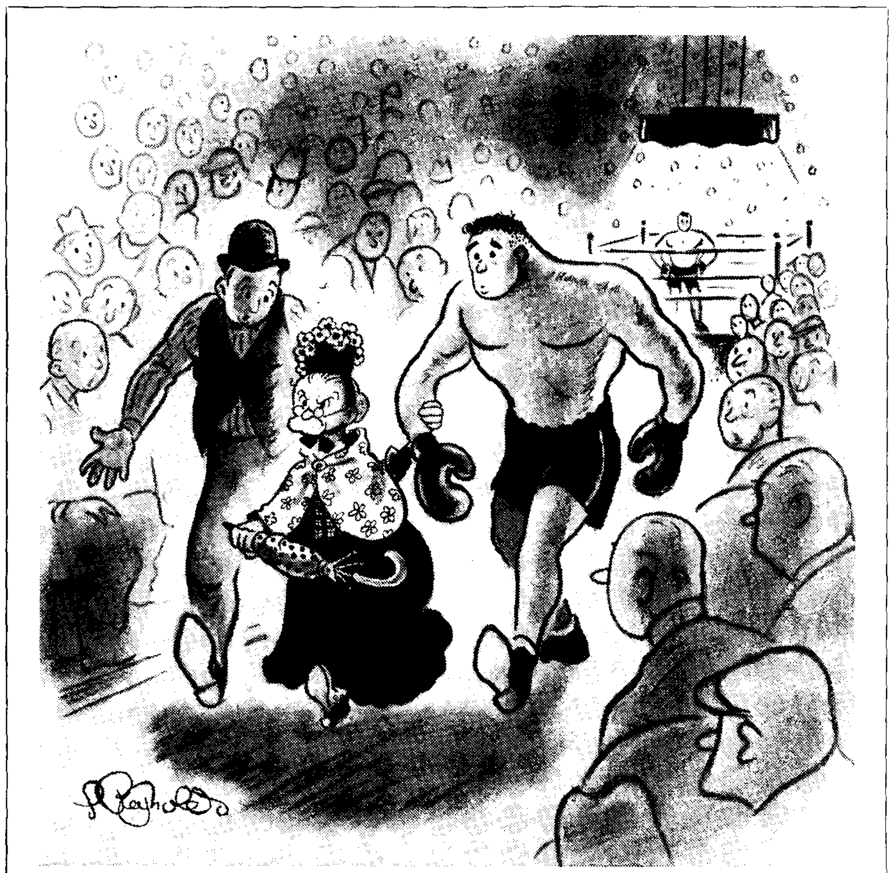
"I'll get rid of Paul," he said. "I'll take him to a hotel I know. Then I'll come back and take you home."

"I'd rather go along with you now. I'll have to leave Katherine's car at the garage."

He put on his dinner jacket and the white muffler, only she didn't think he was high and mighty now.

"Come on!" he said, taking her hand.

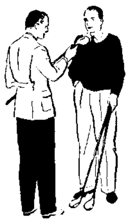
They were alone in the elevator, still hand in hand. They didn't care what the boy thought. Because he was a man, and she was a woman, this had been a chasm between them. And now the chasm was bridged, and they would go hand in hand. They weren't in any way surprised by this sudden understanding between them. They just took it for granted. They were just happy.

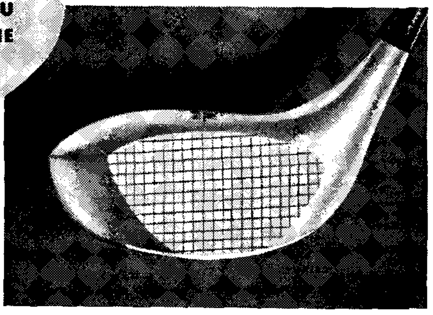


"Aw gee! Mrs. Mulligan, we sort of counted on Butch fightin' tonight!"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

THE BAP IS BACK!
THE BAP IS BACK!
THE BAP IS BACK!
THE BAP IS BACK!





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YES SIR, the club that golfers couldn't forget . . . the club that one out of every three golfers called the perfect wood . . . it's back with a bang . . . and how.

We just couldn't resist the demands of grizzled pros . . . leading amateurs . . . and thousands of average players . . . so we give you the 1936 version of the BAP . . . the most famous wood club ever built.

It's a "sweet" feeling, sturdy he-man's club with an oil-hardened head that won't chip or swell or shrink. It's precision balanced . . . plain-faced and fool-proof without frills or gadgets. Yes, it's a two-fisted club with a stiff True-Temper shaft that's gun metal sheathed against glare. In other words, it's the new MacGregor BAP—now greater than ever—in two models, $6.00 and $10.00. The Crawford, McGregor and Canby Co., Dayton, Ohio.

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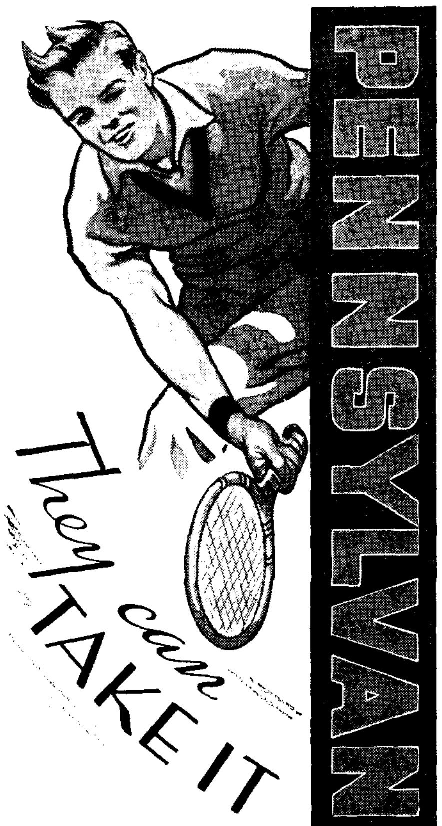

You'll get 200% more play from these wooly, rough and tough fellows. And, *a better game!* They're true-flying, lightning-fast, exactly uniform in size, weight, balance and bounce—truly world's champion quality balls—game "builder-uppers" for seeded player or dub.

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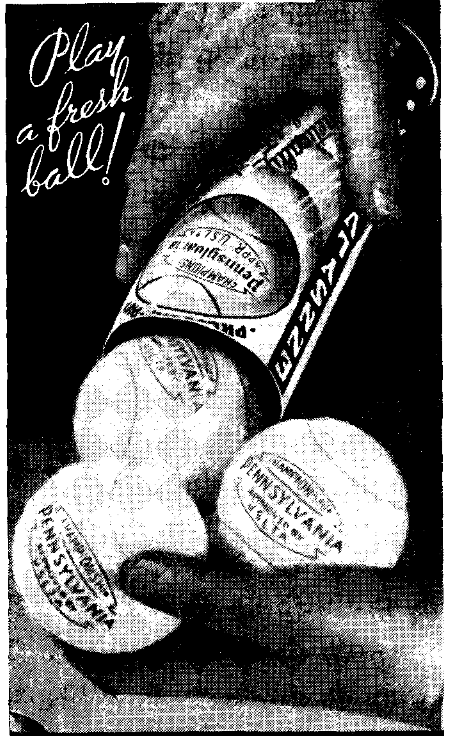


PENNSYLVANIA
Pressure-Packed Tennis Balls

Late Winner

Continued from page 20

when he said: "Wilmer Allison is past his prime and his prime was nothing to wire your Aunt Bertha about." So it seemed to all of us who watched him, a tired, worn-out player staggering about the center court at Wimbledon in vain pursuit of Mr. Perry and Mr. Austin. His peak had been reached. He had failed; he was thirty-one; his best days were over. No one ever copped a big title at that age.

Most players would have turned to golf; Wilmer could have done that, for he is a first-class golfer and shoots hard courses in the low eighties. Once in Australia he played Len Nettlefold, the amateur champion, and was beaten one up. But in tennis he was through. After all, he'd met Perry five times and never won. Wasn't that conclusive? Not for Wilmer. He returned from Wimbledon, rested three weeks in Maine, came down to the Championships at Forest Hills, blew Enrique Maier, the Spanish champion, off the court in fifty minutes, allowing him exactly ten games, and faced Master Perry. Master Perry faced him. Master Perry faced a whirlwind. He got two more games than Maier. In the finals Sidney Wood, the man they thought should have been used instead of Wilmer in the Davis Cup, managed to get seven games in a match that took just forty-eight minutes. At thirty-one, Allison became champion, the oldest player ever to win the title, and the first American to hold it since 1932.

Wasn't Perry bothered by a bad fall? Sure, but he was more bothered by a gent named Allison who was top dog from the first shot, who bombarded the Britisher with a barrage of drives pitching on the lines, who mixed his strokes so that he was Perry's superior from the start. No one would be so foolish as to predict their coming battle in the Davis Cup this summer. One thing, however, is sure. Perry won't be as careless as he has been in the past. Now he knows what he's up against.

Five feet eleven, one hundred and fifty pounds of muscle, he makes one think of those weather-beaten Texas Rangers leaning against the front of a store in the Panhandle, listless, indolent, then like a flash whipping out a gun as some desperado rides to town. That's Wilmer; quick on the draw as any Ranger of his native state. In fact, this characteristic is specially his: he'll fence a few rallies casually from the baseline, then suddenly hurl himself at the net like a tiger for its kill. His reactions are amazingly rapid; he has the quickest reflexes of anyone in modern tennis. To see him leap into the air and intercept a volley with outstretched racket is to see the best there is in the American game.

A Volleyer by Instinct

So at long last, at thirty-one, at an age when most players have given up the game or are thinking of doing so, for tournament tennis, remember, is a young man's sport, this sandy-haired Texan who played second fiddle to Tilden for years and understudy to Perry for years more, has put the punch in our game and restored the title to our shores. It was the volley that made America in tennis; Larned and Holcombe Ward and Maurice McLoughlin were all volleyers, and now Allison has brought the volley to the front again. He was a volleyer by instinct; he believed in volleying; because he is a volleyer he tops the heap. But volleying is exhausting! Yes, and listen to what Wilmer will say to that one.

"You'll often hear someone in the gallery remark, 'He's too tired to run up to the net any longer.' That's ridiculous. The first thing I do when exhausted is to run to the net at the earliest opportunity. It takes much less out of you to run to the net and make a volley or two than it does to dash up and down the baseline, pushing the ball back for what seems like, and frequently is, hours."

Win or lose, volley, says Allison. Volley when fresh, and above all, volley when tired. Here's a tip for you younger players from the champ. "A net attack," he says, "is more likely to succeed in the closing periods of a match than at the outset." He backs up his remarks by coming in himself no matter how weary he is.

A great fighter, Allison has always been willing to sacrifice himself in the common cause, and because he's just as good in doubles as singles, he has often been called on to play all five matches in the Davis Cup, although his physique doesn't permit his playing five hard matches in three days and being at his best. This year he won't have to undergo any such strain, for the U. S. Lawn Tennis Association has decided to play another team in doubles, reserving Allison and Budge for singles.

You'll see a different and a very good Allison this spring, and he needs to be good if we are to take back the Davis Cup from England. Because the task is harder than ever. Last summer the Germans obligingly beat the Australians in Berlin, this year the foxy Anzacs have challenged in the American Zone and meet our boys at Philadelphia this week. If we win, we move on to face the victors of the European Zone, probably the Germans, at Wimbledon on July 20, 21 and 23. The conquerors here face the English a week later, so that the Allison-Perry battle may be repeated for the seventh time on the famous center court at Wimbledon.

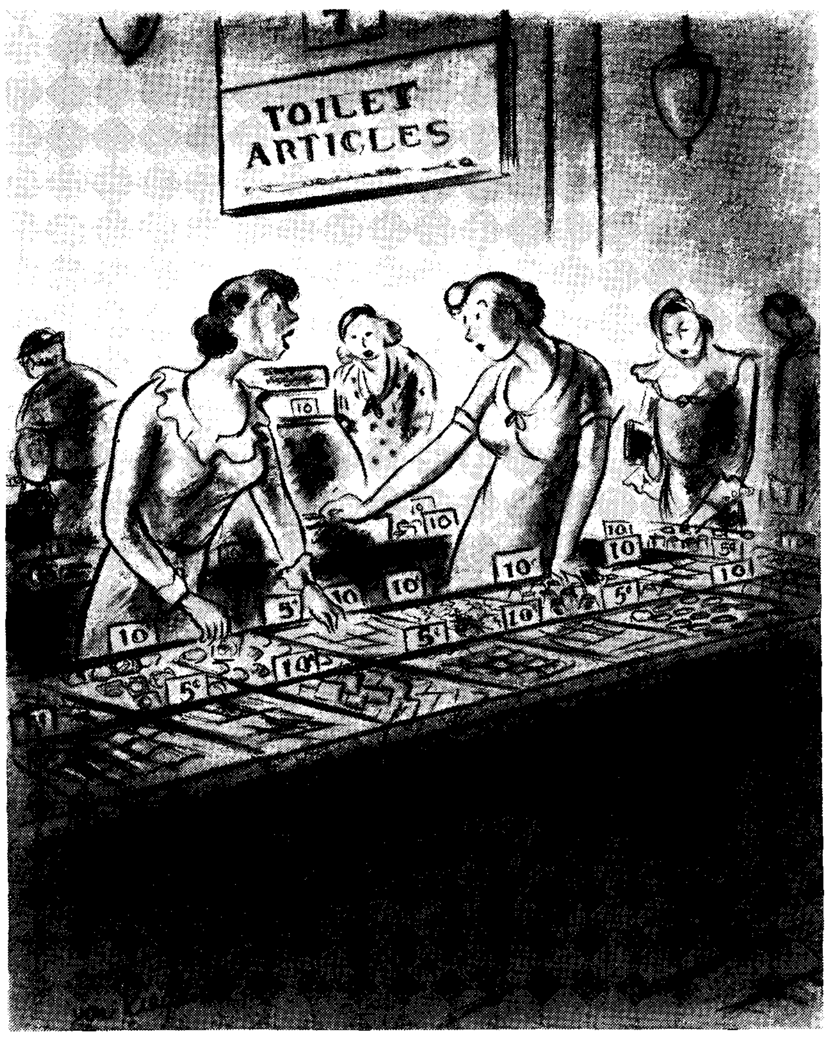
I think we'll get past Australia, yes, and Germany too. Then comes the Challenge Round, against Austin and Perry with the latter smarting for revenge, and what a match that will be! Helen Wills Moody says we'll win the Davis Cup this year; so does George Lott. Certainly we have an excellent chance. Win or lose, I know that boy Allison will be in there fighting every minute, no matter how things stand against us.

His Hour of Triumph

We've had great champions in the past and we'll have great players in the future, none more gallant or courageous than this Texan who wouldn't quit when by rights he was through and done for, who kept on plugging when the odds were against him until he came out on top. I can see him now, one man against twelve thousand and one in that howling delirious mob in Roland Garros Stadium, or coolly saving match point after match point in the critical doubles against the Germans last summer at Wimbledon.

But most of all, when I think of Wilmer, I'll think of his hour of triumph that sunny afternoon in September at Forest Hills when he blew Fred Perry off the court, and of a blue-eyed girl who stepped before a mike and said to a lot of excited folks several thousand miles to the south, her voice happy and her face sparkling:

"I sure am happy, happy for Wilmer and for those of us who've believed in him all these years."



"It's an easy job once you know the prices" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

A durable copper roof

Now...lower in cost than ever before

Look at the roof in this picture! It is Anaconda *Economy* Copper Roofing. It combines beauty with extreme durability, and will give years of satisfactory and economical service. Here are its advantages:

Appearance... Age and service increase its beauty.

Durability... Copper lasts indefinitely. Many of the world's monumental and historic structures are roofed with this time-defying metal.

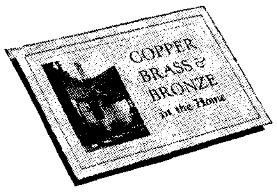
Maintenance... A correctly installed copper roof requires no further attention... does not even need painting.

Fire-Proof... Copper roofing eliminates the hazard of flying sparks.

Light-Weight... Copper roofing requires no heavy, costly supporting structure.

In addition... copper has a high salvage value; provides positive, moisture-protection for insulation; is lightning-proof when properly grounded.

Anaconda *Economy* Copper Roofing offers you these advantages at a lower cost than ever before. And, because it requires very little, if any, maintenance this durable roofing saves you money over a period of years. For further facts, write for Publication C-7.



Here is a small, readable booklet containing 12 suggestions for building and remodeling that will bring important upkeep savings. Your copy will be mailed promptly.

OTHER DURABLE ANACONDA PRODUCTS

For valleys, gutters, rain-pipes and flashings, no metal serves as long, as dependably, or for as little money as Anaconda Copper.

Anaconda 85 Red-Brass Pipe is the highest quality water pipe commercially obtainable. Anaconda Copper Tubes, installed with Anaconda Solder Fittings, cost about the same as rustable pipe.

Everdur Metal for Tanks... rustless as copper and strong as steel ... assures clean hot water indefinitely and ends all water storage tank expense due to rust.

Wide, thin sheets of Anaconda "Electro-Sheet" Copper, combined with alternate layers of asphalt, make a more durable type of built-up roof. Also used to damp-proof walls and foundations.

Screens of rustless Anaconda Bronze Wire last indefinitely.

THE AMERICAN BRASS COMPANY

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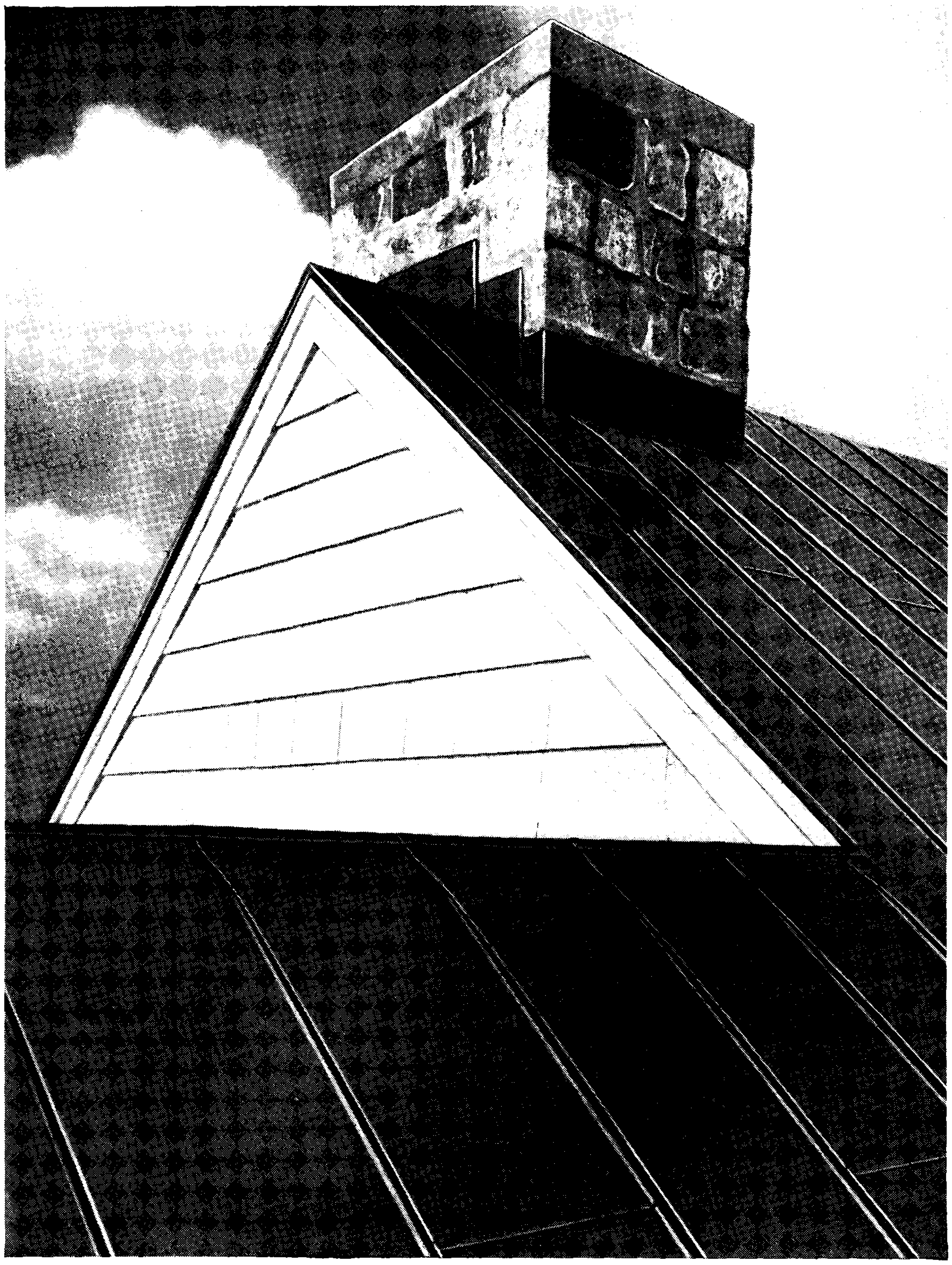

ANACONDA
from mine to consumer
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Anaconda Copper

WHY MOST SHAVES DON'T LAST 24 HOURS

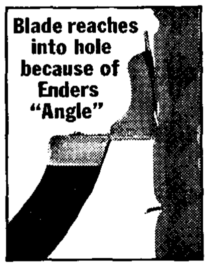
PHOTO-MICROGRAPH of an enlarged portion of the skin showing how each hair grows out of a tiny hole or valley.

Whiskers grow out of Holes—often 1/40 of an inch a day

ONLY a razor that can cut off each whisker down in the valley from which it grows can prevent rough, prickly beards by 5 o'clock.

The barber's straight-edge cuts closer because it has no thick guards. It reaches *down* into holes—cuts off whiskers closer, cleaner.

When ordinary guards were put on razors, they lessened the danger of cutting the skin; but they also changed the up-and-down angle of the razor to a side or "hoe" angle that prevented the blade from reaching into whisker holes and shaving closely.

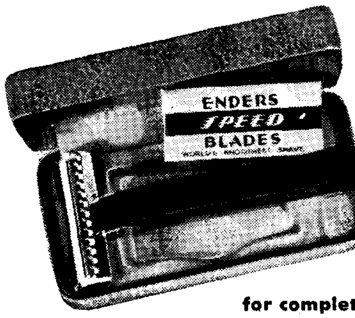

Blade reaches into hole because of Enders "Angle"

Razor lies flat on face—shaves at "straight-edge" angle

THE Enders Speed Razor shaves like a barber's straight-edge. Thin guards protect the skin—yet, permit the blade to lie flat against the face and reach *down*—cutting off whiskers in whisker holes—closer, cleaner.

A "hollow-ground" blade, similar to the barber's straight-edge blade, passes over your face easily, smoothly.

Try an Enders today. If your dealer does not carry the standard set, send for a demonstrator Enders Razor and 3 blades for 25¢. Enders Razor Co., (Durham Duplex Razor Co., Successors) Dept. 530, Jersey City, N. J. In Canada: 50 Pearl St., Toronto, Ont.



49¢
for complete outfit: razor, 6 blades, case

The Loudest Radical

Continued from page 15

as one great educational fraternity. Because his motives sometimes were misconstrued and because he was not quite as much of a social 'hound' as most of the organized house crowd, the vigorous-minded young man made enemies. He had them during his entire tumultuous university career, but he had hundreds of friends for every enemy."

One of young Zioncheck's enthusiasms was the erection of a student union building, and when the university funds were almost entirely absorbed by an athletic pavilion, Marion's shouts were heard throughout the entire Puget Sound country. Even at that early age he must have had the gift of offensiveness in debate, for his autobiography contains this paragraph: "In the heat of his fight with the forces who were in favor of the heavy expansion, some of the boys, zealous in support of their leaders, kidnapped Zioncheck and ducked him in Lake Washington. The ducking was one of the juvenile demonstrations of campus life that year."

No Light-Hider

Quitting the university in 1928 with his degree, and passing the state bar examination, he opened his own law office in Seattle with a resounding declaration to the effect that he meant "to do all he could for the poor, and for those who were oppressed by the huge trusts and combines," although careful to make clear that "he had no quarrel with any capitalist who made his money through honest endeavor and fair competition."

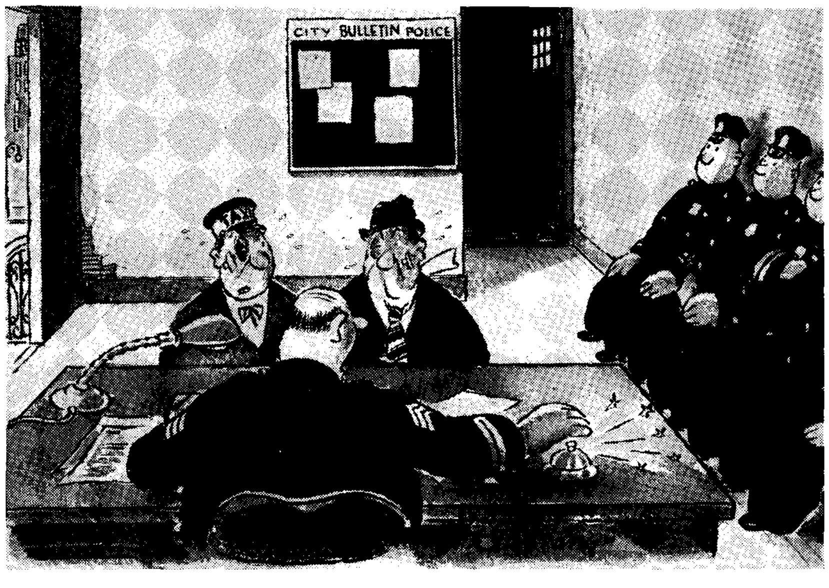
Washington politics, at the time, might have been made to order for young Zioncheck. The municipal ownership and operation of public utilities was a battle cry through the state, and Seattle and Tacoma in particular had made remarkable showings with their own water and light and power properties, reducing rates 75 per cent. First Master Marion stumped the state successfully for a power bill advocated by the Grange, and then plunged into a Seattle fight occasioned by the discharge of J. D. Ross, superintendent of the Municipal Light and Power Company, which was described by Jim Marshall in Collier's in an article called "It Can't Be Done, Can't It?" With an energy that stunned the opposition, he instituted a recall that kicked the mayor out, and stood by with vigilant eye until the new mayor reappointed Ross.

It was in 1931 that the full force of the depression struck the Puget Sound country. The streets of Seattle filled with jobless, hungry men, and an army of idle took possession of the water front, making themselves rude shelters out of old boxes, pieces of tin and driftwood. Resentment reached a point where the jobless seized the City Hall, threatening the foundations of local government. It was on this tidal wave of bitterness that Marion Zioncheck rode to Congress in 1932, shouting louder than any other against "bloated plutocrats," and promising a five-billion-dollar federal appropriation for public works, financed by non-interest-bearing treasury notes, along with the six-hour day and five-day week without wage reduction. Why not, he demanded, when millions were being "handed over to the banks and big insurance companies that cheated the people"?

Elected as a Democrat, he had attacked the Administration repeatedly and violently for its perfidy in "putting hypos into a dead system," insisting that the salvation of the country lies in the creation of a brand-new social and economic order. Just what this order is to be he has never made quite clear. About the nearest he has come to it is the statement that "The problems of the United States today are fundamentally moral and humanitarian, rather than economic. Until we learn to live according to the Golden Rule, doing unto others as we would have them do unto us, there is little use fooling around with the economics of the case."

An Economy of Abundance, as opposed to an Economy of Scarcity, is one of his pet phrases, and he has been bitter against the AAA and the Soil Conservation plan, likewise all efforts to recapture foreign trade, opposing exports to foreign lands while American people are starving. Production for use is another of his enthusiasms, and in expansive moments he talks largely of "reconstruction up rather than re-destruction from the top down."

The gentleman from Washington is by no means an isolated case. The yeasty emotional ferment that passes for radical thought is increasing noticeably in the House, and even in the Senate for that matter. "Raucous voices," as H. G. Wells called them in Collier's, shattering the heavens with their screamed denunciations of social and economic abuses, and yet blocking any intelligent cure of those abuses by their violence and ignorance.



"Front!"

JAY IRVING

"I used to envy Houdini — *but now I'm a magician too*"

says Walland Broad *

A pet-hobby interview with noted broker

"NOW I can leave the office to meet the Girl Friend without the exhaustion I used to have. I've got a new confidence. And she, too, has noticed the change.

"Here's my secret: I've switched to Venus Pencils, freeing myself from that handicap that wears men out, Scratchitus (gritty pencils). I write all day without annoyance.

"Tricky? I'll say!

"Yes, I used to suffer terribly from Scratchitus (gritty pencils). Then I got wise to the smooth flow of Venus Pencils and all their superiorities. Folks say I got magic. Well, since I swore off ordinary pencils and got wise to Venus, I act *different*. Nothing pulls a man down more than annoying pencils.

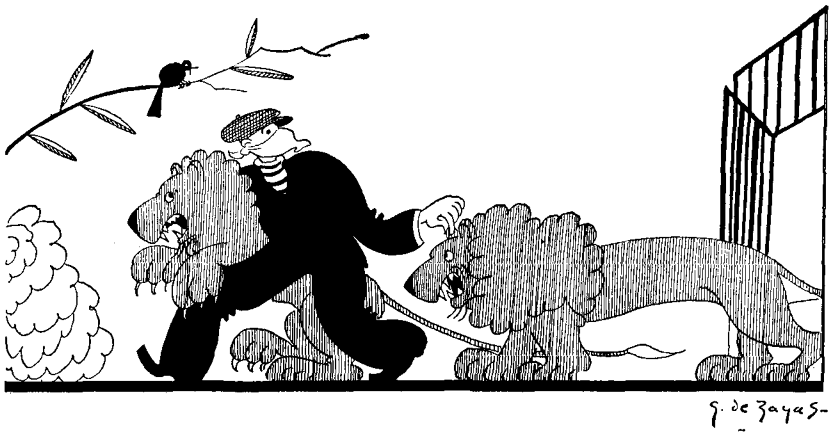
"Venus Pencils have made a new man out of me and now I run Wall Street and tell every one why Venus is A-1 collateral."

** Walland Broad, the Street's meteoric boy broker, did not receive one cent for this testimonial. Well, old man, we thank you and hope you hang on until the next boom!*

AMERICAN PENCIL CO. NEW YORK – VENUS – DRAWING

for the best in colored pencils ask for VENUS COLORING—thin, strong, smooth.

VENUS
PENCILS 10¢
17 SHADES OF BLACK



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Amusing characters are the American who, single-handed, one night stole two lions from a metropolitan zoo; the Englishman who is heavily insured against seeing a ghost; and the deaf and very dumb Rumanian who, after 16 years as a stowaway, is still trying to reach the United States, each ship in which he has hidden during this time having sailed in another direction.

The courage and spirit of thoroughbred horses, even when seriously injured, was well exemplified by two steeplechasers in 1933. One of them won a race in England after he had broken a hind leg, and another finished fourth in a race in Ireland and walked 18 miles back to his stable before it was discovered that he had broken his back.—*By C. E. Smith, Savannah, Georgia.*

Probably the most prolific plant in the world is the *acropera*, one of the 7,500 species of orchids. This beautiful flower produces nearly 75,000,000 seeds in a single season.—*By Byron Defenbach, Boise, Idaho.*

Excessive drinking of water may kill persons within four hours, but the deprivation of water has rarely, if ever, caused death in less than 36 hours.—*By Ralph Celmer, Plymouth, Pennsylvania.*

Some decades ago when bear grease was a popular unguent for the hair, substitutes became so prevalent that London barbers adopted the custom of exhibiting a live bear in their shop windows for some weeks prior to its slaughter, to show they used the genuine article. One proprietor, however, made his bear last for a number of years. Periodically he hid the animal—for several days at a time—and dyed it another color.

In Japan, American and British catalogs covering a variety of commodities are in such demand that many "bookstores" are devoted exclusively to their sale. They are purchased by small merchants who wish to ascertain how much tourists are accustomed to pay for certain kinds of merchandise, hence whether they should ask $5 or $15 for a 25-cent raincoat.—*By A. J. Mann, Jr., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

No living organism in the world has undergone as many scientific experiments as the fruit fly *Drosophila melanogaster*. As this tiny insect produces about thirty generations annually, with approximately a thousand offspring in each, it has proved invaluable to biologists in the study of heredity.—*By Frances W. Browin, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

Motor-trucks and freight-cars carrying helium are considerably lighter when loaded than when empty, owing to the lifting power of this gas. The difference in weight is illustrated by a recent shipment in which the car that was used, although weighing 104 tons when empty, weighed only 58 tons when loaded with 210,984 cubic feet of helium.

An odd belief in the power of writing prevailed in Hawaii in the early 19th century. When the missionaries prepared a written language for them, the natives believed that writing could "talk," and that an owner's name on an article protected it from theft because if it was stolen the word would repeat the name until the thief was caught.—*By Helen Lindrooth, San Francisco, California.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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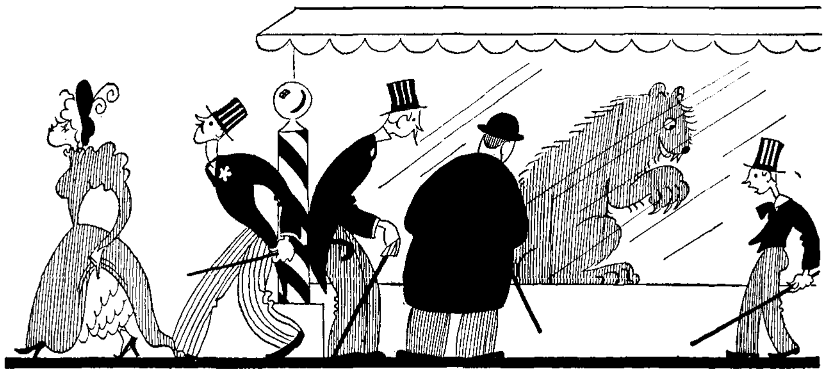
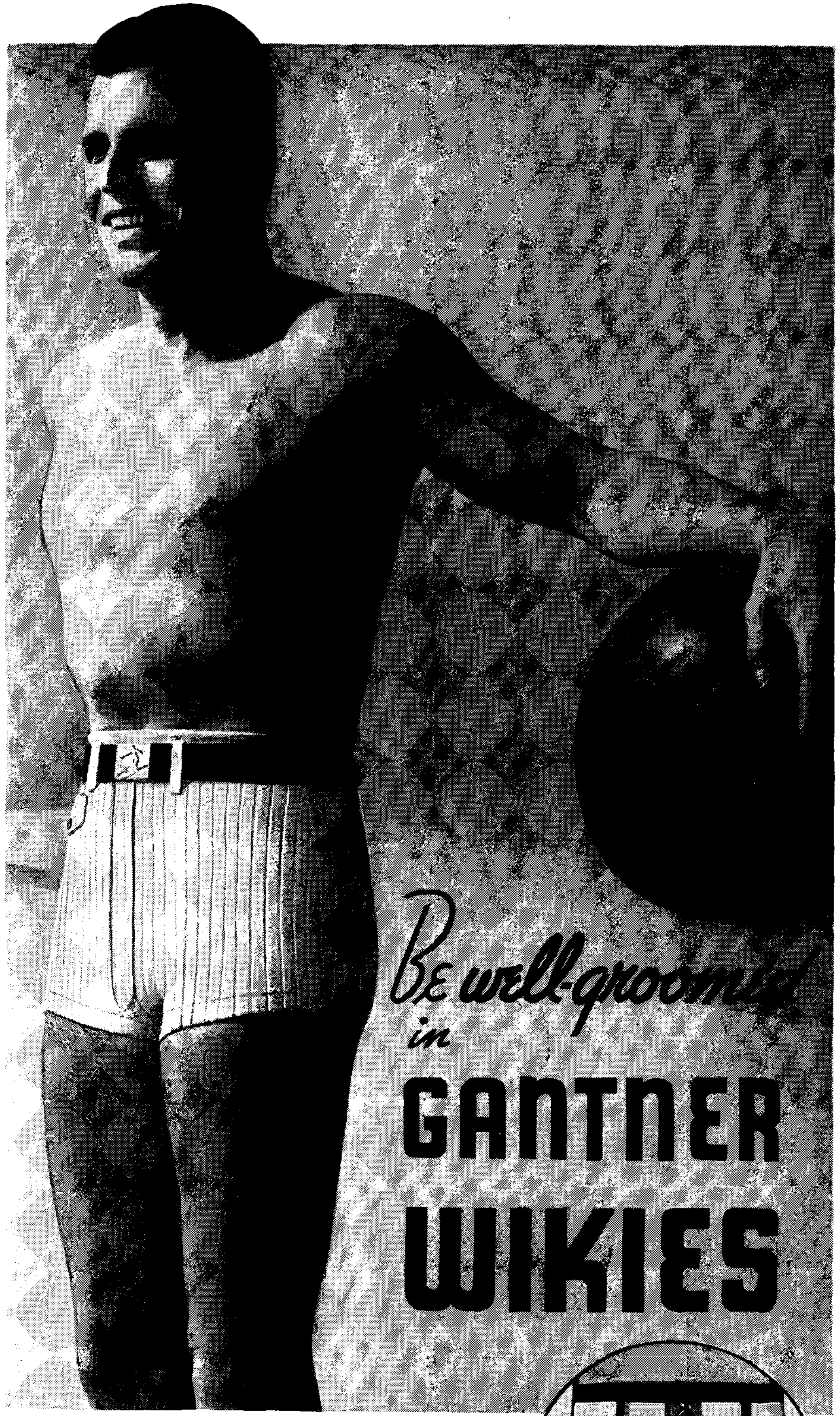
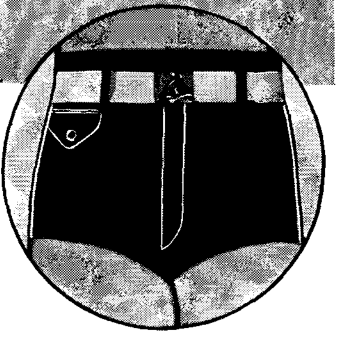


They're not WIKIES if they're not by GANTNER



As worn by Larry (Buster) Crabbe

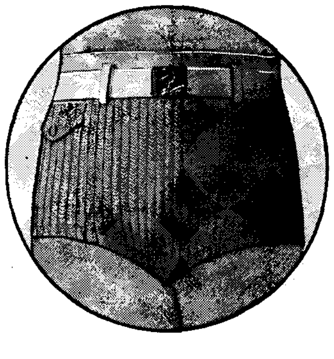


Assure yourself of being well turned-out in WIKIES! Gantner patented perma-snug waist that stays neatly in place! Trim free-breathing Lastex belt! Self-adjusting supporter! Quicker-drying worsted yarn! Knit-to-Fit! Smart new colors and *smartest new weaves!*

At better dealers everywhere, or write, giving snug waist measure, weight, style and choice of colors.

Above, Pencil Welt WIKIES,* 12 shades! $3.95
Top, right, Military WIKIES, 15 smart colors! $3.95
Below, DeLuxe WIKIES, "Washboard Rib"! $5.00
Boys' WIKIES, plain or fancy knit, $2.95

(*Women, send for style book. Canadians, write us.*)

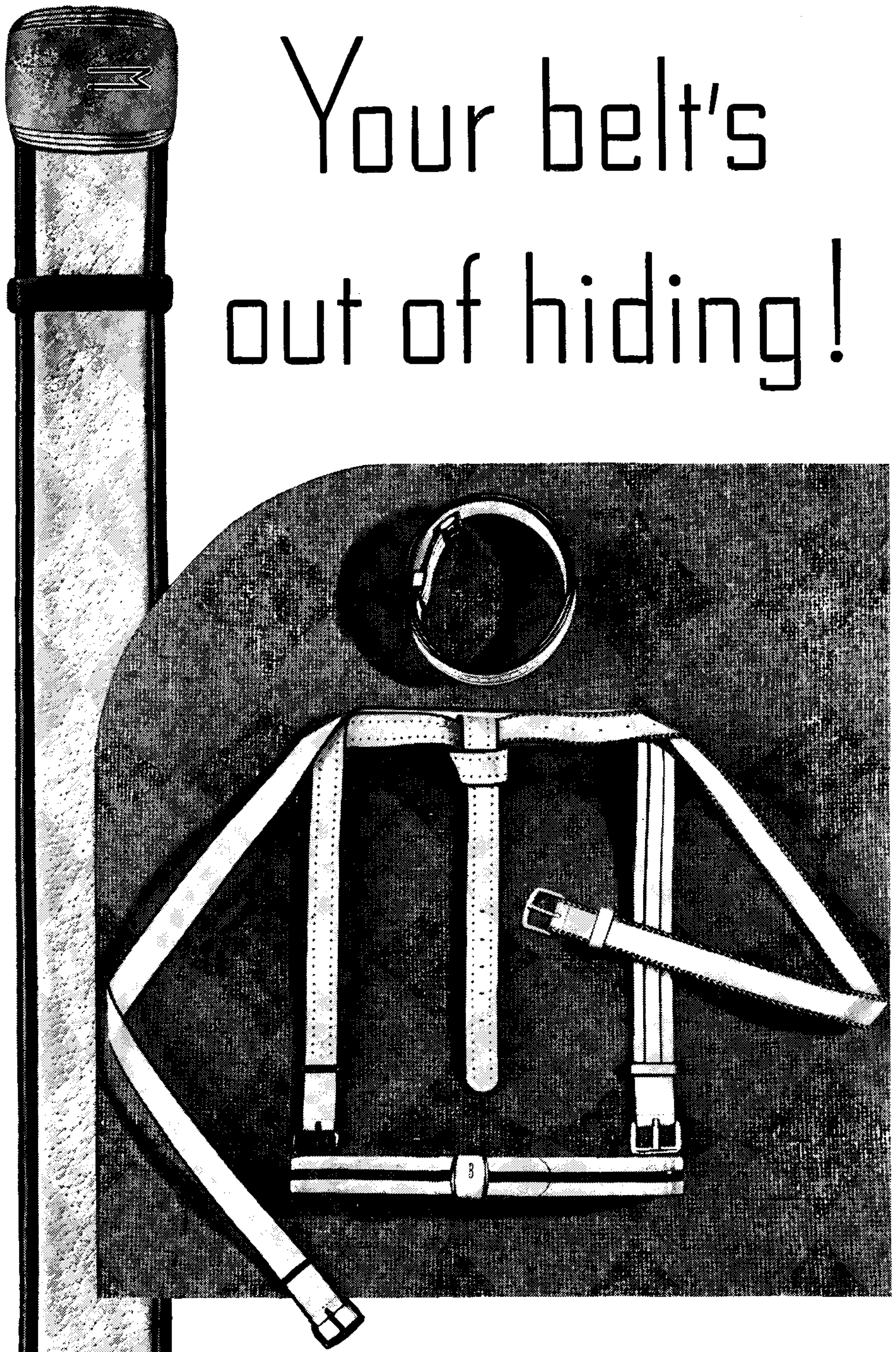


GANTNER & MATTERN CO., Dept. C
San Francisco; Mdse. Mart, Chicago; 1410 Bdwy., New York
Makers of America's Finest Swim Suits

GANTNER
SWIMSUITS & FAVORITE OF WATER LOVERS

SNAP-ON & Zip-on Suits, consisting of WIKIES with smart wool top . . . . . . $5.95.
DeLuxe Suits . $7.00

* *Garment Pat., Tr. Mk. Reg.*



Open season for coats . . . off-season for vests. So your belt is on view, and it's style-important. You want it right—as right as new Hickok Sports Belts. New brown-on-white blends. New tan-on-white ones. New black ones with white, and *vice versa*. New air-cooled designs. New slim corded edges . . . or laced effects . . . *or what'll you have?*

You'll see it among the new Hickok Sports Belts, styled to accent the style of your business, sports and country attire. You'll have Hickok leathers and leather-crafting that hold all their style. You'll be Hickok-styled with a sports belt that's right . . . not to say envied.

It's white. Real cowhide, elk-tanned. Pigskin graining. Black, brown or white edges. Complete with Hickok Initial Buckle, **$2**

Same style with tongue buckle, **$1**

HICKOK

STYLE LEADERSHIP

The Cook Gets the Last Word

Continued from page 34

light and view. Seating furniture is best when it shoves under a work space when not in use, and a stool which turns into a stepladder is a mighty desirable possession when you have to get the turkey platter down from the top shelf.

Which brings us to cabinets, which may now be had factory-built, in complete units, wood or steel, finished in baked-on enamels that make them easy to keep clean and the last word in sanitation. Here, again, no theorist can give blanket orders. The amount to be stowed, the height of the stower and her idea of which things merit display and which can be modestly hidden will determine the result. Nearly everybody wants a tall closet for such tools as floor polishers and vacuum cleaner. Some consider a built-in flour bin and other similar containers essential. If they are at a distance from the range, it's well to consider space for small extra containers there, so that flour for thickening sauces and condiments needed in cooking will be handy. Some crave a marble or glass surface on which to roll out pastry.

The best plan is to speak up and say what you want when your kitchen is being laid out or rearranged.

Practical Beauty

By all means put a radio in the kitchen. Another extra to insert is a mirror with a tiny shelf for the simpler toilet requisites. One in a hundred women wants a planning desk—this proportion vouched for by a specialist who has laid out hundreds of kitchens for our foremost citizenesses.

And now speaks up the man of the house. What *he* wants is a place to mix drinks. Collier's plan, which includes a pantry, gives him a room to himself for his rites, but, in the alternate sketch, provision should be made to dedicate one of the regular work spaces to this purpose, with cabinet area for supplies.

And now we prance down the home stretch toward the objective that a surprising number of women think about first—attractiveness.

At the practical end of beauty comes light. Natural light from a big unobstructed window, as both Collier's plans indicate. Artificial light for all-over illumination and to shed necessary local radiance at the range, the refrigerator, the sink, the work surfaces. We can have this local radiance in horizontal or vertical strips which can be adjusted so that the light shines up or down, or from side to side.

Allied to light is our use of color. We won't have a dark ceiling, even if partial to them elsewhere. Neither will we put a light-absorbing tone on our walls if the room faces away from the sun. We'll choose a dark or darkish floor, since this is more practical—of material, be sure, that is easy on the feet. Our colors as a whole will take account of those in other sections of the house, seen when doors are opened.

The woman who loves blue can have an immaculate blue-and-white scheme that gives her kitchen a cool look even on the doggiest dog days. The floor is the deepest note, except a narrow line of baseboard that keeps down the cleaning problem. The walls are blue, the cabinets white. A white Venetian blind with blue tapes filters the hot summer light, and the gleam of metal working surfaces adds still further to the impression of coolness.

A more ardent temperament begins a kitchen with sunshine yellow walls rising from a warm brown floor. Working surfaces here are in linoleum composition to match, and there are further brown accents in container tops, door handles and big bold coin dots on the pale yellow wash curtains.

Next comes a scheme that is modern of the moderns. Gray walls with the faintest touch of green, a floor in black and white checks, white Venetian blind, curtains in black and white, the shine of metal on all working surfaces—think how the colors of fruit, vegetables and the cook's costume would sing against such a background!

Newest of all for kitchen walls is pink—a revival, but back to favor with a bang. And what it does to one's spirits on a gray day is amazing. Even metal surfaces catch the rosy glow, echoed on a deeper note by red geraniums on the window sill between those cross-barred curtains, and held to earth by a floor in the color of rich chocolate loam.

Collier's Town

Twelve hundred prospective home-builders from every part of the country have shown their interest in Collier's House, as described in the March 28th issue, by buying the plans and specifications. That's enough to house a community of six thousand and make a completely modern town. Complete working plans and specifications for building Collier's House are yours for the cost of reproducing and mailing them—$3.

Address COLLIER'S HOUSE

Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City

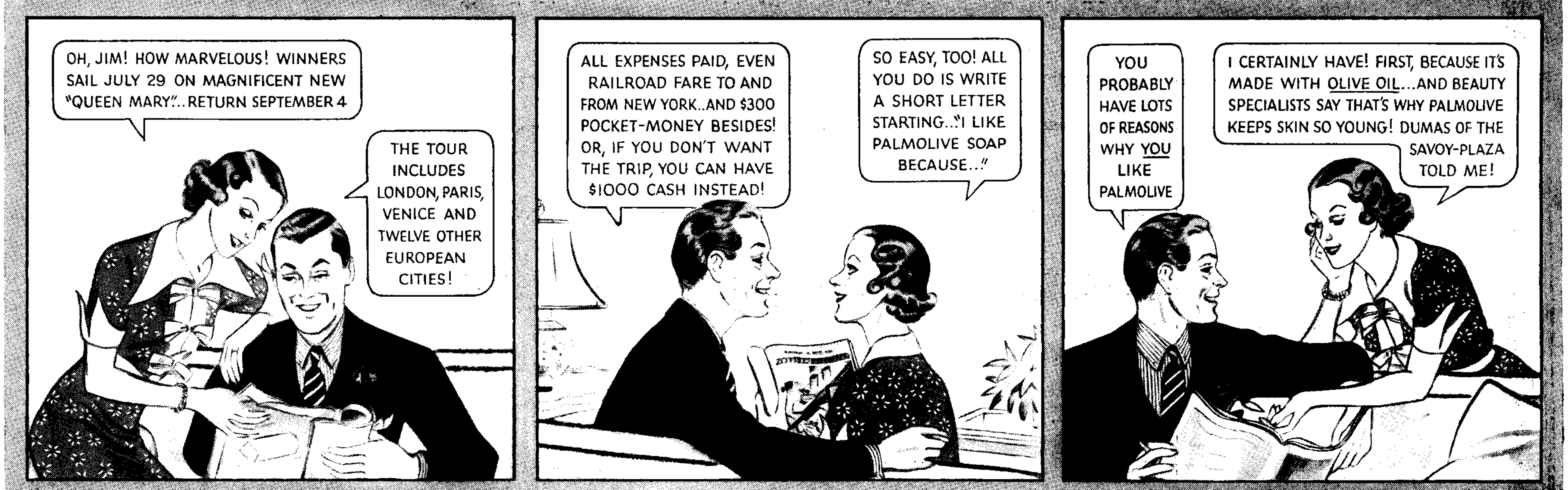
PLEASE DO NOT SEND CURRENCY

Look Mary! PALMOLIVE IS GIVING AWAY

20 FREE TOURS OF EUROPE

(OR $20,000 IN CASH)

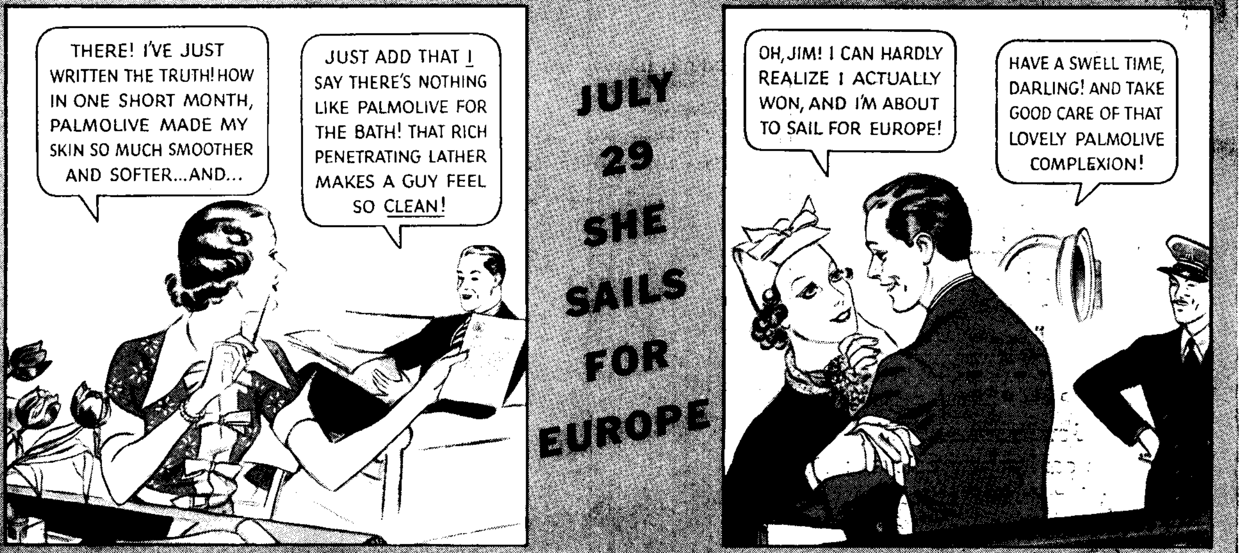
AND 100,000 OTHER PRIZES


OH, JIM! HOW MARVELOUS! WINNERS SAIL JULY 29 ON MAGNIFICENT NEW "QUEEN MARY"...RETURN SEPTEMBER 4
THE TOUR INCLUDES LONDON, PARIS, VENICE AND TWELVE OTHER EUROPEAN CITIES!
ALL EXPENSES PAID, EVEN RAILROAD FARE TO AND FROM NEW YORK..AND $300 POCKET-MONEY BESIDES! OR, IF YOU DON'T WANT THE TRIP, YOU CAN HAVE $1000 CASH INSTEAD!
SO EASY, TOO! ALL YOU DO IS WRITE A SHORT LETTER STARTING..."I LIKE PALMOLIVE SOAP BECAUSE..."
YOU PROBABLY HAVE LOTS OF REASONS WHY YOU LIKE PALMOLIVE
I CERTAINLY HAVE! FIRST, BECAUSE IT'S MADE WITH OLIVE OIL...AND BEAUTY SPECIALISTS SAY THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE KEEPS SKIN SO YOUNG! DUMAS OF THE SAVOY-PLAZA TOLD ME!

What Dumas, famous New York beauty specialist, told her about Palmolive Soap!

"Because it is made with Olive Oil, Palmolive has a special protective quality all its own. It protects your skin against the loss of the natural 'youth-giving' oils which feed and nourish it. Without these oils, skin becomes dry, rough, old-looking. With them it stays soft, smooth, young!"

Dumas


THERE! I'VE JUST WRITTEN THE TRUTH! HOW IN ONE SHORT MONTH, PALMOLIVE MADE MY SKIN SO MUCH SMOOTHER AND SOFTER...AND...
JUST ADD THAT I SAY THERE'S NOTHING LIKE PALMOLIVE FOR THE BATH! THAT RICH PENETRATING LATHER MAKES A GUY FEEL SO CLEAN!
JULY 29 SHE SAILS FOR EUROPE
OH, JIM! I CAN HARDLY REALIZE I ACTUALLY WON, AND I'M ABOUT TO SAIL FOR EUROPE!
HAVE A SWELL TIME, DARLING! AND TAKE GOOD CARE OF THAT LOVELY PALMOLIVE COMPLEXION!

PALMOLIVE, the beauty soap made with Olive Oil, INVITES YOU TO ENTER THIS $120,000 CONTEST! RULES ARE SO SIMPLE AND EASY. *Anyone can win!*

HERE'S HOW TO WIN . . .

1. Any man, woman or child in the United States may enter (except employees of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co. and their advertising agency).

2. Here's all you do. Just write a short letter starting with the words "I like Palmolive Soap because . . ."

3. Entries will be judged only on clearness, sincerity and interest. Literary ability is of no value. You may submit as many entries as you like.

4. Each entry must be accompanied by the black bands from 3 cakes of Palmolive Soap (or reasonably accurate copies).

5. Print your full name and address on *each* entry; also name and address of the dealer and clerk from whom you bought your Palmolive Soap.

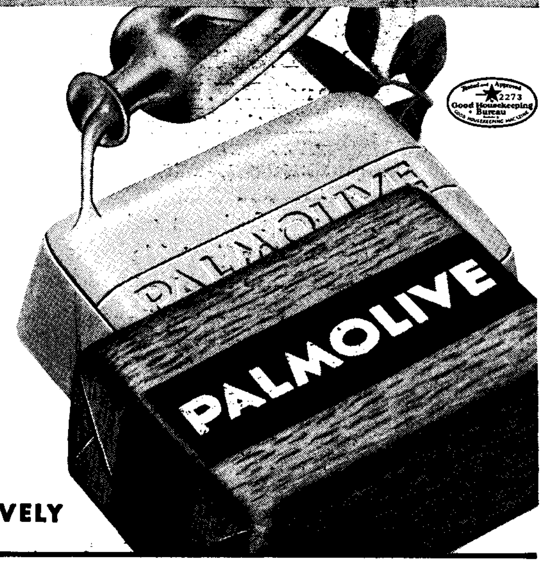
6. Mail entries to Palmolive, Dept. M-40, Jersey City, N. J.

7. Contest closes June 15, 1936. All entries must be postmarked before midnight of that date.

8. Judges' decisions are final. In event of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Entries become property of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company.

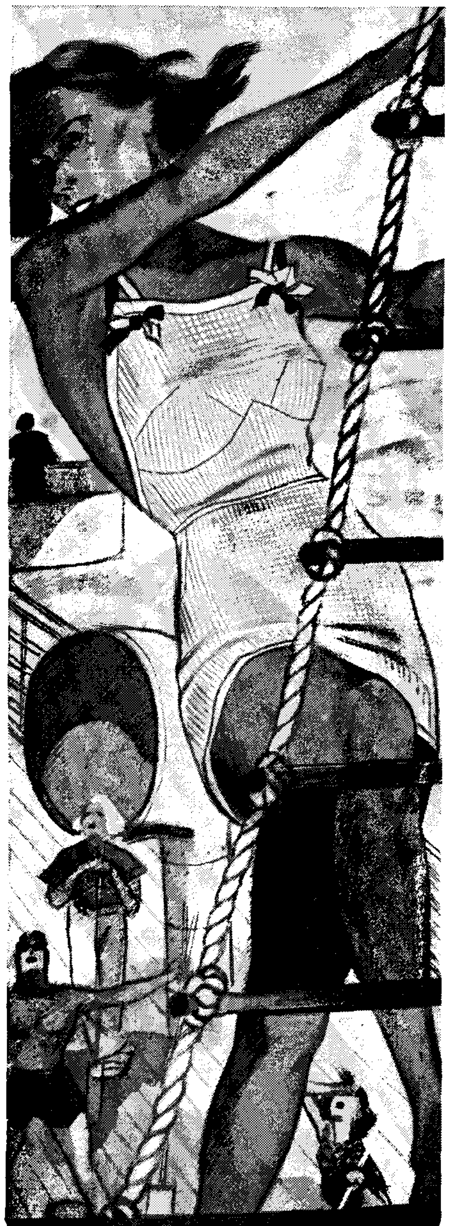
• • •

In addition to the 20 first prizes, there are 100,000 beautiful complexion brushes, worth $1.00 each!


PALMOLIVE
PALMOLIVE

MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, TO KEEP SKIN YOUNG AND LOVELY

it's New
and it's NEWS!



"SQUARE BACK
IN PERL KNIT"

by
B. V. D.

B.V.D.'s 1936 swim suits have fashion quite by the ear!—new colors, new ideas, new wizardry of stitch!

"Square Back" is a superb example. Featuring the brilliant square neck and back of the newest evening gowns—it comes in B.V.D.'s silhouetting Perl Knit—has the new B.V.D. seamless back—and contrasting two-color adjustable straps that tie at the shoulders in twin bows.

Every B.V.D. suit features extra seat fullness and is self-adjustable at the bust. "Square Back" is priced at $6.95. The B. V. D. Company, Inc., Empire State Building, N. Y. C.

B.V.D.
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
SWIM SUITS

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Under Pressure

Continued from page 19

access for cars to the *hacienda*. The road meandered more or less parallel to the *barranca* which widened by almost imperceptible gradations the farther they went. At last Dirk permitted a trot and turned amused eyes on Joyce. To his amazement she took it quite easily, leaned to it, caught its rhythm and laughed a happy laugh.

"Oh, Dirk!"

"Joyce!"

On the same impulse they slowed the horses again and stared at each other. "That was funny," said Joyce.

"Wasn't it?" agreed Dirk.

He urged Tronido into a trot, then lifted him into an easy canter and held him there. "How are you making it?" he asked.

"Fine," said Joyce, "but you tell me."

"Ease your back a bit and sit into the saddle. That's the stuff. Are you game for a gallop while we're still headed away from home?"

"Go ahead," said Joyce, and they did.

The horse under her seemed to flatten out. No jouncing up and down, no swerving from a straight line—only the feel of mighty muscles rippling rhythmically, flesh of her flesh. She dragged the whistling air into her lungs, threw back her head and let the wind beat against her bare throat. This was joy, joy drawn to a fine edge, joy that cut the heart wide open—painlessly—to let in the clean air of heaven. She felt grateful toward Dirk. She was glad she had called him Dirk, glad he had called her Joyce. They rode back more slowly and as they approached the *hacienda* she turned on him a face so glowing that he felt his heart skip a beat.

"Well?" she asked.

"Do you want to know the truth?"

"The whole truth."

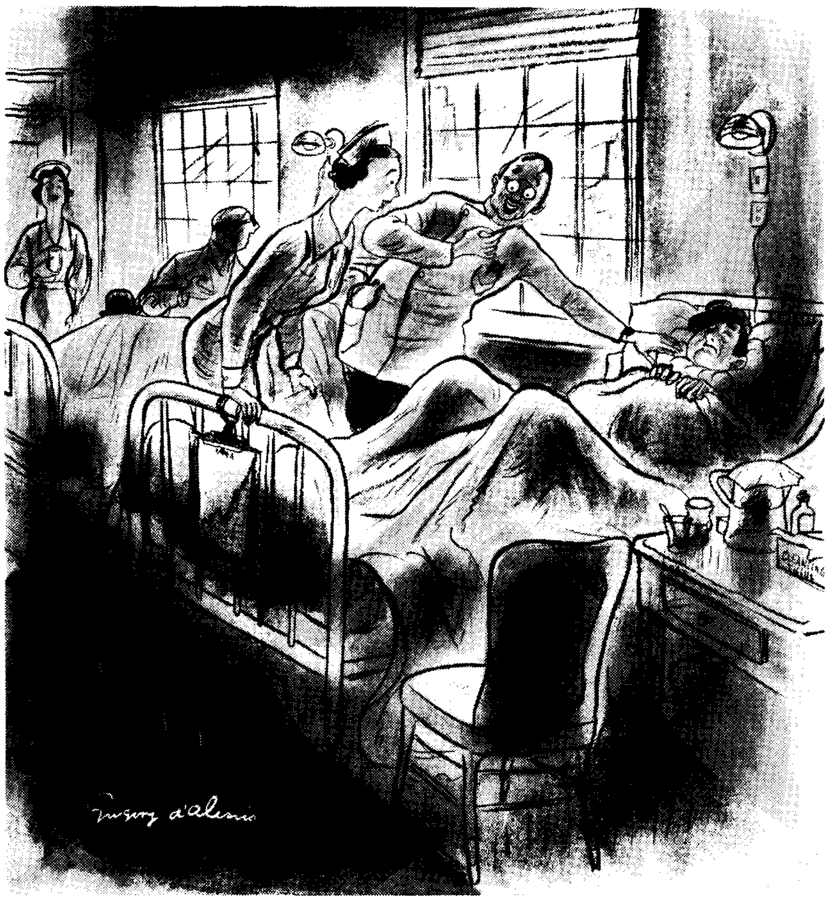
"I thought it would take you a month to learn what you already know." He jumped off, handed her his reins to hold, tore down a high bean pole and laid it like a bar between two maguey plants. "Made to order," he commented as he mounted. "Watch me, then do exactly the same. Just stick on and leave the rest to Rayo."

She jumped the bar—once with a gasp of astonishment at her success, then ten times more with steadily increasing confidence and improving style. She would have been content to keep on for the rest of the day had not Dirk taken his revenge.

"If you don't let up," he remarked dryly, "you're going to find out there are more ways than one of killing a horse."

AFTER an afternoon spent in grooming the horses for sheer love of the work Dirk came to dinner aglow from what he called an earned bath. Already he regretted having brought no change beyond a single lounge suit, but tonight Arnaldo, save for shoulders exaggerated beyond nature and a wasplike waist, was dressed in like manner. Joyce had put on black—not the semievening frock of her first and last appearance at El Tenebroso, but one that had an equal simplicity of line and gave her an almost sculptured appearance. Changing her clothes had changed her mood. Gracious and ready with her answers, she yet was so distrait as to give an impression of inner stillness.

Though she avoided looking directly at Dirk and Adán, she was thinking of them, but thinking more of herself. What had come over her last night? Which person was she—the woman of no age who had been kissed and had kissed back, or the girl who had sat shoulder to shoulder on the parapet with a companion to whom she had poured out her heart as though she talked to another self? Were there fibers within her that responded to music alone and



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THIS BIG FULL-SIZE
MOTH BAG
WITH EVERY
PINT CAN OF FLIT
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FLIT
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FLIT EVEN MORE EFFECTIVE AND ECONOMICAL

Housewives! Here's *new* low cost protection against the high cost of moth damage. Now you can have a full-size Flit moth bag free with every pint can of Flit (two with every quart can).

Think of it—banish your moth worries for an entire season by just following the directions below!

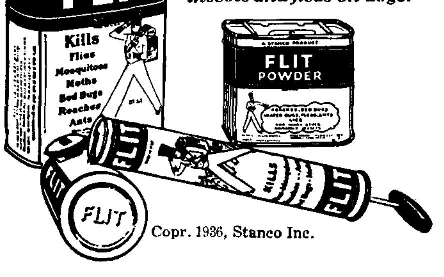
Remember, Flit kills *all* forms of moth life, just as it does away with flies, mosquitoes and other insect pests. And it kills them DEAD . . . without endangering fabrics, humans, or pets.

HOW TO SOLVE YOUR MOTH PROBLEM

1. **Brush each article carefully—remove grease spots.**
2. **Spray everything well—especially along seams.**
3. **Use the Flit moth bag for safe, sure storage.**
4. **For apparel in use, spray each garment and closet twice a month. See can.**

FLIT SPRAY DOES NOT STAIN

Flit Powder is a special, highly effective exterminator for crawling insects and fleas on dogs.



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others that reverberated solely to the sidereal harmony of moon, planet and star? She wondered.

It was late when the meal ended; there was no need tonight to make the rounds.

HOW does a girl, lacking long social training and apparently innocent of finesse, leave one man in the lurch and walk off with another without either of them knowing how it happened? Dirk paused to ask Don Jorge a single unimportant question, but when he stepped out on the balcony Joyce and Adán were nowhere to be seen. He walked to the right hopefully until, turning, the angle opened a long, empty vista. He glanced into Joyce's boudoir and passed the open door of the drawing-room. Then he retraced his steps and strolled to the opposite corner only to behold more emptiness. Abruptly he knew the truth as certainly as if he had watched Joyce lead Adán down the narrow passage toward a certain spiral stair. His heart contracted with such violence it caused him to halt in his tracks in more senses than one. Where was he headed? Where had he already arrived?

His deduction had been correct: Joyce had taken Adán to the roof. As they emerged into a translucence which would have been blinding had it not been dimmed by the impalpable golden dust of the night, she turned toward her companion with caught breath. His face was amiable and alive but apparently his open eyes were blind. She felt dismay and then an impulse to laugh aloud at herself. She restrained it, aided by a feeling of sadness. The impassivity of his expression dumfounded her. Was it credible he saw neither moon nor stars nor that distant double torch of snow rising against the pale blue of heaven?

Rather hopelessly she led the way to the parapet and sat down, sensing a drag as if he followed unwillingly. Last night she had shivered and Dirk had put his coat around her shoulders; tonight it was Adán who quivered to the cold but she had no wrap to lend him. Since he was far more warmly dressed than she, it seemed the cold which affected him must come from within himself. He was silent; not morose—just silent and suffering. If he saw the moon, the stars and the Nevado at all, it was with a calculating and compressing eye that strove to diminish grandeur to the size of a stage backdrop for future reference. He was theater; he was city, and he was Latin; furthermore, such nights as this, with snow-capped Popo added to the Sleeping Woman for extra measure, were the everyday *chili con carne* of his existence.

He made a movement toward his breast pocket. At least they could talk, thought Joyce; she must say something—must, must! She turned her head and felt her jaw drop loose. Adán was knotting his silk handkerchief at the back of his neck, arranging it in such a manner as to mask nose and mouth against the perils of the night air.

Joyce almost choked. "You don't like it here, do you?" she managed to murmur.

"Oh, yes, I do," replied Adán in muffled tones. "Much better than when Pepe ran the place."

Again Joyce caught her breath. "That's so," she said presently, "you visited him, didn't you?"

"Once."

"What was it? A shooting party?"

"Oh, no—a roughhouse. We brought down a carload of girls and two carloads of men. Don't let's talk about it." Abruptly his voice turned pleading. "Let's go down to the piano. I want to play for you—play for you like last night."

She rose with a sense of relief and escape to which were added several more poignant emotions—chagrin, self-pity, disappointment, to name only three—and a sort of confused dismay composed of anger at herself, at the world in general and Dirk in particular. What had he to do with it? Nothing. That was why she was angry at him and somehow it seemed a perfectly good reason. As she hurried along the balcony, heading for the drawing-room, she saw him leaning on the rail, his face lifted toward the visible patch of sky.

"Adán is going to play," she said crisply. "Want to come along?"

"No, thanks," said Dirk even more curtly, "I'm going to bed."

Under her urging Adán played only boisterous music—rollicking marches, *rumbas* and a galloping *paso libre*—and when he tried to slip into a languorous tango, a dreamy waltz or the subtle undulations of a *son* she broke in with a cry: "No, no! something fast, faster—something jolly." She was studying him, measuring him by his own standard, yet giving him no chance to practice the whole alchemy of his art. He could have his piano but nothing more. Sitting there, with his agile fingers flying over the keys, he became readable, clear to her eyes. He was handsome, good-natured, shrewd, kindhearted and fearless—an ideal master of ceremonies. Quite suddenly he rose from the piano and faced her, his eyes hard.

"You don't like me tonight," he stated.

"Why, yes, I do, Adán," stammered Joyce, "of course I do. What makes you say that?"

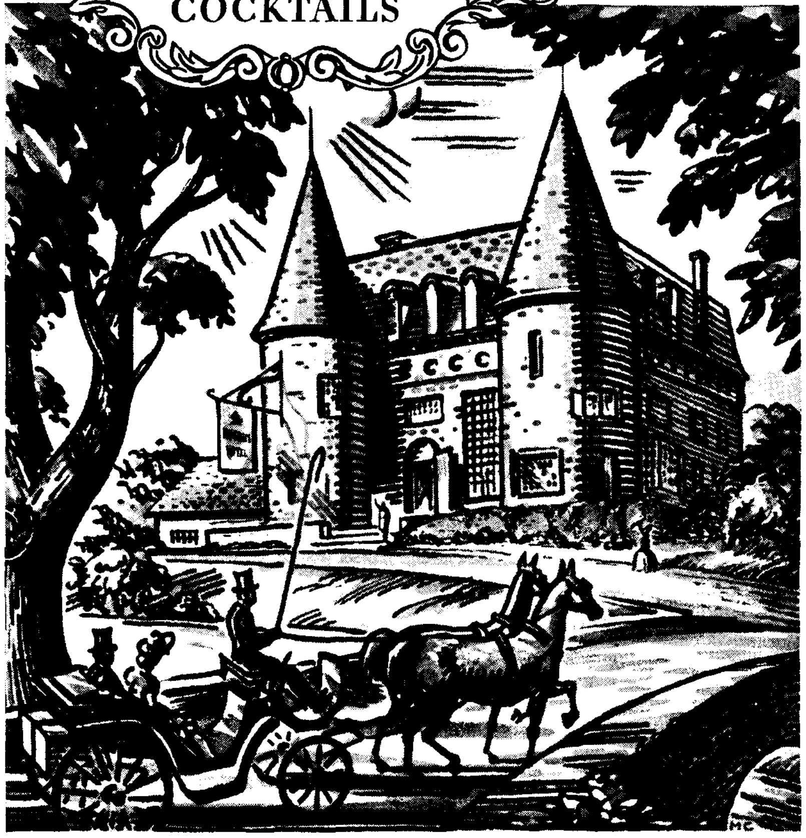
"No, no," said Adán, somewhat bewildered at finding himself in a role whose lines and cues he had totally forgotten if he had ever known them—the role of the undesired. He couldn't yet quite believe it. Much less could he conceive he might soon find himself cast as a pursuer if he didn't take his eyes off the flushed face before him. But some inkling of danger may have stirred his senses as he continued, "It's different tonight. You ask for silly, meaningless music—music with no soul. You don't come with me. You stand to one side to see how fast I can run up and down the piano without losing my breath. No; I won't play any more. I'm a man, not a whippet chasing an electric rabbit for you to laugh. Good night, *señorita*. You are very beautiful, but this evening you happen not to be a woman."

THE bullet which passed through Dorado's leg and traversed the heart of his horse was steel-jacketed; had it been soft-nosed the wound would have been serious; possibly fatal. The heavy-set general suffered far more from the shock of his fall than by reason of the hole through his calf; nevertheless he considered his condition grave enough to appeal to Blackadder for advice and aid. He released him from the *batea* and installed him as nurse—a change equivalent to a transfer from one galley bench to another since, needless to say, Pepe was in the vilest of tempers.

Blackadder had often been called upon to act as surgeon in far more desperate cases amid surroundings fully as primitive. He procured a couple of cotton jumpers, soft and ragged with wear, requisitioned a precious bar of soap and washed them out with his own hands. Then he boiled a kettle of water, tossed in a handful of salt and was ready. With a mighty grip he pressed the wound both ways from the inside out until the blood showed bright and clear of impurities. He took surly satisfaction in Dorado's howls of pain and a subsequent torrent of imprecations as the outlets were bathed with hot brine and then bandaged. Almost hourly thereafter the patient would insist on having the dressing removed. With plenty of salt water on hand Blackad-

(Continued on page 58)

FROM A LITTLE RED BRICK HOTEL CAME THESE CHEERING COCKTAILS



THE COCKTAIL *is a glamorous drink and* CLUB COCKTAILS *have a glamorous history. They were first served in 1890 over the bar at the celebrated* Heublein Hotel *in* Hartford *. . . Served to those people who came for such famous cookery as* Rum Omelet Heublein *and* Guilford Clams *in* Chafing Dish.

* * *

Later these bar cocktails were bottled under the name of *Club Cocktails* and placed on general sale. And never did one bottle go out that did not have its original delicious integrity maintained.

Then, as now, the ingredients that made *Club Cocktails* were of *higher quality* than those served at many bars. Then, as now, these same ingredients were *better* than the liquors used in many homes.

Don't deny yourself the gracious pleasure of *Club Cocktails* for your family service. Their blend has all the *professional* satisfaction you get from your favorite barman. They are always uniform. They are convenient. There is no waste, so *Club Cocktails* are economical.

More *Club Cocktails* are sold today than ever were sold before prohibition. Their quality has been remembered through all the years when they were unobtainable.

This one fact alone should prompt you to try *Club Cocktails* in your preferred variety — for sale at all state operated and other liquor stores — Martini (60 proof), Dry Martini (71 proof), Brut Martini (70 proof), Bronx (60 proof), Manhattan (65 proof), Side Car (60 proof), Old Fashioned (80 proof), and Sloe Gin Cocktail (49 proof).

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MANHATTAN Cocktails

Heublein's The Club Cocktails prepared and bottled by
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(*ABOVE*) Remarkable Ronson Touch-Tip with always ready flame, perfect for table or desk. $5.00

(*CENTER*) New Ronson Sportcase, one of many Ronson Lighter, Cigarette Case Combinations.

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All agree, the happiest thing about a Ronson is the unique simplicity of its famous one finger action. Exclusive artistry of design sets Ronson Models apart from all others. Ideal for your personal use, inspirational as gifts for Graduations, Bridesmaids and Ushers, Dad's day and other events. At your Jeweler, Department Store or smart shop where the better class of smoker's articles are sold. $3.50 to $50.* *Prices slightly higher outside U. S.

FLIP—*it's lit!* RELEASE—*it's out.*

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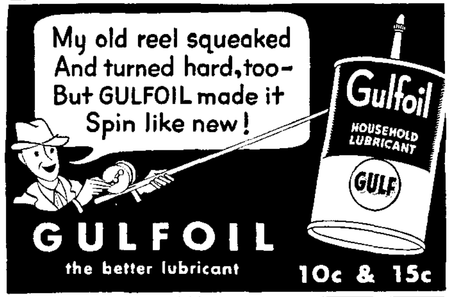

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"LIGHTNING" MANHATTAN MUCH BETTER

Mix it in "Lightning" Breaker, crack the ice in your drink — and serve: quicker, easier, better.

No. 102. — Bar Glass size, 20 oz., $1.00. Also larger sizes. At dealers.

If dealer can't supply you, send us remittance with this coupon.

"Lightning" ICE BREAKER

North Bros. Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, U. S. A.
Enclosed find $1.00 for "Lightning" Ice Breaker complete, delivered to undersigned postpaid.

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(Continued from page 57)

der felt no fear of infection but resented such frequent interruption since he was busy with affairs of his own.

Keeping his ears and eyes wide open, a single day sufficed to give him an accurate idea of the layout of the camp; since nobody thought he knew Spanish, all talked freely in his presence. It was situated at the northeastern extremity of the *barranca* where the chasm pinched out against sheer cliffs at whose feet burbled the spring which supplied the brook with water. At night all the so-called miners—nothing but enslaved peons picked up at random—were herded into the depths of the two drifts opposite the one occupied by Dorado and himself. The riders then spread their *petates* in the airy entrances, forming a solid layer of bodies over which a fugitive would have to fly like a bat to escape. In addition, two men with shotguns stood guard day and night at the right-angle turn downstream.

SO MUCH for the exterior; by night, when sleep seemed to have a fair hold on his patient, Blackadder would slip away for subterranean exploration. Light was his greatest handicap. Matches were scarce, candles there were none nor was there any lantern. Again inventiveness backed by experience—to say nothing of a knowledge of capillary attraction—came to his aid. Castor-oil shrubs grew in the shadow cast by the southern wall. He gathered a quantity of the seeds, crushed out their oil into a discarded tomato can and rolled a strip off a bandage into a wick. Coiling it in the tin he let one end hang over the side, lit it and found himself provided with a tiny but lasting beam of light.

By its aid he was able to explore the cavernous reaches behind Dorado's dwelling. There were three inner rooms besides his own. In one, sealed with a locked door of hewn timbers, he knew the daily washings of gold were stored. The other two were open to such air as was available and matted heaps of hay showed they had been used as habitations. What interested him most, however, was the shaft he had surmised must exist. He found it on his third excursion and to his delight discovered it was not vertical but ascended at a slant, showing whoever had sunk it had lacked a mechanical hoist. No doubt it was cluttered with debris, but where men had once passed a man could pass again. Here was a road to freedom, ready-made, but reflection forced him to admit it could lead only to recapture or starvation in the desert; without a horse waiting at the exit it was useless.

HE REVERTED to the idea which had developed in a flash to the size of a full-grown oak—trade La Barranca for possession of Joyce. He had no illusions as to the cash value of the *hacienda*. Discovery of the bootleg gold diggings might have impressed a novice, but not an old-timer who happened to know Mexican law establishes the subsoil as the inalienable property of the state. Aware of the general situation as well, he was convinced tragic trouble and no conceivable gain would be Joyce's inevitable lot should he fail in his intention to rescue her, willing or unwilling. Dorado himself gave an opening.

"*Bueno, cabrón,* it is now the third day and you write no letter. Tomorrow I think perhaps I send one finger."

"Listen, Dorado," said Blackadder, "you and I have seen a lot of each other and we ought to be able to talk straight from the shoulder. You occupied La Barranca for several years. Wouldn't you like to lay your hands on it again?"

Dorado straightened too suddenly, groaned and settled back. "Go on," he ordered. "You talk, I listen, then I tell you."

"You know who threw you out, don't you?"

"That Pancho Buenaventura," cried Dorado, turning purple, "and his butcher-boss, General Onelia."

"No, no," said Blackadder impatiently. "Didn't you see a girl? Don't you know anything about her?"

"Girl?" repeated Dorado, his eyes suddenly wide. "Yes, I see one girl. Verry nice girl. Who is she?"

"The daughter of Cutler Sewell, the man from whom you stole the *hacienda*. He's dead and she owns it."

"Me, steal!" cried Dorado, enraged. "Pepe Dorado steal! No, no. That *gringo,* he abandon La Barranca."

"Just so," said Blackadder, "exactly the way you abandoned it five or six days ago, exactly the way the present tenant might be urged into abandoning it again. Get it, or do you want half an hour to think the thing out?"

"*Si, si,*" murmured Dorado thoughtfully. "You tell me some more now."

"Here it is—the whole thing in a nutshell. I lied when I said I don't speak Spanish and again about being a prospector. I'm Miss Joyce Sewell's guardian acting for her stepmother. We don't want her to stay at La Barranca at any price. When you held me up you did yourself a bad turn because I was on my way to drag her out. If you want the place, help me do it now."

"How?"

"Give me a horse. Send guards to watch me all the way into the *hacienda.*"

"Then what?"

"Sooner or later I'll snake the girl out and La Barranca will be once more abandoned and at your mercy. The only thing that stumps me is how to get away to Toluca and from there to Mexico City." He paused. "Of course, if you should try any double-crossing in the way of holding us both for ransom you'd lose the *hacienda* in the end and perhaps your life."

Dorado thought for a long time, his eyes half closed lest Blackadder read his mind. What fools these *gringos* were—they still believed in honor among thieves! He pictured first La Barranca, most desirable of all *haciendas* as far as he was concerned, then Joyce, whom two flashes had revealed to be as lovely a girl as he had ever seen. At the moment he honestly believed he could be happy with either as long as he lived—but with both? Mere anticipation caused moisture to gather at the corners of his loose mouth.

"In exchange for freedom and the *señorita,*" he announced finally, "you make offer of La Barranca. So?"

"That's it," said Blackadder.

"I accept. The matter of your escape to Mexico City is not difficult to arrange. Near the *hacienda* there is a rope bridge which saves many miles. I have a car in Toluca; I shall send for it and hide it by night in an *arroyo.* I'll have horses at the bridge when you arrive with the *señorita* and I myself will be there to wish you both Godspeed. It remains only to agree on a signal announcing you are ready."

"THAT'S the trouble," said Blackadder, scowling. "How do I know just when I'll be ready since I may have to carry the girl out against her will?"

"So?" murmured Dorado curiously. "But let's not worry over such small difficulties. The moon is in its third quarter; before it rises there are two hours of darkness. When do you wish to start?"

"Today. Now."

"*Bueno.* Tomorrow night, and the next, and the night after that, I shall spend the two hours immediately preceding the rising of the moon at the bridge—on the north side. Be careful how you cross it."

"I know all about rope bridges," said Blackadder. "What about your leg?"

"You are a good doctor. It is quite nearly well. Today I can walk. I will show you; I go now to choose your horse and give orders."

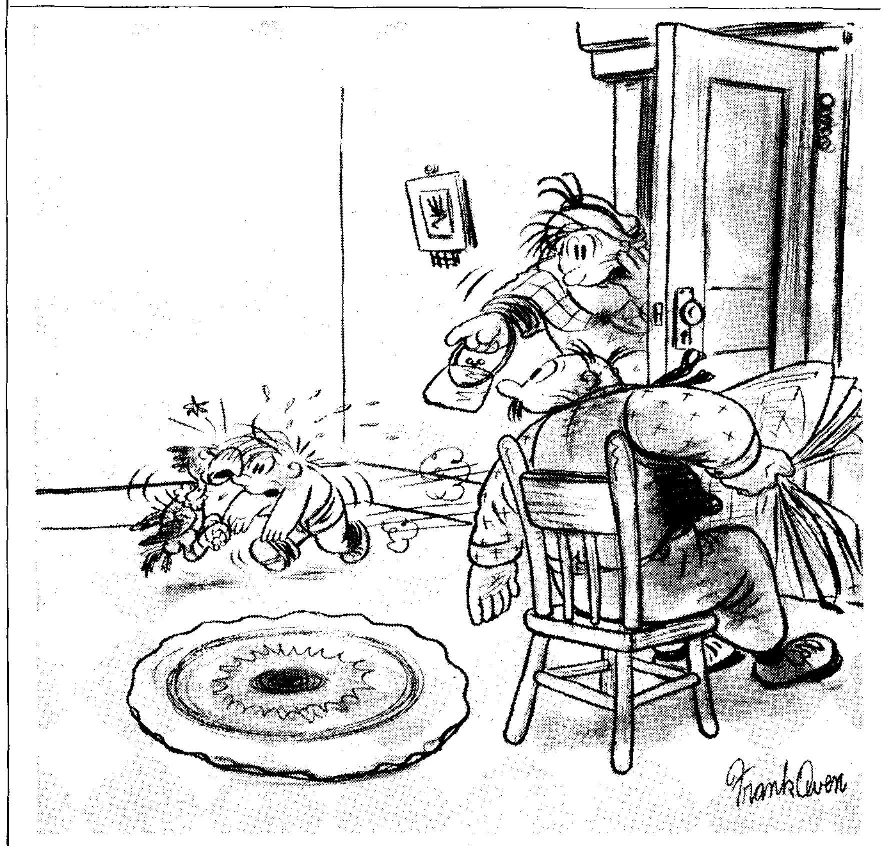
Blackadder took advantage of his absence to descend to the brook as though to wash his hands but in reality to recover his passport and wallet. Half an hour later, accompanied by three guards

(Continued on page 60)

Philbert

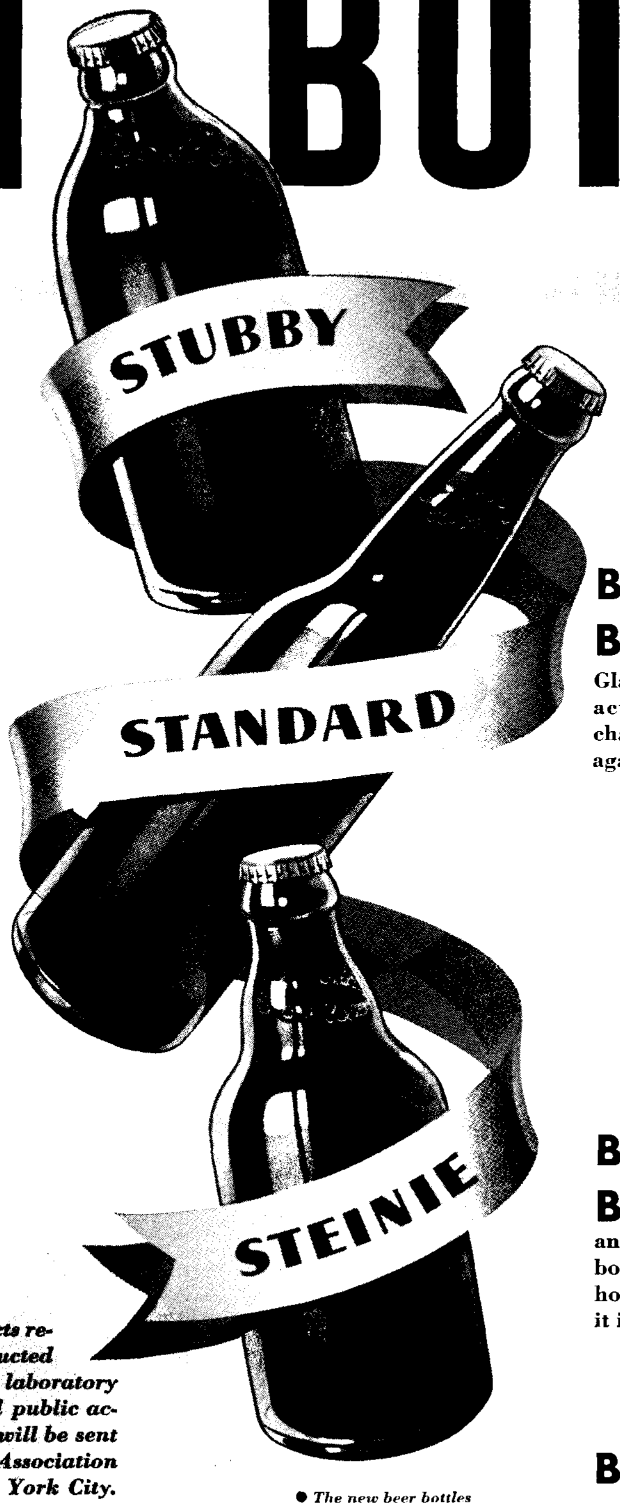
By FRANK OWEN

Reg. U. S. Pat Off.



"We went to the pet shop for a canary—but look!"

BEER IS BETTER IN BOTTLES★



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BEER *tastes* BETTER IN BOTTLES . . .

It has the true flavor of well-brewed beer. And the further advantage of pasteurization. This is the same process that makes milk pure and wholesome. It does not change the brewery or "draught" flavor of beer.

★ ***This advertisement is based on facts revealed in a series of scientific tests conducted by an independent, impartial research laboratory and on cost data compiled by certified public accountants. A summary of the findings will be sent on application to the Glass Container Association of America, 21 West 44th Street, New York City.***

SEE WHAT YOU BUY
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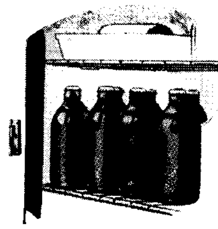

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BEER *costs less* IN BOTTLES . . .

They are sterilized and re-used. This makes the container cost per bottle of beer only a fraction of a cent. A beer can, however, costs two cents or more. Once opened, it is useless. SOMEBODY pays the difference.

BEER IS *better* IN BOTTLES . . .

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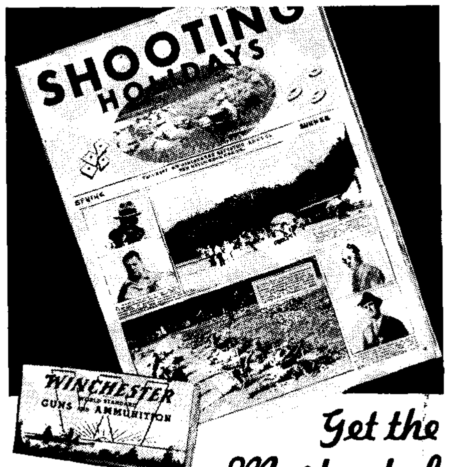

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You bet! I sure do want my 1936 Shooting Holidays rotogravure tabloid. Also latest pocket catalog of Winchester Guns and Ammunition. Both FREE.

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Under Pressure

Continued from page 58

armed with carbines, he was riding downstream toward the switchback path which had caused him such agony a few days before. Since it was the only exit from the *barranca* through all its length they were obliged, once the level of the prairie was reached, to ride all the way back around the camp before starting down the other side. Before they made the turn, however, he noticed a peculiar depression masked by a patch of thorny acacias. Deliberately he passed to windward of it and caught a faint odor of smoke; so, he thought, had he risked the shaft here is where he would have come out.

But that was not to be his only discovery. An hour later, chancing to glance across the *barranca*, he saw a sight that first puzzled and then amazed him. Three trucks were wending their way over the plain from the general direction of Toluca. That in itself was not surprising; what astonished him was their freight—each was loaded with a howitzer. At first he had thought they were boilers; but no, there was no doubt about it, they were howitzers. He questioned the men but got only shrugs for his pains and a little farther on they came to a halt.

"You are to proceed alone, *señor*," announced their leader. "It is not well we should be seen, yet be assured we will be watching—and our horses are much faster than yours. You have only to follow the *barranca* to reach your goal."

THE sun was almost setting when he came into full view of the *hacienda*. He could have made a short cut across a stubble field, but he chose to stick close to the *barranca* until he should come upon the rope bridge. There was no need to pause to examine it since he had often crossed the same sort of thing before. Swerving, he rode straight for the eastern gate, confident his bedraggled appearance together with that of his scarecrow of a horse would protect him better than subterfuge. He was right, and a few minutes later was being admitted by Van Suttart and Arnaldo, since Joyce, recognizing his stocky figure while it was still afar, had decided to receive him at her leisure and against her own background.

"You're Mr. Blackadder, aren't you?" said Dirk.

"Yes," said Blackadder, dismounting heavily. "How did you know?"

"I'm from the American Embassy," said Dirk. "My name is Van Suttart and this is Adán Arnaldo, who happened to witness your capture. I congratulate you on your escape."

"Hunh?" grunted Blackadder. "Oh, yes. What about Joyce Sewell? She's here, isn't she?"

"I'll take you to her," said Dirk, "but I thought you'd be glad of a chance for a shave and a wash first."

"I haven't a razor," grumbled Blackadder, "and nothing to change into."

"I can lend you a razor," said Dirk; "as for linen, you're too big for me, but we can fix that too if you'll put up with stuff from the *hacienda* store. Come along."

He led him to a room near his own, showed him the bath, provided him with shaving equipment and promised to send up an assortment of shirts and underwear from the store. Scarcity of windows insures any Spanish habitation against curiosity on the part of the outer world but knocks the props from under individual privacy. Since every apartment depends for light and ventilation on high doors opening on a central patio the price of seclusion is apt to be darkness and suffocation. On the way to do his errand Dirk saw Joyce standing expectantly in her boudoir-office-sitting-room and pretended not to see her—the sort of thing he had been doing for two long days and longer nights. On his way back she intercepted him.

"Dirk, come in here, please."

"What for?" he asked blankly, then remembered he was supposed to be a diplomat. "Forgive me. Of course I'll come in."

"Quit being polite!" said Joyce sharply. "I hate it. It isn't you and you've been doing it for two days. It's spoiled our rides. It's made me unhappy. For a while you were Dirk Van Suttart, a lovable human being. But now what are you? A shell, varnish, floor wax, veneer! I dislike you."

"That goes for me too," said Dirk hotly. "I dislike actresses who change their leading men but always use the same old stage set."

"So that's it," said Joyce, "that's really it! I couldn't believe it. Half my mind told me that was the matter but the other half called the first half a fool. Why shouldn't I have taken Adán to the roof? Why? What conceivable reason?"

"You're asking me what business it was of mine," said Dirk dully, "and I'll answer you. None—none at all. What it did, though, was to wake me up. I felt miserable. I thought it would pass by morning, but it didn't." He looked up at her. "I—I hate feeling miserable."

"Oh, Dirk—poor Dirk! If you could only know what happened! He covered his nose and mouth with a silk handkerchief."

"Why?" demanded Dirk, bewildered. "What for?"

"On account of the night air."

They looked at each other and their eyes began to dance. Another second and they would have burst into laughter, but unfortunately Dirk's thoughts veered into another channel. There was something he had been wanting to do for his own personal satisfaction for what already seemed a long time, and while her attention was still diverted he took her chin in his left hand and studied the tip of her nose as if it had a smudge. Her startled and puzzled eyes should have warned him but somehow her half-parted lips seemed more important. He leaned over quickly but kissed them slowly.

JOYCE had not imagined she would mind being kissed by Dirk yet the light in her eyes dimmed and went out. Instead of warming she turned cold—so cold he released her and stood back. A sense of loss oppressed her. What had happened? Suddenly she knew. He had been selfish, casual. It wasn't only that she had been taken for granted; it went deeper—so much deeper. He had destroyed something they both should have guarded.

"Dirk," she said, "some day you'll grow up and learn how foolish it is to cheapen another person. I believe people can make beauty for themselves, not out of whole cloth perhaps, but when they have a fair start. Friends are what you make them. Love is what you make it. Just now I think you yourself are too small to know what I'm talking about."

He threw up his head rebelliously and made an impulsive forward movement, but something in her steady eyes stopped him in time. He turned and walked blindly toward his room.

(To be continued next week)

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AND SANI-FLUSH WOULD FIX IT FOR A DIME!

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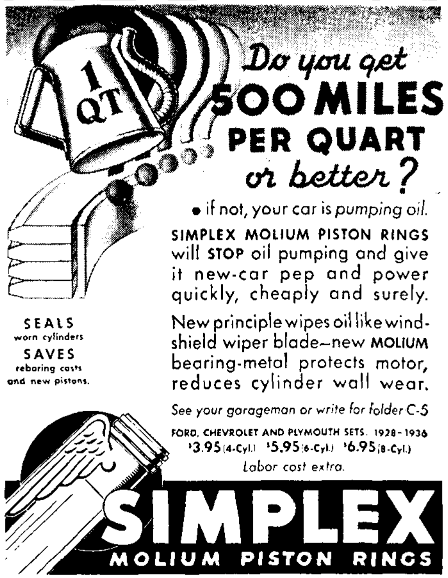

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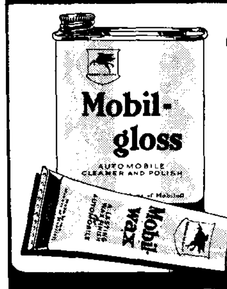

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The Prodigal Nurse

Continued from page 17

for you. She will want you before long. I told her I'd be in here if she wanted either of us."

"I suppose she knew I should be in here," Celia reminded him.

He grinned and settled himself in a boudoir chair. "Mine is a whisky-soda," he said. "Yours is plain soda. I thought that was the silly way you would prefer it." He drank absently as if Celia were not in his thoughts. That was a pretense, too, as he was very aware of her. He was no longer the languid man of the piano nor her host at dinner. He looked gayer, younger, and he glanced up now, smiling with all the grayness of his eyes.

"Soda," he said, "for you are just a nurse. On duty. To prove it, regard that uniform."

Celia sipped her soda in silence.

"What a life you are going to have," he said after a moment. "You know that, though, of course. Men will always fall in love with you. And you won't warn them. You should. Warn the poor devils who are going to fall so hard—"

"Yes?" she mocked. She sighed, thinking of the long chill years in the hospital, thinking that the man was crazy, and yet recalling with a sudden glow that, after all, Anthony Starr *did* love her. "Yes, I expect I shall have great trouble with men," she laughed. She looked across at Mr. Carleton Daklin. "When I was little," she said, "I had a cat. He stalked birds. He had to wear a bell. I suppose I could wear a bell?"

Surprising man. He said, "Men will love you with rings on your fingers and bells on your toes." He raised his glass. "Here's to your conquests."

They had not heard Mrs. Daklin's door open. "Is this the language of love, Carlie?" came from behind them in her husky, bored voice.

Celia, thinking of Miss Klapham, looked revengefully at Mr. Daklin. With his talk of *conquests!* But her heart rose when she saw that Mrs. Daklin, apparently, did not care whether or not it was the language of love. She was, it appeared, merely ready for bed.

Carleton Daklin rose lazily to his feet. "It may be the language of love," he said. "But it isn't getting me very far. Miss Landis will have none of me."

MRS. DAKLIN'S veiled eyes fluttered about his inscrutable face. "Well, you were doomed to meet your Waterloo some time," she told him, leaning against the door. She wore her indolence like a flower where with her husband it was a sword sheath. Celia, watching them, thought it was extraordinary how they seemed to torment each other. And yet there was no sign of that tormenting, really. It was as if they were forever in bondage to each other, she thought, and wondered why she had become so fanciful.

"Too bad, Carlie," said Mrs. Daklin at last. "Better have another drink." Her amazing eyes fluttered from him and rested for a moment on Celia and she laughed a little. Celia, hearing that laugh, felt her heart ache. This woman needed comforting about something. Both of these Daklins needed comforting. Apparently, she thought, with a feeling that her thoughts were beyond her years, everybody needed comforting. Perhaps that accounted for all those things called the gayeties of life.

Mrs. Daklin went on regarding her nurse, and a portrait of her leaning against the door could most aptly be called, "The Gay Lady." "So lovely, isn't she, Carlie?" she said at last, and then she turned away leisurely, her white arms akimbo on her corn-colored chiffon giving her the look of a priceless vase. For a second it seemed to Celia that she had seen fear in the glowing eyes but the cool voice floating back dismissed that idea: "Want to tuck me into bed, Miss Landis?"

"Certainly," said Celia eagerly and she followed Janet Daklin into the other room without another look at Carleton Daklin. Somehow she felt angry with him; she felt it needed more than mere women to deal with Carleton Daklin and she also felt a little sorry for Janet Daklin because she was so beautiful and so gay and so rich.

QUIETLY and without much talk she watched Annette prepare her mistress for bed, and then did the small things which Dr. Kallock required of a nurse; massaged the lovely body of Janet Daklin and gave it rest.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Daklin at last. "You have a wonderful touch. I have not felt so relaxed in weeks." She pulled the silk sheets up under her chin, and she was watching Celia. Suddenly she shut her eyes. "Good night," she said. And Celia, opening windows, making things ready for the night, stopped for a second before she put out the last light. Janet Daklin lay, tired and beautiful, eyelids blue-shadowed, and, somehow, under her satin puff, like a princess in a legend.

"Good night," said Celia softly and went back to her own room. She lay and thought about these persons she had met that day. Of the Daklins who could light up a room by their mere presence, of the coterie of young men who seemed little more than splendid-looking footmen, and of that brazen-headed Pat Braddock, who, she had learned from Daklin at dinner, was a young man who had graduated into Wall Street from college just before the crash. Now, by the standards of his own struggling classmates, he made an immense amount of money by posing for advertising photographs and for illustrators.

That was interesting. Celia had always wondered who those beautiful young men might be whom one saw in the advertising pages. Braddock looked like them all. An odd life for a man . . . for anyone. . . . Not very *real* work, but then what did one mean by "real?" Was Mrs. Daklin really interested in him? Was it he rather than her own husband who kept that inner fire burning so brightly in that golden woman?

"Oh dear, I don't know anything about anyone really," Celia reflected sleepily, cuddling down into her luxurious bed. All she knew was that the inmates of this house were the most attractive characters she ever had seen—like people in a book. And that, though they sang and laughed and talked, it was not they who did these things—not the Daklins as one saw them with one's eyes, but sojourners with hopeful eyes and hopeful hearts who weren't, you could see, in the room with you at all.

"Such nonsense I'm thinking," Celia sighed to herself and fell asleep.

She awakened to the Daklin household, to a household that did not start, really, until towards five in the afternoon. And on this day, as yesterday, the elaborate young men appeared once more, or, if not the same young men, some so like them that it made no difference. And there were one or two young women and another woman who was not, like the others, trying to be the life of the party, one who was not even beautiful except in some strange sullen way of her own. Her name, it appeared, was Alita Brett.

(*Continued on page 62*)

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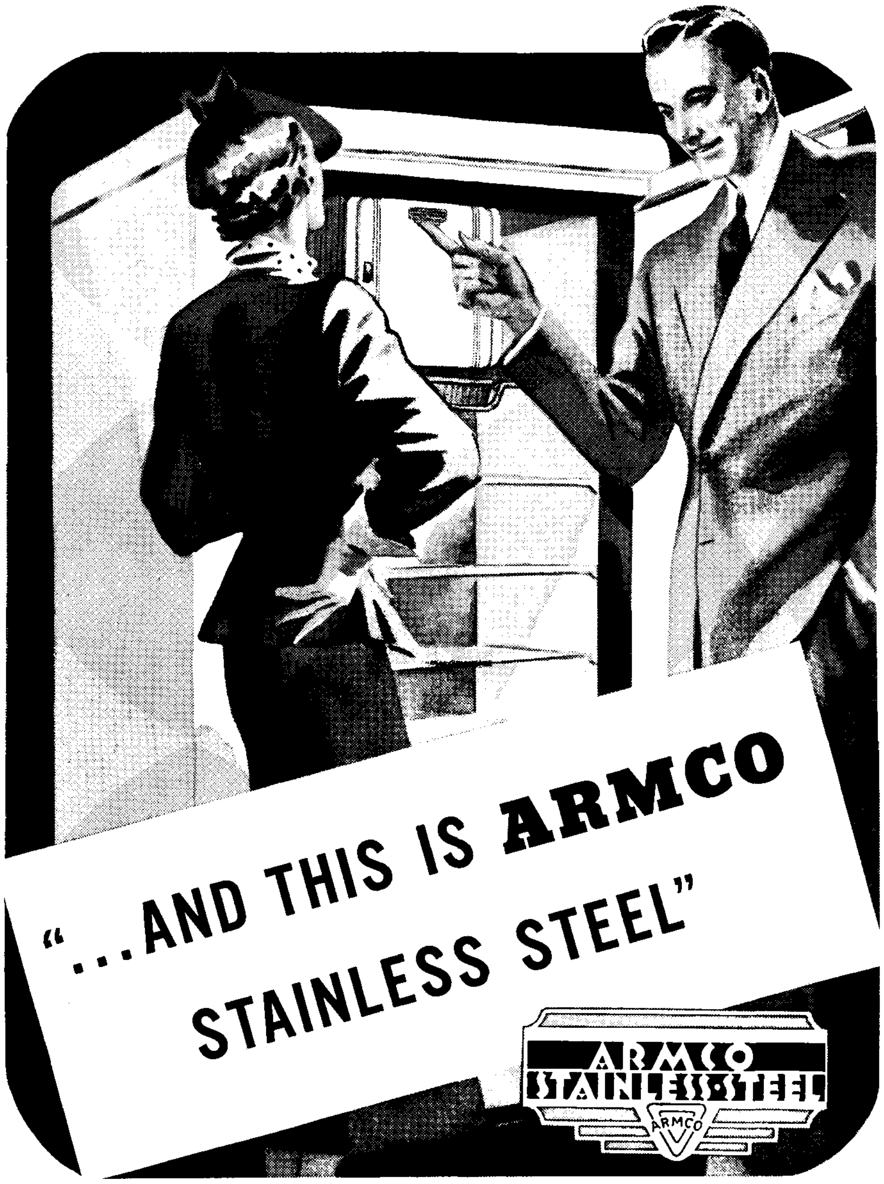
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ARMCO

A NAME KNOWN ARMCO TO MILLIONS

(Continued from page 61)

"This is my nurse, Miss Landis," Janet Daklin said. "Isn't she too sweet, dressed up like that, pretending to be a working girl? Carlie," she said, "is dearly in love with her. She has restored his youth. She is making a Rollo boy out of him. Really, love is too beautiful."

Miss Brett lowered her lids with their brown eye shadow. "A nurse," she drawled. "How extraordinary."

She seemed to have within her some necessity for appalling bad manners, a hatred which forced her to regard Celia only for a fleeting glance, as if one did not, of course, meet nurses. "How quaint of you, dear," she murmured to Janet, "to have her in for cocktails."

Celia put sugar in her tea. "Yes, and why don't you have in the cook?" she asked Carleton Daklin, who had strolled over and stood beside her. "Who," she inquired, "is the handsome black cloud who disapproves of nurses as social companions?"

"My dear," said Daklin, "do not speak lightly of the Brett millions. Alita played a bit on the legitimate stage once and has never quite recovered. Also, she's not exactly indifferent to young Pat. That seems to cover the situation."

Celia contemplatively dropped a slice of clove-studded lemon into her cup and thought that over. So Alita Brett and Janet Daklin both were enamored of Pat Braddock. She looked wonderingly at Braddock and failed to discover his charm. Also, she wondered, if Daklin knew so much about Miss Brett, what did he know about his wife? But she did not follow that line of thought. The mysteries of character, she decided, were unsolvable. As she sipped her tea, she discovered that she learned no more about her companions and was glad when Dr. Kallock dropped in to call on his patient. Before he left he beamed on Celia, whispering, "You are handling the case beautifully."

Celia thought that over as he left. If there was something of cynicism in her reflections, it little behooved her, she decided, for if Dr. Kallock was pleased she could certainly dismiss any anxiety about the acid Miss Klapham. So she relaxed and sat quietly, watching the elaborate young men, and listening to Carleton Daklin, at the piano, and waiting to make herself useful while a great deal of liquor was consumed around her.

It was when she was wondering if she could slip out unnoticed for a walk that Braddock approached her table, demanding tea. She felt Alita Brett watching them and Janet Daklin carefully not watching.

"You know you don't want tea," said Celia crossly. She hated his manner of doing a woman a favor by speaking to her. "Go away."

"But I *like* tea," Braddock insisted and Celia could see that he had drunk far too much. He leaned over to see what was on the tea tray. Their heads, for a moment, were tilted together. The little tableau, which he managed to make curiously intimate, was not, it was evident, lost on Miss Brett or on Janet Daklin.

"Couldn't you get away to lunch with me tomorrow?" he asked under his breath, picking up a tiny open sandwich.

"No," said Celia. "Please go away." She was conscious of Janet Daklin coiled on her couch, laughing, apparently paying no attention, negligently talking the coterie of young men into adoring bondage, while Miss Brett brooded.

"I have no luck. May I have my tea?" Braddock insisted.

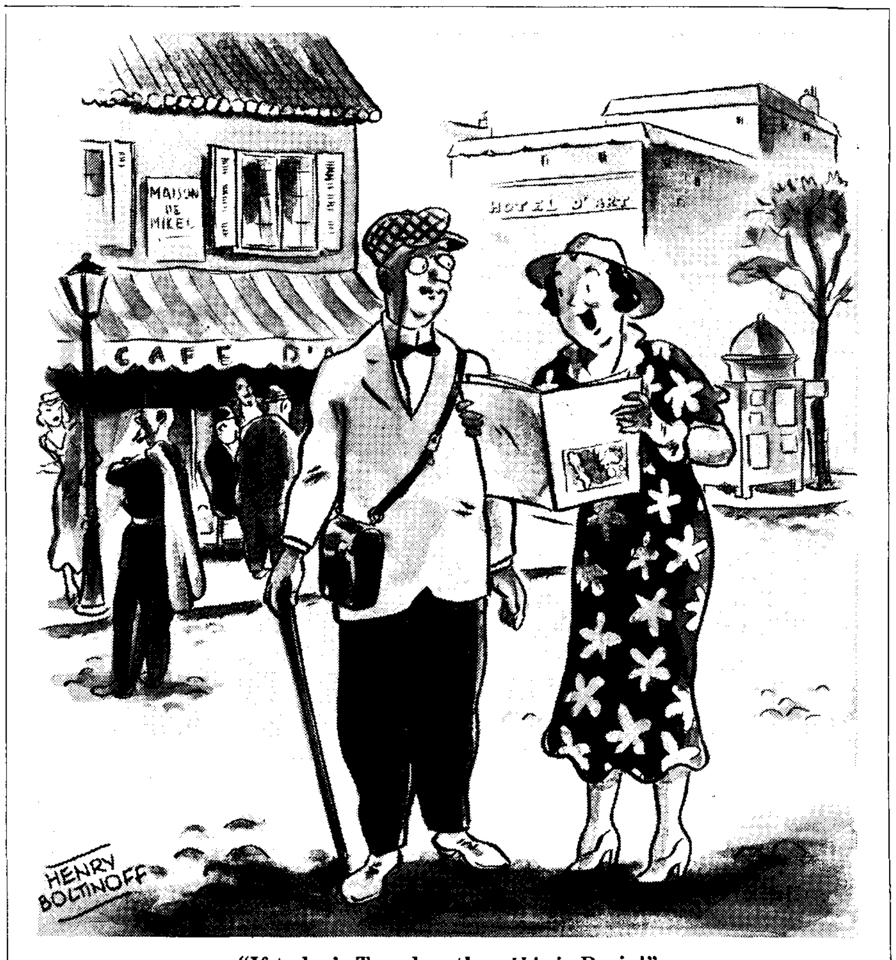
Celia poured it. "There!" she said. "I wish it were hemlock!"

BRADDOCK regarded her unsteadily. "What's the matter with me, anyhow?" he demanded. "Nothing but dirty looks from you since you got here. How did Carlie get the inside track? Why don't I rate at least as high as he does?"

"I'm just concealing a mad passion for you," said Celia wearily. "Is there anything more you want to know?"

"Yes," said Braddock. "I'm wondering why you stay here giving Janet a little white pill three times a day when you might be making real money and having fun."

Celia considered her next move. She had no desire to sit there with Pat Braddock leaning over her, and she had no idea what he was talking about and



"If today's Tuesday, then *this* is Paris!" HENRY BOLTINOFF doubted if he had. She met Alita Brett's eyes burning black out of her white face. She pushed back her chair and at that moment Carleton Daklin, leaving the piano, lounged over to them.

"Here, here, what's all this?" he asked, looking at Celia's cold face, at Braddock's flushed one.

"Miss Landis begrudges me tea," Braddock complained. "Wants me to ply myself with hemlock."

"It's an idea. Why not?"

Celia rose. "I'm going out for a walk," she told Daklin. "Please tell Mrs. Daklin. I'll be back before she needs me."

She went to her room and changed quickly, running down the stairs again, dressed for the street eager for the rush of cool air about her face. Halfway down she was conscious that Pat Braddock was standing at the foot, gazing up at her. She went on down more slowly.

"I wanted to see you out of uniform," he said, or his overload of cocktails said for him. "Curious to know if you are as smooth in street clothes as you are in white." And then he seized her. "You're even better," he said, holding her tight, kissing her.

Even while Celia was pushing against him to escape she heard Daklin's voice, polished, quite polished.

"Isn't the home a sanctuary, Pat?" he asked. And, as Braddock's arms dropped, to Celia: "With birds like this around, Miss Landis, possibly you ought to take up jujitsu."

Braddock's eyes were sullen. "I suppose she wouldn't need strong-arm methods with you, Carlie?"

"Oh, Lord," thought Celia in a panic, "a brawl!" But Carleton Daklin was not the sort to go in for brawls. His glance merely reduced Braddock to another social grade.

"Perhaps you *should* have had tea," he said. "Why don't you run along, Pat, and get some air?"

"Like to make me?"

"I wouldn't mind."

"Yes," Celia thought. "It *is* a brawl." And then she realized that everything was quiet around them and that silence brought her to earth as a bird brought down by a hunter's shot. For Alita Brett was standing inside the door, her face drawn with jealous fury. But she did not speak and no one spoke and then Janet Daklin, as if she were a blind woman, as if she never heard anything or saw anything, laughed her little throaty laugh from the couch.

SHE rose languidly, a lovely golden shadow against the flowers and the firelight and swayed towards them. She paid not the slightest attention to Alita as if Alita were not there. She looked back at her little coterie and tossed her laughter about so casually, too casually.

"I am tired, darlings," she said. "So tired and I am claiming a convalescent's privilege. I am going up to my bed."

She smiled at the group in the hall. Her glance flicked over Braddock and rested on her husband and her face was a bright mask, looking into a dark passage of desolation. And Alita Brett did not look at her but said, "Sorry if we have tired you, Janet. See you soon again, I hope." And she kept on looking at Celia and she was lean and starved and black-eyed and she was Celia Landis' enemy.

"She hates me," Celia thought, and for a second was afraid, and then said to herself, "What nonsense. I haven't been out of this house today. I'm half-witted for lack of fresh air."

"You were going for your walk, Miss Landis?" Janet Daklin said.

"I was," Celia said. "But of course I shan't, Mrs. Daklin, if you want me."

"Do you mind not going?"

"Certainly not." But Celia's heart contracted as she looked at Janet Daklin's face, for she saw that Mrs. Daklin could not politely bear the sight of anyone in that group, and least of all could she abide the sight of Celia Landis. She turned to follow Mrs. Daklin to the lift and Carleton Daklin was looking down at her, was looking first at Alita Brett and her malice and then at his wife and last of all at Celia. When he looked at Celia it was with an absence of expression, and yet with something in his face too, as if there were some contact between his life and hers. So still, waiting for something.

Silently Celia turned and opened the door of the small oyster-white lift with its purple carpet and its ghost of violets in the air. She heard Alita Brett's malicious laugh: "How nice for Janet, Carlie, to have such an attractive nurse. And for you, too. I suppose *you* picked her?"

"Vile, vile woman," Celia thought passionately. "Vicious old trout!"

Janet Daklin pretended not to have heard. Celia followed her into the lift. "Now why?" she thought bitterly, "why did things have to turn out like this?"

And she knew as she stood there that her second case, like her first, had vanished into thin air. "But it isn't so," her mind cried, "it can't be!" But she couldn't fool herself. She couldn't. She knew.

MRS. DAKLIN left the elevator and walked to her bedroom. Celia followed her, and spoke at once, because her pride made her and she couldn't let another woman manufacture slim excuses for dismissing her. She had to do it instantly because she knew that if she didn't get alone by herself she would begin to cry. She would cry because of despair and of hurt pride and of fear and because suddenly she was harder than she had ever been and disillusioned and because, in spite of her desire to weep, she felt cold as stone. It was so awful to have Mrs. Daklin turn against her, so awful to see that look on her face! Celia didn't mind all the envenomed Alita Bretts in the world but she did mind losing Janet Daklin's liking.

"And over a *drip* like Braddock!" she thought bitterly.

"Mrs. Daklin," she said, "I think possibly I'd better leave the case. I'm sorry but I just don't think I am the person you need." Even then she hoped that she had been wrong, that Janet Daklin would turn and say, "Why, how silly! You are perfect for this case! I *want* you!"

But Janet Daklin said none of those things. She merely turned away, and before she did Celia saw the oddest kind of relief in her eyes. Then she spoke: "I don't want to seem unkind, Miss Landis, and I do think you are a delightful person. But possibly—"

"Why, yes," said Celia brightly. She said, because that was only fair to herself, "I didn't encourage Mr. Braddock, Mrs. Daklin."

Janet Daklin looked back at her and her eyes were so direct and her smile so enchanting. That smile brushed away all idea of its being Celia's fault. "My dear!" she said in protest. She looked a long time at Celia and what she was thinking Celia did not know, but it seemed to her that it was not at her Janet was looking and it seemed to her that Janet Daklin's misery rose to her eyes.

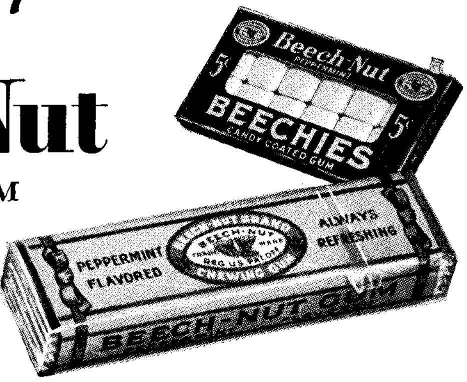
"Goodby," said Celia and she could not bear to ask Janet Daklin to try to explain this away to Dr. Kallock and to Miss Klapham. No, her pride would not let her ask *that*. She had no idea what she would do, no idea whatsoever. She clenched her teeth when she thought of Miss Klapham's abuse. Well, she would have to do the best she could. She turned on her heel and went into her own room and packed her bag and, without seeing anyone, with no difficulty whatever, she left the house and her case, and, she tried to tell herself, the Daklins.

But something rising in her told her that she had not seen the last of Carleton Daklin. Nor did she want to.

(To be continued next week)

When your shoe is gone and your temper, too,
There is only one thing left to do,
Be kind to the friend who meant no harm,
Let the yellow package work its charm!
Nerves grow calmer, Life grows bright,
As you taste the flavor that is always right . . .

Compose yourself
WITH
Beech-Nut
THE ***QUALITY*** GUM



Her Tennis Stroke is *Correctly Timed*

—too bad her *laxative* wasn't!

HER SWING is a marvel of precision and timing . . . What a pity she didn't know that *correct timing* is vital in a laxative, too!

You see, when you take a laxative into your system, you can't afford to take chances. Look out for unknown, uncertain cathartics that might upset you, nauseate you, cause stomach pains, leave you weak and dragged down. Such laxatives abuse you internally. Their after-effects are unpleasant, often dangerous.

DEMAND CORRECT TIMING

Just what is meant by correct timing in a laxative? Simply this: a correctly timed laxative takes from 6 to 8 hours to be effective. Its action is gentle and g-r-a-d-u-a-l, yet completely thorough.

Ex-Lax is just such a laxative. It won't throw your system out of rhythm. No stomach pains, no nausea. No unpleasant after-effects of any sort. Ex-Lax works so naturally that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

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When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Texas Roundup

Continued from page 21

was forthwith equipped and sent out to search for gold.

He found none, at any rate none in Texas, where the Panhandle country was so vast and bewildering that for fear he would lose his way on his return trip he drove stakes all along his route across the prairies, thereby giving to the Great Plains the name Llano Estacado, by which they are still known in many school geographies. This was in 1540, so that eighty years before Plymouth Rock had ever been heard of and more than a century before Shakespeare was born, Texas was already well established upon the map of the world.

Following Coronado, the next Spaniard of consequence to come into Texas was Juan de Onate, who, in 1598, at the head of as gaudy an outfit as the Age of Chivalry could produce, crossed the Rio Grande about twenty miles east of El Paso, and in the name of Spain took possession of all of the continent lying either east, west or north of where he then stood. This put Texas officially under Spanish rule, and gave it its first flag. Whet your imagination now and take a close look at Don Juan's outfit. It is gay, colorful and also noisy. The ladies of the "court," riding in two-wheeled *carretas*, are all dolled out in silk and fine linen. The men, riding mules and horses, wear armor and carry shields, crossbows and harquebuses, while Don Juan himself is modestly attired in a rigging of yellow velvet, with a purple plume in his hat. The cavalcade moves, the *carretas* squeak, the men in their hardware clothes rattle as they ride and yet above all that racket there now rises for the first time upon the air of Texas another sound that even to this day is real music to the ear of every true son of the state. It was the bawling of cattle.

Yes, the Longhorns had arrived; they had come to take Texas, to make Texas famous and to make it rich. But, of course, I can't tell you all of that story here. The Centennial will do it for you when you go there, for wherever you find as many as two cowmen gathered together you will hear the Longhorn mentioned with reverence and will hear tales at firsthand of cow hunting, and cattle stealing, and brand-burning, and trail drives, and stampedes, and fights in the "territory," and hangings, and shooting scrapes, and high and happy nights spent in Fort Worth, and San Antonio, and Abilene, and Dallas, and Austin, and down on the Mexican border and away up in Kansas, and all such things as that, all of which, if you'll remember about it, you can date back to that day in 1598 when Señor Onate, all rigged out as he was in yellow velvet and with a purple feather in his hat, drove a couple of hundred of the long, rangy beasts across the Rio Grande.

Stock Boom

And then you will hear also, if you keep on listening, or if you visit Fort Worth, where an almost perpetual stock-show will be kept going—you will have graphically pictured for you the amazing story of those few Longhorns. Withstanding the biting northers of the winter and the blistering heat of the summertime, and living now on gramma grass and now on prickly pears and mesquite beans, they increased and multiplied and spread, wild as the buffaloes, all over Texas until there were so many of them that in the twenty years that elapsed between 1868 and 1888, before there were any railroads to carry them to market, more than *twelve million* head, to say nothing of more than a million horses, were driven on the hoof up to Kansas, Nebraska, the Dakotas, Montana, and even clear out to Utah and California.

And also, while you're in Texas, in addition to getting a very vivid picture of the stock business, you're going to find out that the Texans themselves come about as near being ancestor worshipers as any race of white people you ever met.

Pageants and Sham Battles

At Gonzales, for example, they will re-enact the first battle of the Texas revolution, which took place in October, 1835, and will fire off the same little brass six-pounder with which they told General Lopez de Santa Anna that the Americans in Texas would never stand for a dictatorship. From there they will take you to Washington-on-the-Brazos, where they will show you the Texas Declaration of Independence, which was signed there on March 2, 1836, and which bears the signature of only one man who was born within the state. And then, following this, with uncovered heads they will lead you to the Alamo in San Antonio, where every one of the 187 men who were within the Mission died fighting; and then to Goliad, where many more were killed; and to San Felipe de Austin, where the first colonists settled, and where they died; and to Limestone County, where a replica of Parker's Fort is being built to replace the old one which was burned by the Indians after they had massacred every soul in it except one. That one was Cynthia Ann Parker, six years old, who was carried away by the Comanches, and later on, as the years passed, became an Indian herself and married a chief, and became the mother of another chief, Quanah Parker, who made peace with the white men and after whom the city of Quanah is named. And finally at the battlefield of San Jacinto, close to the city of Houston, they will re-enact that fight for you, explaining to you that it was one of the decisive battles of the world because in that engagement the Texans won their independence by defeating the Mexicans and capturing the dictator Santa Anna, who was endeavoring to escape disguised as a peon, but couldn't do it because he had a wooden leg.

Throughout all of this story, told as it will be in pageants and sham battles, there will of course move the figures of Sam Houston, and Travis, and Bonham, and Davy Crockett, and Bowie, who came to Texas to join the pirate, Lafitte, and invented the Bowie knife, and died in the Alamo.

Texas, during its centennial, will mention them in a way you will never forget, while at the same time it will also tell you, in a way that you will never forget either, the story of how, for ten years, from 1836 to 1846, it was an independent republic in such good standing with the rest of the world that its ambassadors were received in Washington, and the Court of Saint James's, and all the other courts of Europe; and finally, as the last part of that chapter, of how it was annexed by the United States.

But no, I'm wrong there. Texas won't say it was annexed by the United States. On the contrary, it will tell you that it did the annexing; for in closing the deal it gave up none of its political freedom and none of its public lands, and yet got ten million dollars—which was a lot of money in those days—for signing the papers. However, it was worth it to

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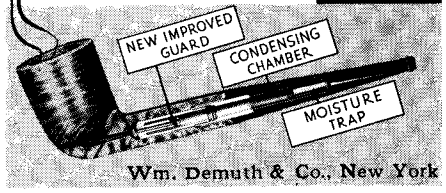

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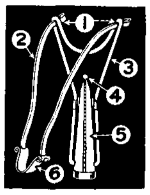

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Uncle Sam because no sooner were those papers signed than the Texans were called upon, this time in behalf of the United States, again to whip Mexico. They did it, thereby adding California, and Arizona, and New Mexico, and a lot of other acreage to the United States.

If you have the time and the inclination to join the stampede that is now headed in the direction of the Rio Grande, you'll find the entire state saying: "Howdy, stranger. Step in, yank the bridle off and go as fur as you like in the way of havin' a good time."

But of course many of you, perhaps most of you, won't have the time, or maybe won't even want to do anything more than visit the Central Exposition at Dallas. Well, suppose it is like that. The Centennial Committee has fixed it so that you'll still get the story of all that has happened to Texas in four hundred years vividly and accurately told. This will be done in an outdoor theater on the largest stage that has ever been built in the world—three hundred feet wide and a hundred and eighty feet deep, with a real road and a real river traversing it, and hills in the background, and rolling prairies down in front, and with real Texans, real Mexicans, real Indians and real Longhorns taking part in a dramatic production which will, in fifty-eight scenes, take you through from 1519, when Señor Piñedo arrived in Texas, clear up to the moment in which you planked down your four bits for a ticket and took your seat.

Outside the theater everything on the Exposition grounds, even most of the industrial exhibits, will have a decidedly Texas flavor. Hamburger stands will perhaps resemble chuck-wagons, and prairie schooners will serve as passenger omnibuses, while certainly the police force on duty will not only look like, but will actually be real, live Texas Rangers. And let me warn you right now, pardner, to watch these fellows. They're out to get you and if you make any false moves at all, such as reaching for your hip, or riding your cow-horse into the Hall of Religion, which has been donated to the Centennial by the Lone Star Gas Company; or if you happen to be guilty of the crime of being a prominent citizen, like Al Smith, or Father Coughlin, or Mae West, or Joe Louis, they'll nab you and drag you across the lot to a dilapidated frame saloon, labeled "Law and Liquor West of the Pecos," wherein old Judge Roy Bean will pass judgment upon you for your sins.

A Corner in Spinach

Because the native Texans themselves are never really happy unless they are fighting one another—it now appears that at almost the last minute Fort Worth has resurrected its ancient animosity for Dallas on the strength of which it is planning to put on a special show of its own which it says will outshine and outclass anything that the Centennial city itself has to offer.

Whether it will I can't say. I do know this much, however: Fort Worth means business, and as it has succeeded in securing about a million dollars from the Federal Treasury with which to aid and abet its plans for the humiliation of Dallas, it has already erected a huge outdoor theater, and likewise has already contracted with Billy Rose, the producer of Jumbo, to come down there and produce something equally colossal.

As for the main part of the Dallas Exposition, with its conventional features, such as the Transportation Building, the Fine Arts Building, the huge Texas State Building, the Building of the United States, and the exhibits of Henry Ford, Chrysler, General Motors, Dupont, the big electrical concerns, the railroads and the oil companies, it would save me a good deal of work if I could only say they are going to be as usual. They are going to be unusual. Take the Ford exhibit as an illustration. It is one third larger, and is costing one third more to put on than the one at the Century of Progress in Chicago!

There is a very obvious reason why the big industrial concerns are making a big splurge in Dallas. Texas provides them with a tremendous market for their products. For example, Texas is only one of the forty-eight states that make up this Union, and yet last year the agencies there of one automobile company absorbed more than one sixth of the entire output of its factory!

This, of course, is only another testimonial to the enormous size of the state, but in case it doesn't sufficiently impress you, just take a look at spinach. Texas—and incidentally they are holding a Spinach Festival in Crystal City this year—Texas produces more spinach than any state in the Union; Virginia runs second, and yet there is one spinach farm in the Lone Star State which raises more spinach, and consequently puts more hair on the chest of America, than is raised by all the spinach farms of the Old Dominion put together.

On the Midway

Figure that out, and then take a look at the Midway. You'll have to go there, though, unattended by me and without my guidance, because I am under bond not to tell you in advance anything about the many marvelous, mysterious and magnificent things that will there be on display. However, not to disappoint you in any way, I'll say this: The Dallas Midway is in no direction going to be outshone by either the San Francisco Exposition of 1912, or the Chicago Century of Progress of 1934. Not a bit of it.

Perhaps you went to San Francisco, and when you were there did you see Stella? Or at Chicago did you, as you gazed at her through a flying mist of turkey feathers, chance to get a glimpse of Sally Rand? Texas will never treat you like that. Stella was only a picture, and Sally was only a glimpse, whereas Rosie the Rope Spinner, so I am informed, in keeping with the general atmosphere of the cow-country, will depend entirely upon a rope for concealment. Or, in case you don't like Rosie, you may fancy Beauty and the Beasts. I won't guarantee this either, but again I will say that I have been tipped off to it that a beautiful girl from Brussels, who brought no clothes whatever with her from the Old Country, will, in exactly that costume, put her pets through their paces.

I am a Texan, and Texas, as I have tried to tell you in the foregoing columns, is a great big state with a great big heart and a great big history. It would like to have you come down there and look it over. It's having a big party for your benefit, and yet it is itself the biggest part of the show. That's why I haven't put in much of my time, or taken up much of yours, by telling you about the architecture, and the reflecting pools, and the electric fountains, and the auditoriums, and the chorus of fifty thousand school children singing in the stadium, and all the things you'll see anyhow when you get to Dallas.

No, I haven't done that because what I wanted to get over to you was the background of the thing so that maybe you'd be able to appreciate the value of what Texas is trying to do. I hope I've done that, and so, pardner, come along if you've got time and attend the Big Birthday Party. Of course you can't see half of what Texas'll try to show you, but anyhow you'll have a ripsnorting good time, and as you get going, on the way back, Texas will holler after you—and will mean it too—that it sure does thank you for having dropped in, and come again.

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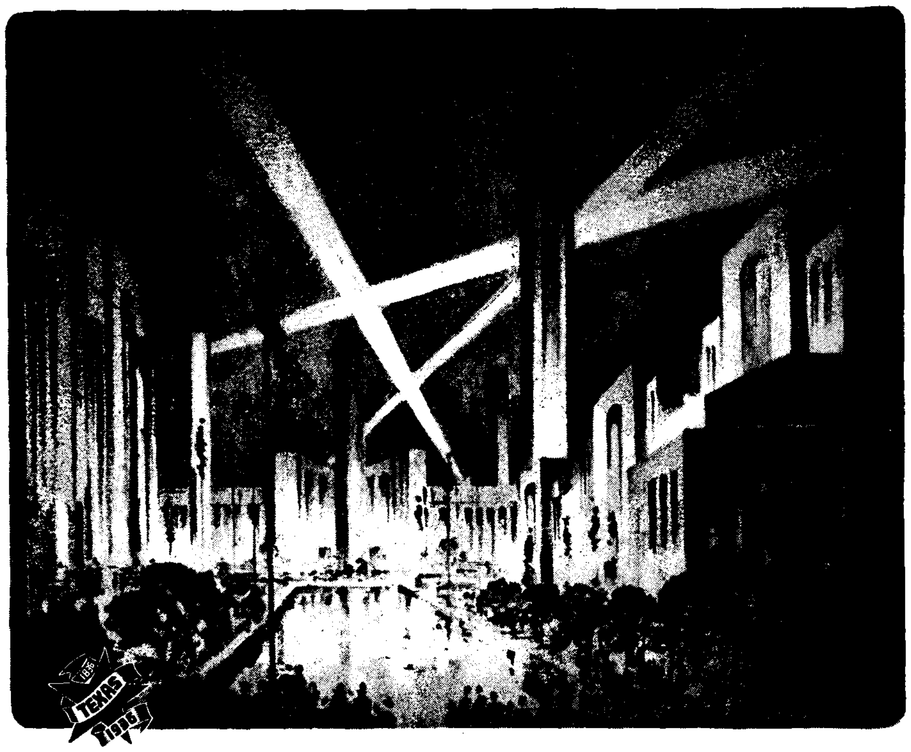

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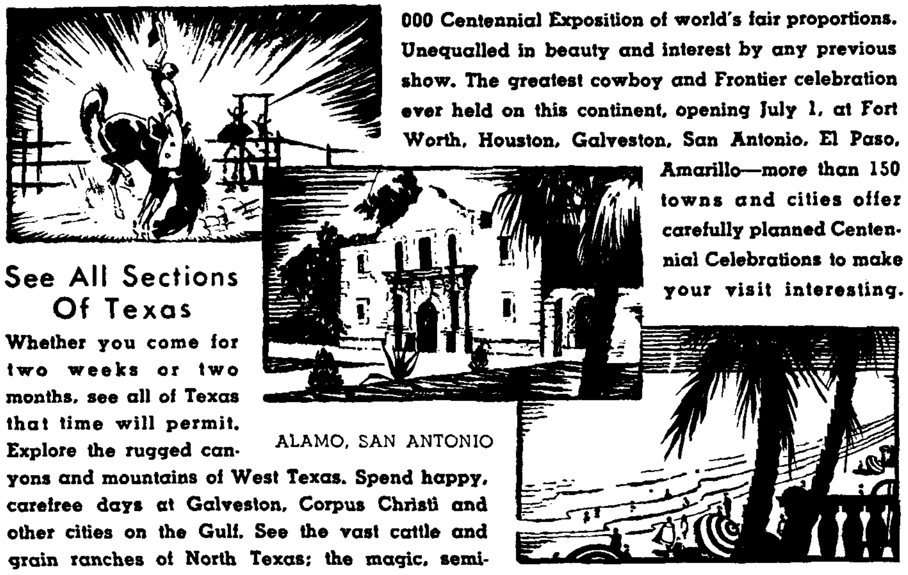

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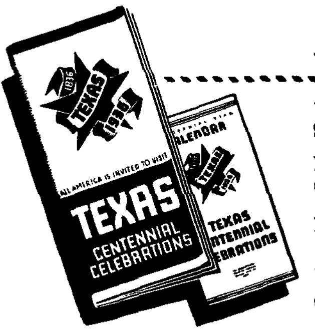
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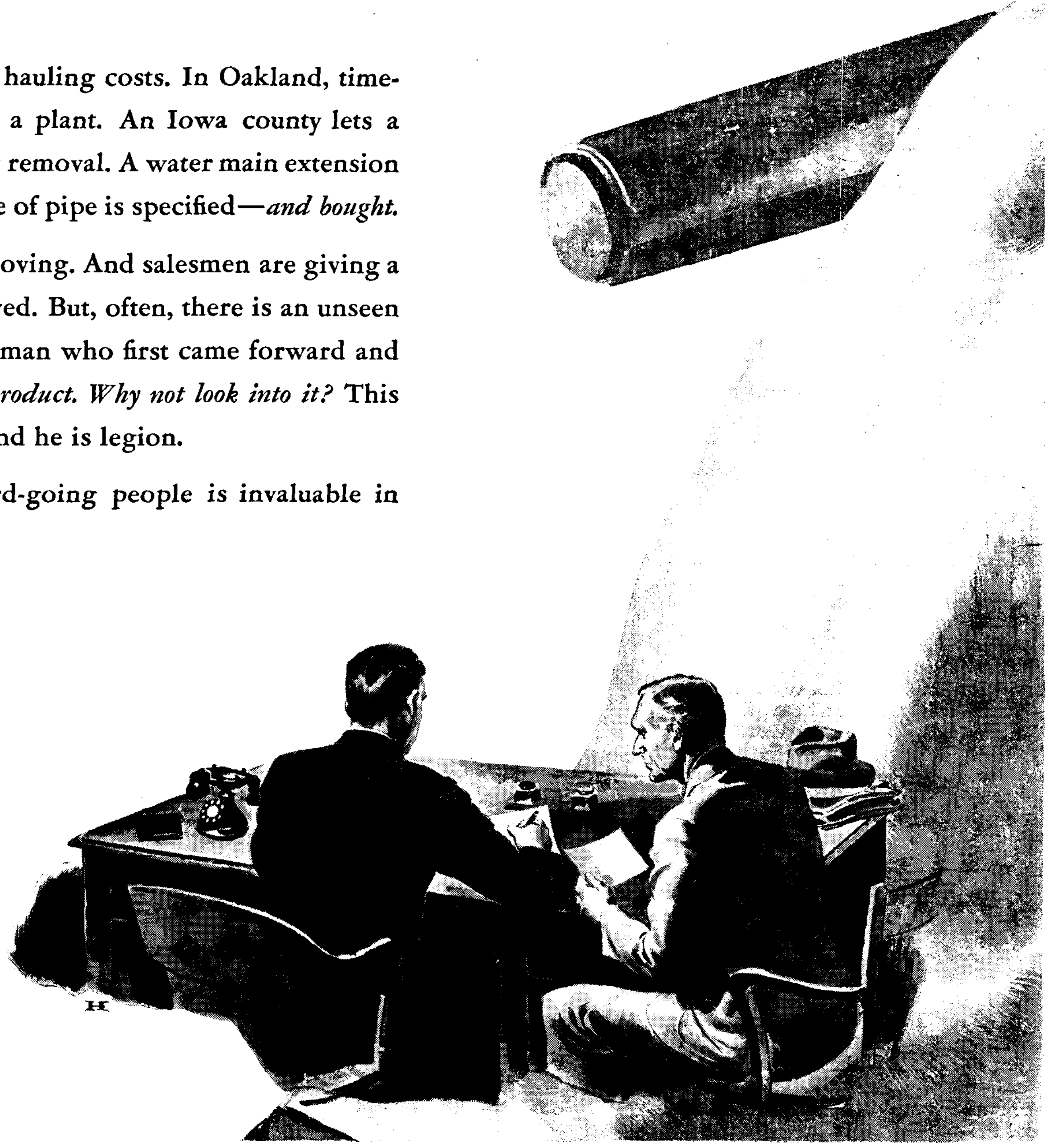
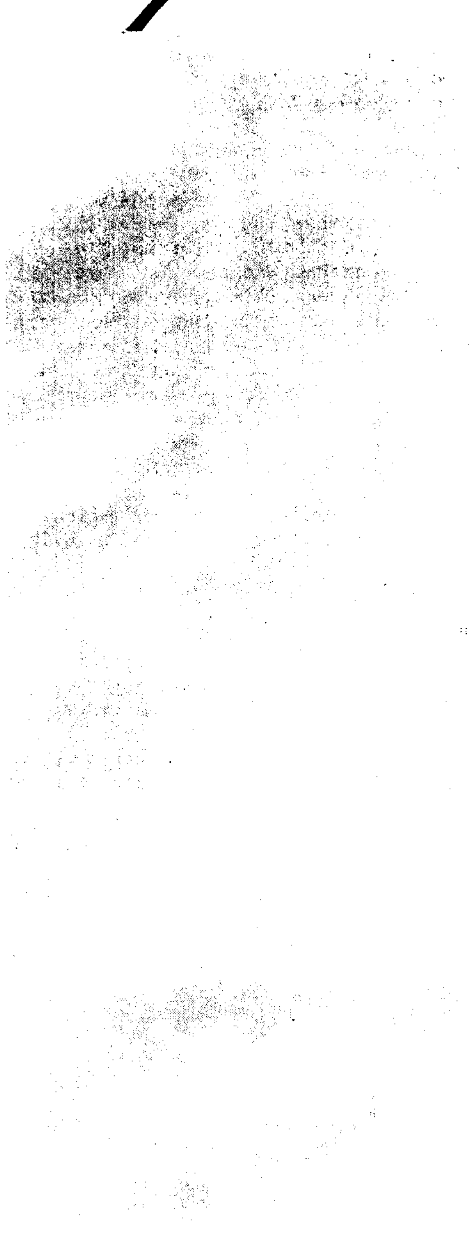


Capital Goods



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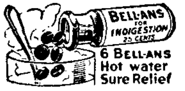

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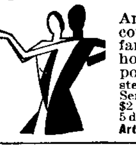

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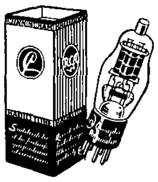

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Freedom's Sting

Continued from page 8

language question. The third, and by no means the least, is the Moro problem. The Moros—about a million of them—live down south, are all Mohammedans and have spent several centuries working up a reputation as the lads who originally bent hell back on its hinges. Give a Moro a bolo and read him two chapters of the Koran and he will do plain and fancy dismemberment on Christians until the carabao come home. And the carabao is one of the slowest cattle on earth and seldom gives a whoop where his home is, anyway.

Under their new independence, the Filipinos have a conscription law and are building up a national army. The law applies to Moros like anyone else, and to say they are a trifle annoyed is putting it mildly. Fighting Christians is part of their religion and drafting them for military service, to fight on the Christian-Filipino side, has all the charming ease of lining up a Pennsylvania senator for lower steel tariffs.

This spring, High Commissioner Frank Murphy—a red-headed Irishman who admits he likes a scrap as well as the next man—did his bit to get the Moros to co-operate by assuring them absolute freedom of religion and giving them official jobs, to appeal to their pride. But President Quezon took a no-nonsense attitude that drew some criticism from among the Manila pundits.

"What Quezon should have done," said one Manila newspaper editor, "is kidded the Moros along, told them what topnotch scarfaced scrappers they are and made them believe the future of the islands depended on their battling ability. Most of them probably would have volunteered for the army, especially if they could have been made to believe a good knock-down-and-drag-out fight was in prospect. They'd rather fight than eat—but trying to draft them into an army, with no prospect of an immediate scrap, didn't make them lose any sleep."

The Church—which means the Catholic church—is another problem, but not much talked about. With the slow withdrawal of American influence and the turning over of the school system to the Philippine government, church schools are starting to multiply. The Filipino may send his children to either school—but it is safe to say that those children who go to the church schools will not emerge with any great enthusiasm for democracy. The church frankly doesn't like democracy, and says so in its publications and from its pulpits.

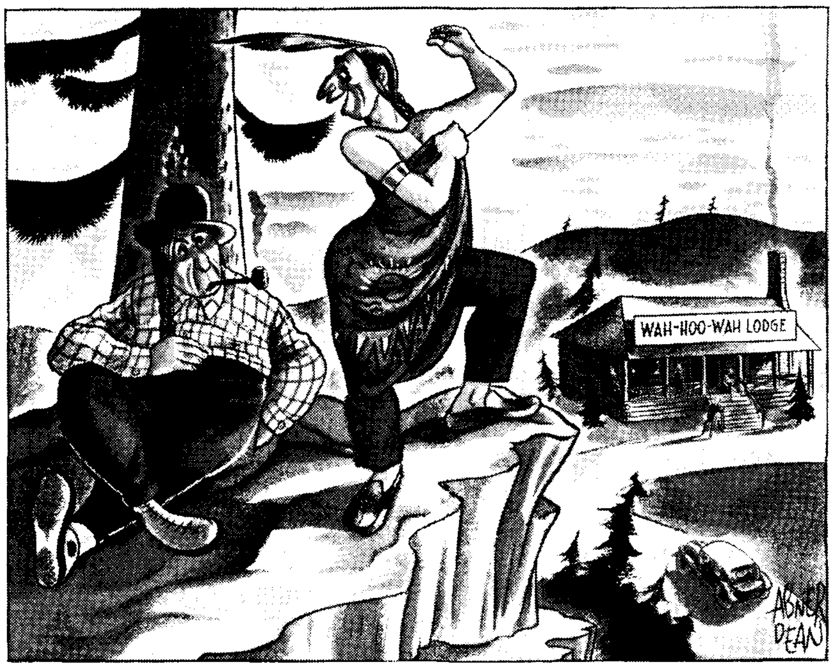
Most young Filipinos call themselves "Liberal Catholics," but lip service is all the church gets from them. Quezon himself has little religious feeling and presumably is still a Mason. But he handles the church with gloves, realizing that sooner or later there will have to be a showdown. There will have to be a showdown because if the peasants are to become land-freeholders, instead of tenants hopelessly in debt, it is from the church the lands will have to come. And the strength of the church lies in its landholdings.

A Land of Many Languages

Then there is the language question. There are about ten distinct Filipino languages, and innumerable dialects. There is Spanish and there is American. Most Filipinos above the lowest classes can get along in Spanish, American and one or two native tongues. The hotel elevator boy will respond to "Two" or "Dos," which is Spanish; or "Dalwa," which is Tagalog; or "Duha," which is Visayan—and land you at your right floor. Educated Filipinos speak Spanish, American and Tagalog or Ilocano, or perhaps both. Government is conducted in both Spanish and American.

But American is coming out on top, not only because all the children learn it in school, but because it is obviously the coming world language and Spanish is not. Also, it represents a compromise and can be adopted by everyone without scarring any local or national pride. . . . But it is distinctly American, and not English. Current slang in the States spreads through the islands a few weeks after its invention in Hollywood or on Broadway.

But for these problems, Resurrección Perez and his wife, Purificación, in their *nipa* shack along the dusty highway, care very little. Resurrección pays the *cedula*—head tax—of two pesos a year, and that's all. The average per capita tax of the islands is only $1.15 a year. Resurrección has heard that, what with the new army and the other



"I stand like this a half hour each sundown and the lodge supplies me with free grub!"

ABNER DEAN

novelties of the new regime, his taxes will go up—another burden for the smooth brown shoulders to bear.

Down at the Chinese grocery the other night, buying a can of Japanese sardines, Resurrección and Purificación heard a fiery orator sputtering in Tagalog about the manifest destiny of the Filipinos and the Japanese to melt into one great nation. They listened dutifully. The Japanese had made it possible for them to buy some of the things the pictures of which they saw in American magazines, but which the Americans charged nine prices for. The Japanese gave them luxuries for next to nothing. . . .

About the Japanese you can get any sort of opinion you want. Sit down at a luncheon table with Americans and Filipinos and ask: "Are you really afraid Japan will take over the islands when America leaves?" You will get positive yesses and noes, all around the table.

What's Ahead for the Philippines?

One guest will tell how the Japanese are carefully surveying the islands and their resources. A mining man from Baguio will chime in with his story: How, near his hole in the ground, he discovered three Nipponese armed with shotguns, carrying a bagful of ore samples. They had held up the Filipino watchman and investigated the mine thoroughly. An Army airman will remark how, every time the Clipper flies in from Wake Island on its transpacific flight, a Japanese tanker or freighter just happens to be near her moorings. The freighter's rail is lined with cameras, movie and still. The Japanese, at a cutthroat price, he adds, built the float for the Clipper, and thus got all the plans.

Suave, Americanized Kenjiro Uchiyama, the Mikado's consul general to the islands, smiles and hands out the usual line of patter: War is unthinkable; Japan has no designs on the islands; desires nothing save friendship and a chance to trade.

You hear, too, around Manila, that Japan finances the sporadic labor rebellions led—up to a point—by the Sakdalistas. The leaders, however, never seem to be around when the shooting starts and so it is poor Filipino laborers who get shot, while the leaders sail away for Japan to live the life of Riley.

Very high American official opinion holds that Japanese conquest of the islands would solve problems for the Japanese. The islands easily could support 40,000,000 Japanese, in addition to Filipinos, and this would to a great extent solve the Japanese overcrowding puzzle.

Something of the extreme conflict of opinion on the future of the Philippines can be learned from what is happening to commercial firms, and what they are planning for the years ahead.

For a century, the old Anglo-American firm of Smith and Jones had been trading in the Philippines. The Smiths were an old New England family; the Joneses, veteran British commercial stock. The Smiths of late years made their headquarters in New York, a member of the firm once in a while going out to the islands to see how the trading was getting along with the natives. A few months ago, the American head of the firm got through a course of reading in the heavy economic and political dope pontifically written by ten-minute experts on the Philippines. As a result, he decided that the islands were about to revert to barbarism or be taken over bodily by Japan—and cabled his British partner in Manila he'd sell his stock.

The Manila end of the firm complied with a cash offer so fast the New Yorker's head's still swimming.

The name isn't Smith and Jones—but the British head of the firm—and now almost its sole owner—told me this:

"Personally, I don't think the Filipinos ever will have complete independence, or want it. I think the present status, with the United States as an active guardian, will become permanent. If you bally Americans don't want these islands, we are going to get them. We must, for reasons of self-preservation. If you let them go, the Japanese will take them, and the Japanese have taken too much of Asia already. Once in the Philippines, it's only a step to Australia. It's because of British uncertainty about the future status of the islands that we've fortified Singapore within an inch of its life."

"He's right," confirmed the head of an American auto company's huge Philippine plant. "We're going to stay here and sell cars to the Filipinos whatever happens. As far as I know—and I *do* know—no American firm is thinking of pulling out.

"But what Americans in the States don't realize is that America is a world power. Because of that, she trades with the world, but also she must accept the responsibilities. Our country has twiddled its thumbs while Japan has fortified the Mariannas and Marshalls and Pelews and Ladrones, making a steel wall north and south down the Pacific to cut us off from the continental United States.

"There's no question that the Filipinos can make a success of independence. They are good people, cheerful and courageous—but fewer than 15,000,000 of them, without a navy and only a small army, can't stand out against Japan's military machine. So, one of three nations is, eventually, going to boss the islands, beneficently or otherwise. It'll either be the British or ourselves—who would be fair and just guardians—or the Japanese, who probably wouldn't.

Two Problems for You

Arsenio Luz, one of the Filipino industrial and political leaders—known to the American colony as "Arsenic"—frankly admits his fear of the Japanese. "We are all afraid of them," he told me. "That is one reason we want to encourage American capital and young Americans to come here. We want America to remain so interested in the islands that she never will permit an invasion."

Resurrección and Purificación, with little Apolinario and his baby sister Filomena, they're in the islands to stay, too. Like their native bamboo, they will sway with the wind, but, like the bamboo, somehow or other they will survive.

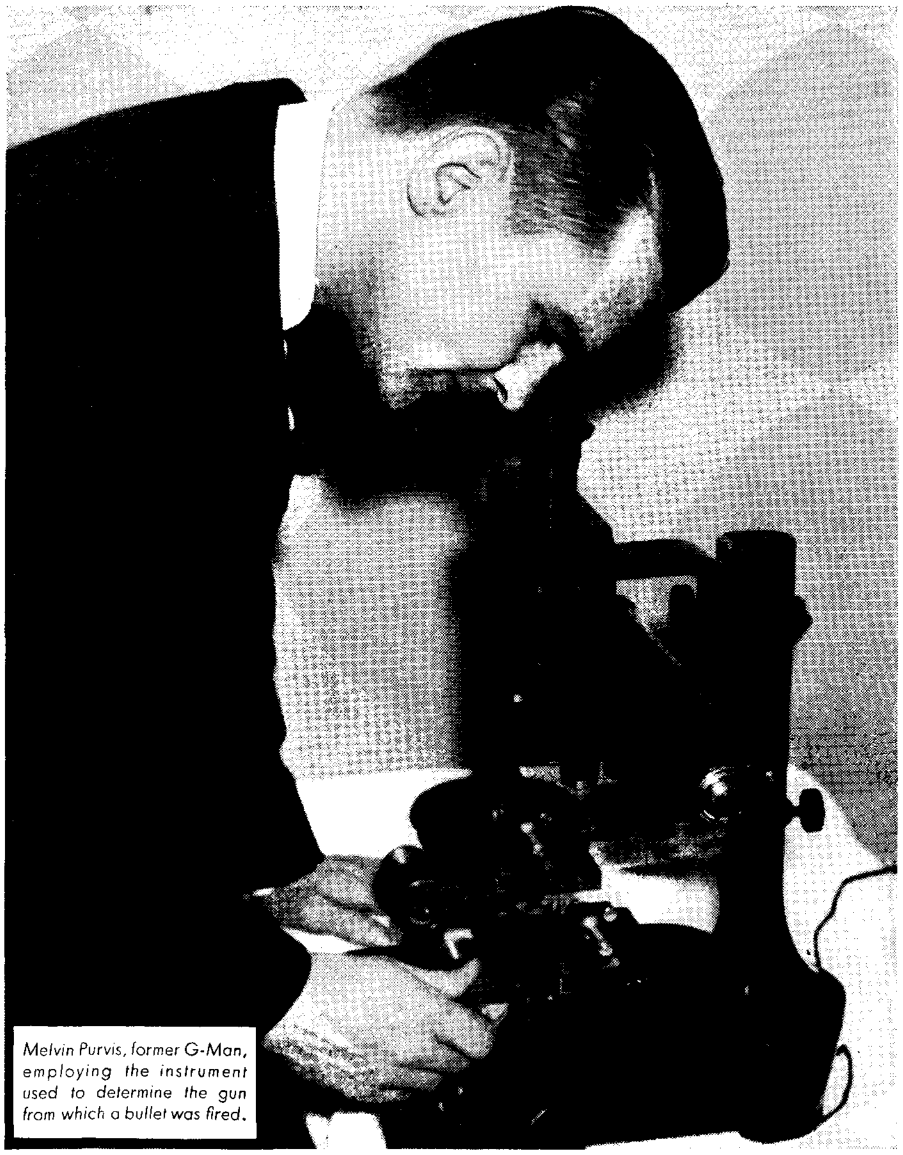
It may be under the Stars and Stripes, or the Union Jack, or the red sun flag. Or—so they dimly hope—under the Filipino colors.

"The politicos," says Resurrección, footing the shovel tentatively into the gravel heap, "they settle these things for us. It is perhaps that independence is good, but how am I to pay taxes? And my small Apolinario, he must go into the army when he grows and then who will support me and my Purificación when my arms grow tired and my back bent and I can no longer earn my 60 centavos a day?"

And here's a little problem to work on:

Some years ago, a Skagit River Indian, from the state of Washington, somehow or other got out into Northern Luzon. Opening up a conversation in his native tribal tongue, he discovered the dialect of the Filipino district into which he had come was almost identical. Eight thousand miles of ocean between them—and a Luzon native and an American Indian speak the same tongue.

Figure that one out—and then go on to the simpler question: How are those 14,000,000 brown shoulders going to bear the burden of democracy?


Melvin Purvis, former G-Man, employing the instrument used to determine the gun from which a bullet was fired.

Getting the Drop on Public Nuisance No. 1

By Melvin Purvis

Former G-Man and Nemesis of Gangdom

When the rataplan of gunfire hushed, Public Enemy Number 1 lay sprawled on the street. This gangster's swift justice at the hands of law and order marked the beginning of the end for one of the most vicious gangs in the history of crime. And in this spectacular man hunt, as in most others, scientific skill and close attention to detail played leading parts.

These are the similarities between the manufacture of Gillette Blades and crime detection, although I didn't know this until my recent inspection trip through the Gillette factory. Previously I had taken razor blades for granted. I couldn't imagine the scientific skill, expert craftsmanship and tremendous care that is lavished on the Gillette Blade.

I saw things on my visit to the factory that are almost unbelievable. Yes, I saw wonders that a non-scientific mind simply cannot grasp. The automatic control mechanism on the electric hardening furnaces positively awed me. In these furnaces the world's finest steel is treated with more heat or less heat as required for utmost uniformity with the correct standard. This system alone was evolved at a cost of many thousands of dollars and years of research and labor.

Familiar as I am with the microscope I was greatly impressed with Gillette's constant use of this scientific instrument to assure perfection in the finished product. I marvelled at a photo-electric device developed by Gillette which measures the sharpness of the blade edges, and guides the skilled technicians who keep the huge grinding machines in tune. These machines weigh four tons each and can be adjusted to a fineness of 1/10,000 of an inch.

Most impressive of all is the precision of every operation. A trip through the factory is a revelation to one who appreciates accuracy and meticulous attention to detail. More than that, a man leaves the Gillette plant with a feeling of gratitude to these experts who have the drop on Public Nuisance No. 1—these Gillette scientists who have made the removal of unsightly bristles so much easier and more comfortable for every man.

With these important facts before you, why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

Collier's

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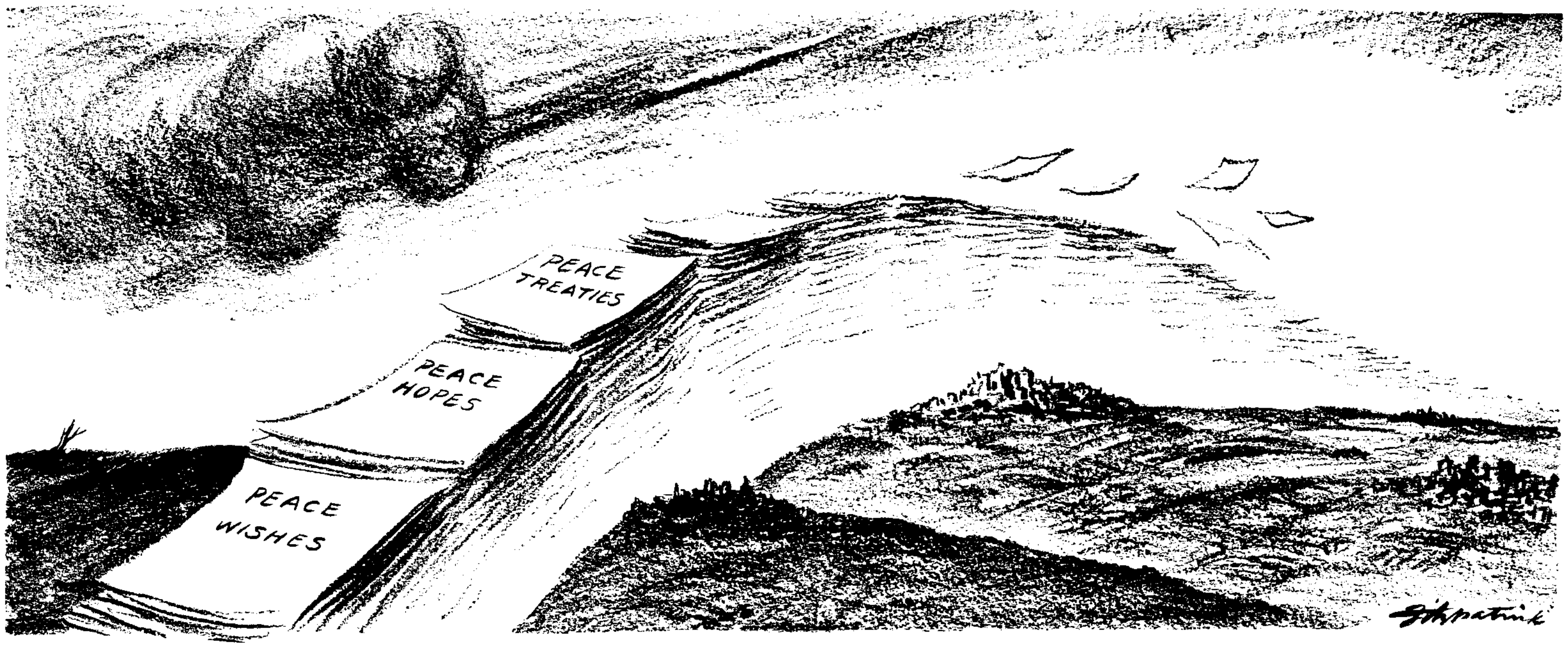

How Much is Peace Worth to Us?

NO AMERICANS of any importance want war, now or ever. If American public sentiment prevails, we shall never again be involved in an important war. The old radical fantasy that some business interests looked with favor upon war as a means of enriching themselves is completely exploded. Prolonged search by Senate investigators and others discovered no group who now, or in the recent past, did anything to promote the possibility of war.

The British are also hostile to war. So, too, is French public opinion. The Scandinavian countries and other of the smaller democratically-ruled nations of Europe have proved the sincerity of their desire for peace. The Russian government also has unmistakably shown its peaceful purposes. Had the Bolshevist rulers wished to try their luck at fighting, long ago Russia would have been at war. Causes of war have been numerous enough on the Manchurian border during the past two years.

It takes more than one country, however, to preserve the peace. Ethiopia did not want war but Mussolini was able to force war upon it. China did not want war but China was not able to escape the Japanese invasion. The French do not want war but Hitler can compel the French to fight.

As affairs stand today, the majority of the great nations are peacefully inclined toward their neighbors. A few governments are dominated by dictators and military cliques. Three of these nations preach the virtue of war and constitute an actual threat to the continued peace of the world.

The United States is happily situated so far as the danger of invasion is concerned. The Atlantic and Pacific oceans have been our bulwarks against unprovoked attack. If the Pacific were as easily crossed as the Rhine, our chances of avoiding war would be diminished.

Unless we prematurely disarm we are not in danger of actual invasion by a foreign enemy.

Our foreign wars since 1812 have been fought at sea or abroad. We have generally fought in defense of rights to use the seas or to protect Americans whose business took them to other lands. At the present moment we think we would surrender our foreign interests rather than fight in defense of them.

What we would actually do in case our sea commerce were wantonly attacked is, however, by no means certain. If numerous Americans were killed or captured and mistreated, public sentiment might swiftly change. Not much effort was required to arouse Americans to go to war in behalf of Texans. No miracle was necessary to create a sympathy for Cubans which led our fathers to approve the Spanish-American War.

We and our children would doubtless favor any war which appeared to be a defense of our fundamental human rights. The possibility of war is one of those contingencies which have to be faced.

The policy of our government toward war has been consistent under many different administrations. We have sought to secure general agreement to keep the peace and we have favored the limitation of armaments. The Kellogg-Briand Treaty, sponsored conspicuously by the United States and France, was signed by all the important nations. All agreed to renounce war as an instrument of national policy. The Kellogg-Briand Treaty did not keep Italy out of Ethiopia nor Japan out of China. Treaties can be broken.

This is the disagreeable fact which every government has to keep constantly in mind. President Roosevelt stated the case fairly when he said: "If this were a disarming world, it is obvious that our needs would be proportionately decreasing. I regret that today this is not that kind of world. I regret it deeply."

Americans generally share that feeling. We wish it were safe not to build costly armaments. There are so many desirable ways in which resources expended on arms might be used. We could use the money for schools or roads or better houses if we dared. Until all nations which might attack us are willing also to disarm, we must be able to defend ourselves and all of those rights and privileges we are not ready to surrender to an aggressor.

This is the grim fact which public opinion must acknowledge. It does no good to wish that conditions were different. We have to live in this world and not in an ideal state.

We have, furthermore, to adapt our policies to the disagreeable realities of the age in which we live. The Senate Munitions Committee seems still to cherish the illusion that some disloyal and unpatriotic Americans are going to trick us into an unnecessary war in order to extract juicy profits from munitions contracts. So they want to put an end to the private manufacture of arms and to build up vast government arms factories.

The idea is childish. In any important war all of the manufacturing forces of a nation must be devoted to war materials. Not munitions factories alone, but shops which ordinarily produce baby carriages or motorcars or radios or refrigerators or cotton cloth or shoes or anything else become immediately war factories. The government would have to take over all industry, transportation and commerce, if in time of international conflict it were exclusively to manufacture the materials required for the prosecution of war. Obviously, the Senate Committee has not bothered to think through its suggestions.

Yet surely peace is desirable enough to justify hard and honest thought.

With moderate luck, because of our isolation, we shall avoid war. We might, however, prove the sincerity of our desire for peace by a reasonable and unprejudiced consideration of neutrality, armaments and of all steps best calculated to assure it.

Is this too extravagant a hope for Memorial Day?

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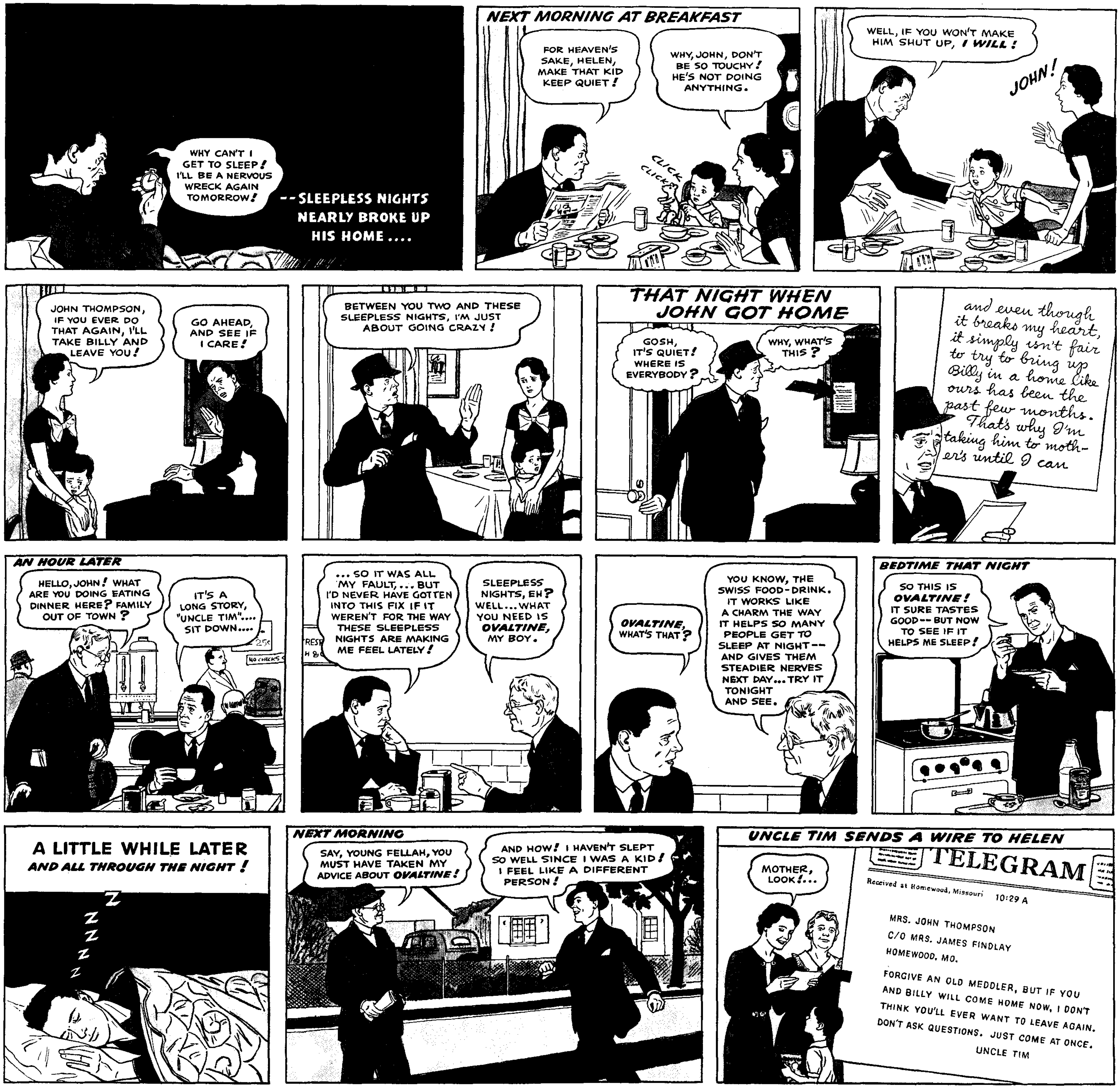
CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

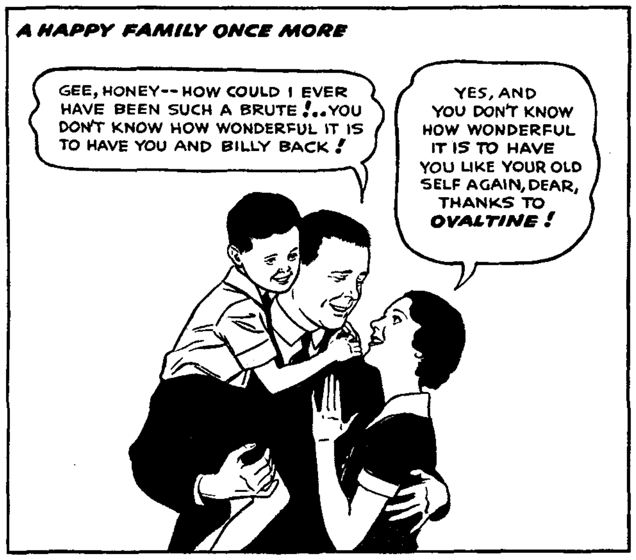

WHY CAN'T I GET TO SLEEP! I'LL BE A NERVOUS WRECK AGAIN TOMORROW!
--SLEEPLESS NIGHTS NEARLY BROKE UP HIS HOME....
NEXT MORNING AT BREAKFAST
FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, HELEN, MAKE THAT KID KEEP QUIET!
WHY, JOHN, DON'T BE SO TOUCHY! HE'S NOT DOING ANYTHING.
CLICK CLICK
WELL, IF YOU WON'T MAKE HIM SHUT UP, I WILL!
JOHN!
JOHN THOMPSON, IF YOU EVER DO THAT AGAIN, I'LL TAKE BILLY AND LEAVE YOU!
GO AHEAD, AND SEE IF I CARE!
BETWEEN YOU TWO AND THESE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, I'M JUST ABOUT GOING CRAZY!
THAT NIGHT WHEN JOHN GOT HOME
GOSH, IT'S QUIET! WHERE IS EVERYBODY?
WHY, WHAT'S THIS?
AN HOUR LATER
HELLO, JOHN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING EATING DINNER HERE? FAMILY OUT OF TOWN?
IT'S A LONG STORY, "UNCLE TIM".... SIT DOWN....
25¢
NO CHECKS
...SO IT WAS ALL 'MY FAULT,... BUT I'D NEVER HAVE GOTTEN INTO THIS FIX IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE WAY THESE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS ARE MAKING ME FEEL LATELY!
SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, EH? WELL...WHAT YOU NEED IS OVALTINE, MY BOY.
OVALTINE, WHAT'S THAT?
YOU KNOW, THE SWISS FOOD-DRINK. IT WORKS LIKE A CHARM THE WAY IT HELPS SO MANY PEOPLE GET TO SLEEP AT NIGHT--AND GIVES THEM STEADIER NERVES NEXT DAY...TRY IT TONIGHT AND SEE.
BEDTIME THAT NIGHT
SO THIS IS OVALTINE! IT SURE TASTES GOOD--BUT NOW TO SEE IF IT HELPS ME SLEEP!
A LITTLE WHILE LATER
AND ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT!
Z Z Z Z Z
NEXT MORNING
SAY, YOUNG FELLAH, YOU MUST HAVE TAKEN MY ADVICE ABOUT OVALTINE!
AND HOW! I HAVEN'T SLEPT SO WELL SINCE I WAS A KID! I FEEL LIKE A DIFFERENT PERSON!
UNCLE TIM SENDS A WIRE TO HELEN
MOTHER, LOOK!...
TELEGRAM

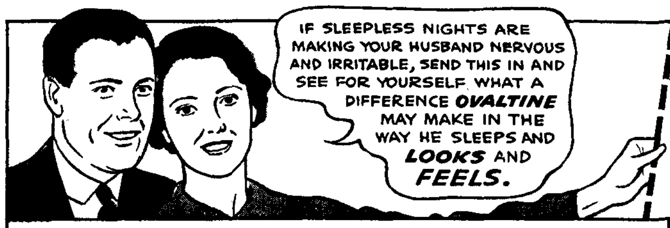
and even though it breaks my heart, it simply isn't fair to try to bring up Billy in a home like ours has been the past few months. That's why I'm taking him to mother's until I can

Received at Homewood, Missouri 10:29 A

MRS. JOHN THOMPSON
C/O MRS. JAMES FINDLAY
HOMEWOOD, MO.

FORGIVE AN OLD MEDDLER, BUT IF YOU AND BILLY WILL COME HOME NOW, I DON'T THINK YOU'LL EVER WANT TO LEAVE AGAIN. DON'T ASK QUESTIONS. JUST COME AT ONCE.
UNCLE TIM


A HAPPY FAMILY ONCE MORE
GEE, HONEY--HOW COULD I EVER HAVE BEEN SUCH A BRUTE!..YOU DON'T KNOW HOW WONDERFUL IT IS TO HAVE YOU AND BILLY BACK!
YES, AND YOU DON'T KNOW HOW WONDERFUL IT IS TO HAVE YOU LIKE YOUR OLD SELF AGAIN, DEAR, THANKS TO OVALTINE!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